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The Cadet Bugler

VOLUME IX FALL 1959 NUMBER 1

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HATS OFF TO...

By Emily Stephens

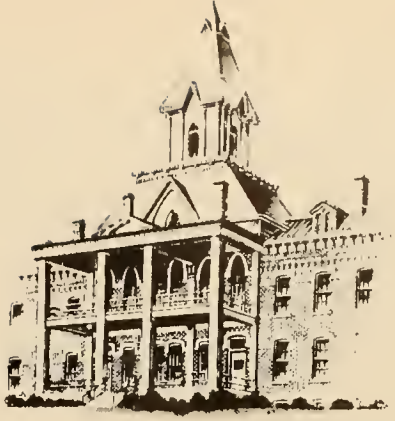
1. The pigeons that have deserted Lewis Hall.
2. Tommy Waller . . . and SUE MARTIN. They're going steady!
3. The construction crews on campus . . . They're really making a mess, but we're glad.
4. The "Rats" who held their umbrellas high.
5. The student directors of the plays. They're doing a good job.
6. Carl Richardson, who had a date in Griffin on 15 November . . . with a girl. What did you do at the service station, Carl?
7. Tilden Mitchell for keeping all his escapades secret from his girl in Carolina.
8. "Conk" . . . he's got a girl!
9. Albert Hardy, who has such a persuasive voice. The girls didn't disturb the General. Bet he was impressed!
10. Young Tillman, our first N.G.C. student to get into Emory School of Dentistry .
11. The poster makers of N.G.C.: Nanci Cowart, Sulane Stone, Alice Bennett and others.
12. That MR. TRAMMEL!!!
13. Puckett, who had the courage no one else had.
14. Lamar Cantrell . . . N.G.C.'s first active duty casualty.
15. Those girls who think we're going to have a girl's drill platoon.

SUSAN ARCHER
Business Manager

The Cadet Bugler

The Voice of North Georgia College

VOL. IX FALL, 1959 NUMBER 1



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GENERALLY SPEAKING

By Hurley Daughtrey

I suppose that the tendency of an editor to pontificate is universal, and I'll try to avoid it as much as possible. My gratitude to my staff is deep; without their support and effort this would be a sorry magazine indeed. Nonetheless, it was surprising that the men (Major Skinner, Major Hodges, and Sergeant Moss) took time from their understandably busy schedule to completely (I know it's split) organize, evaluate, and present their respective departmental coverage: literary, military, and sports. I don't mean to leave out the girls, who faithfully and admirably carried out their tasks, but since I too am a cadet, I can appreciate the teeth-gritting and loin-girding required to meet the deadlines in a head-held-high manner. I doff (or would were I a civilian) my chapeau to Miss A. D., who has been very tolerant of my mad dashes in and out of the Bugler Room.

We have what we consider a good literary section this time. Thanks, Martha and Lister. You will see something of all the construction going on. My impression of being in all this noise, clamoring, sound, and fury is that of witnessing a living, growing tree, which puts forth its branches and leaves when the time is right. You are certainly witnessing history, for many years from now, you will return and muse that, by George, they were building that gym when you were here! Of course, I won't be around to uncover the rusty pipes of Gaillard Hall or peer at the piles of the gym, but I will relish the elder-brother joy of telling my young sibling Erik that if he thinks he has it rough going to physical education fully dressed, he would be bowled over by putting on an admittedly skimpy pair of gym-shorts and loping through ten-degree weather a quarter of a mile to the gymnasium, or that I used to have days when there was no drill, simply because of rain.

Please remember that this is your magazine. If you ever feel the creative urge, don't hesitate to let us know. What you think is important, because you are a very definite part of this place, North Georgia College.

ABOUT THE COVER

The portrait of General Hoag was executed from a photograph. William Branch, III, is to be commended on his work of art. We hope that the General is pleased by the likeness. Branch is no novice to art. He started drawing many years ago, at Georgia Military Academy, where he was staff artist during all his high school years. Be sure to read the story, which appears on page 15.

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CLUB CLIPPINGS

Mary K Sheats—News Editor

Do you know how many clubs and organizations there are on our campus? Come on, make a guess! Ten? Sixteen?

Twenty - one? No! There are approximately twenty - five different groups of people, each working toward some common objective. These objectives may be religious, academic, social, or scientific. Whatever your organization's objective may be, the **Bugler** salutes you, the members of these clubs, for your effort in contributing more to our campus atmosphere. It is a pleasure to report your news.

Wesley Foundation Reports

By Sharlene Griffin

Wesley Foundation:

The Annual Methodist Student Movement Conference!
Spring retreat to Daytona Beach!
Festival of fun on November 21!
Projects, projects, projects!
Suppers and good programs and fellowship!

These are just a few of the fun-filled, worship-filled activities we will be participating in this year. Won't you come and join us!

Wesley Foundation—Sunday— 5:30 p. m.
Sunday School —Sunday—10:00 a. m.
Morning Service —Sunday—11:00 a. m.
Evening Service —Sunday— 7:15 p. m.

MERCS

By Sally Foster and Mary Ann Morgan

The Mercureans have begun what we hope will be a very big year. Twenty-five new members were initiated on annual Rat Day. We plan to fill out this quarter with volleyball practice and games, cook-outs, and breakfasts.

At the end of Spring Quarter, 1959, we elected Sally Foster as our captain, and at a meeting at the beginning of Fall Quarter, 1959, we elected Mary Ann Morgan co-captain.

We are looking forward to a very successful year.

Delicious refreshments were served at the President's reception by attractive co-eds.

Lewis Hall Limelights

Sunday, September 20, 1959, was a beautiful day to welcome freshmen and all new students to our campus. Yes, that's the day the freshmen coeds arrived at Lewis Hall to be greeted by the officers, Sally Foster, Peggy Ivey, Jackie Lee, Emily Stephens, and the dormitory monitors. They checked into their rooms, met their roommates, registered, and sent their parents sadly home (still wondering where the elevator was).

Because of the numerous applications and our limited space, we now have two annexes instead of one. Annex "A" has seven girls and a monitor, who is Arsula Thomas. Annex "B" has six girls and a monitor, Janice McClure, who is a junior and a transfer from Rhinehart College. Lewis Hall opened the guest room for students, and Miss Donovan states that this reaches our boarding capacity of 241.

Lewis Hall has been the scene of two parties this quarter. The first, held September 25, was the party given during orientation week to welcome the new freshmen and returning upperclassmen. Refreshments were served and everyone seemed to have a good time, even with the record player broken. Officers and monitors of Lewis Hall were especially grateful to General Hoag for his assistance in serving. We would never have made it without him.

The second event sincerely enjoyed by everyone was the annual President's Reception, held October 16. Refreshments were made and served by the girls of the Home Economic Department.

Upperclassmen girls were very surprised and pleased to return this year and find that a new intercom system had been installed; so, if the boys have noticed any faster service in getting their dates called down, it is because of our new intercom.

We are certainly looking forward to our Christmas party and a visit from Santa Claus.

Westminster Fellowship

By Ginny Dobbi s

Interesting programs! Free suppers or refreshments! Fun and fellowship with friends! If this is what you want, you will find them all at the Westminster Fellowship. This is the organization of the Presbyterian Church which is especially planned for you. We meet on Sunday night at 6:00 or 6:30—the exact time is announced each Sunday at church. The time varies because we usually have free suppers, and some of them take longer to prepare than others. For instance, recently we had a big baked ham!

During this year we will be having movies, speakers, choirs, discussions, and parties. Our officers, who are planning these programs for you, are as follows: Patti Newton, president; Lister Skinner, vice-president (program chairman); Ginny Dobbins, secretary; Ramona York, treasurer.

We hope to see you Sunday at the Presbyterian Church's Westminster Fellowship!

WHAT'S THE BEST CLUB ON CAMPUS? STUDENT N.E.A.!

By Nina Connell

We student N.E.A. members plan to make this the best year yet. How can we fail with our members, advisers, and officers full of the energy, the ideas, and the pep to drive ahead to reach higher goals than ever?

First, we would like to introduce ourselves. We are N.G.C. students who are interested in education or who want to learn more about teaching. The following are our officers and advisers for the year: President, Charles Cook; Vice-President, Ginny Dobbins; Secretary, Nina Connell; Treasurer, Sulane Stone; Advisers, Mrs. Bouffard and Dr. Southard.

Our kick-off of club activities took place September 28th, with a combination "get acquainted" and business meeting. We selected Lucy Andrews, LaVerne Young, Sulane Stone, Virginia Harris, and Charles Cook to represent us at the State Convention in Atlanta, October 7-9. On October 5, we got a preview of teaching by sharing the experiences of the seniors who had observed classroom situations throughout the state. We have also planned later reports that will give us some "inside information" on what's happening in the American school of today. Two more of our important projects are the Used Book Exchange and the faculty children's Christmas party. We feel that this will be a truly busy and successful year for the Student N.E.A.

SIGMA THETA NEWS

Officers for the Sigma Theta were elected at the last meeting of the Spring Quarter. Elected were:
Hayes, R.—president.
Higginbotham, L.—vice-president.
Floyd, H.—secretary.
Artley, H.—treasurer.
Smith, G. A.—chaplain.

Plans have been discussed this quarter to make the fraternity more active than in the past. Several projects which would aid needy families in the community at Thanksgiving and Christmas have been planned. Picnics are also on the agenda for this quarter.

Upperclassmen will be considered as pledges toward the end of the Fall Quarter, and freshmen will be selected during the Winter Quarter.

Steps are being taken to promote better cooperation between the fraternities on campus. We believe that such cooperation will benefit us and the campus as a whole.

THE GRADUATING SENIORS

North Georgia College is proud of her graduates! Their presence has greatly enriched the school, and their absence will be deeply felt. These ten seniors will graduate Fall Quarter: Glenda Faye Blackwell—Secretarial Science; Robert W. Deariso—Business Administration; Raymond D. Gober—Physics; Shirley Gaines Goss—Secretarial Science; Wyman C. Heeth—Business Administration; Bertha Lynn Loyd—Biology; James I. Mason—Business Administration; Kenneth F. Melton — Physical Education; Robert Joseph Thomas—Physical Education; and Hoyt S. Wishon—Business Administration.

Good luck to you all as you stand on the threshold of the future.

N.G.C. Welcomes A New Faculty Member

North Georgia College greets a new faculty member, Mr. Bruce Trammel. Mr. Trammel comes to us from Appalachian State Teachers College in Boone, North Carolina. Incidentally, he received his B.S. and M.A. degrees from the same college. Besides majoring in education and minoring in business education, Mr. Trammel was president of the College Civic Club and Graduate Club and a member of the Business Club and the Chi Lambda Chi Club.

Mr. Trammel enjoys sports such as football, basketball, and baseball; but he especially likes "ping pong" and golf for his own recreation. In the summer of 1957, Mr. Trammel participated in the production of "Horn In The West," an outdoor drama about Daniel Boone.

Again we welcome Mr. Trammel to North Georgia College—and, girls, he is not married (but he is engaged).

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

By Sally Foster

To lead our Senior Class this year we elected as our officers the following: Terry Baggett, president; John Melcher, vice-president; Sally Foster, secretary; and Pat Daniel, treasurer.

Our Senior Class will be diminishing as the year goes by. Ten of our seniors will be leaving in December. We will certainly be sorry to see them go, but we wish them the best of luck.

In addition to those graduating in December, a number of the girls will be away during Winter Quarter doing apprentice teaching in some of the towns around Dahlonega.

Our senior year will be filled with studying, good times, and planning for our graduation activities.

We are all looking forward to the wonderful year ahead.

Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation

The Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation grew out of a fellowship program established by Princeton University in 1945. The Foundation encourages promising men and women to consider careers as college teachers. Nomination by a college faculty member is the first encouragment a student receives. Through a careful process of selection, including a personal interview, a thousand fellows are then elected from the nominees. These fellows are fully supported through their first year of graduate study.

The Foundation primarily supports students interested in careers as college or university teachers in the humanities and social sciences. In exceptional cases, when a clear preference for a teaching career is demonstrated, candidates from the natural sciences will be considered. Professional fields such as law, medicine, engineering, education, home economics, and business administration are not within the scope of the program.

Outstanding college seniors and graduates who have not yet entered a liberal arts graduate school are eligible for nomination. Applicants must be citizens of the United States or Canada, or aliens in the process of becoming citizens. There is no age limit. The stipend is fifteen hundred dollars, plus dependency allowances for wife and children; the Foundation also pays directly to the graduate school tuition and fees for the fellow.

Dean Young is the appointed adviser for North Georgia College applicants. Last year, there were two such applicants, including Jane Barrow, who is currently at Emory studying French. Should you be interested, do not fail to apply to Dean Young.

SYBIL BAEZLER
Feature Editor

GAILLARD WITH NEW WING

NORTH GEORGIA GETS FACE LIFTED

By Sara Jo McGahee and Jackie Smith

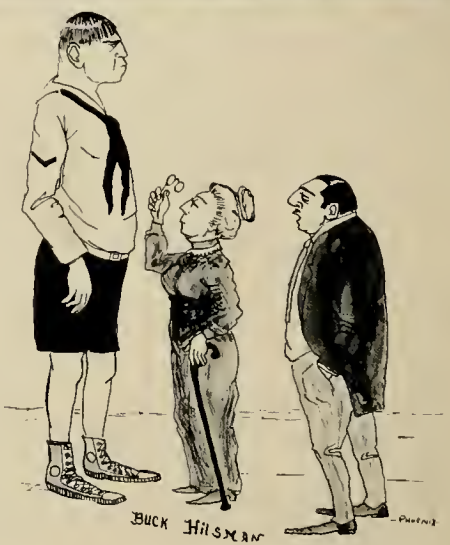
As more and more students desire entrance to North Georgia College, the necessity for new and better buildings has grown.

The project nearest completion is the renovation of Price Memorial, which will be finished sometime during the school year. The offices of the main floor have been beautifully and efficiently remodeled to meet the needs of our president and the administrative staff.

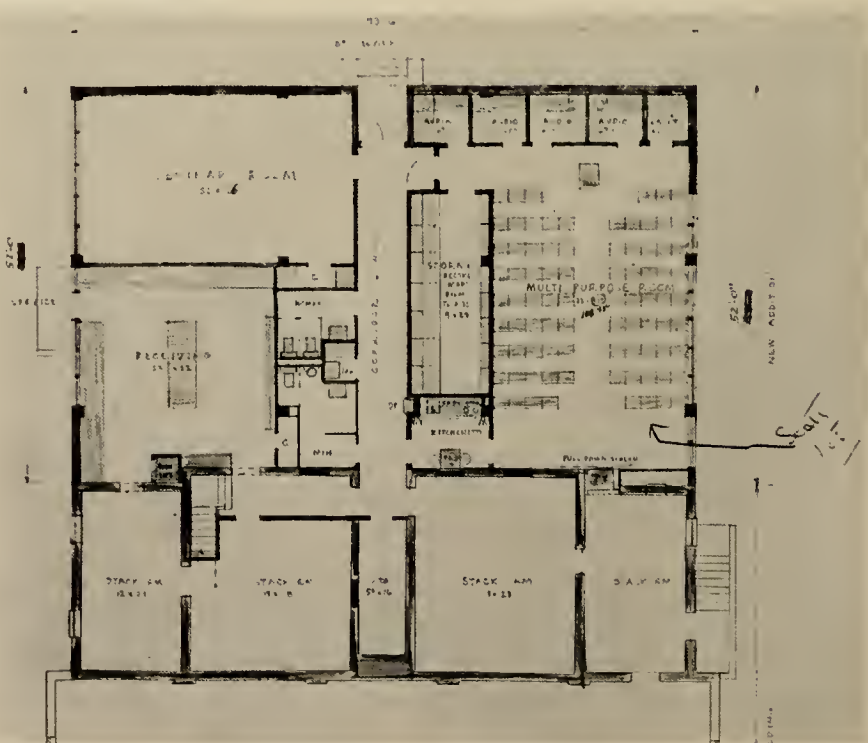
An additional facet of the growth of North Georgia College is the present annexation to the library of a new wing, which should be completed by the fall of 1960. There will be entirely new conveniences and equipment which will provide better facilities for our studies. The library will accommodate 300 people. This includes all rooms except the auditorium, which will seat 108 people. The mezzanine floor will have special individual study tables and lights. The seminar room, new cataloguing room, and special work room should prove advantageous. There will be a special periodical reading room as well as browsing areas in the present reading room. A completely new introduction to the library will be an audio-visual housing with four sound-proof listening booths. In addition to the previously mentioned conveniences, there will be housing for 70,000 volumes, a large basement service area, and a book lift.

The new wing of Gaillard Hall is to be completed by fall of 1961, providing for 150 more cadets. The addition of these new students will demand new faculty (minimum of three) as well as a wider variety of classes. The dining hall will be enlarged accordingly, taking in the present auditorium. The auditorium, as well as the commandant's office and the Military Department, will be established in the new gymnasium. The old military building is to be used for academic classes.

Not only will there be improvements of dormitories and academic buildings, but also of more pleasurable spots frequented by students. The back room of the Canteen has been separated from the book store by attractive folding doors following the length of the room. Now we do not have to drink our coffee by book store hours! The students of today as well as those to come will profit by these modern changes.



"Yes, he has grown."



2. BLUEPRINT OF OUR LIBRARY

Anita, Joyce, and Nancy

With a Cloud of Dust . .

By Sara Jo McGahee

and Jackie Smith

The boys of Gaillard Hall have really been roughing it this past quarter in true military style. The pipes in the heating system were defective and had to be replaced, thus resulting in mass confusion for all concerned. Besides their having no heat, large holes were drilled in the floors of most of the rooms, causing as many as four boys to live in one room. Also, the trunk room and boiler room were rapidly populated. Because of the noise made by the workmen and the crowded conditions, there was little studying done. However, there is a brighter side to the story. NO DUST INSPECTION! The favorite motto of the Gaillard boys was, "We will have dust inspection to find a place where there is no dust!"

Trahlytans

Have you thrown a rock on Trahlyta's grave recently? Well, if you haven't, be sure and do so the next time you go north on Highway 19; all of the Trahs will appreciate it. We have an exceptional group of new members in the club this year. If you'll ask around you'll also find out that one-fourth of the girls in Lewis Hall and the Annex are Trahs. No, we aren't a kniting circle. We participate in girls' sports on campus and have eating contests on Crown Mountain. This year does look promising, and we hope to have some good times.

—Wanda West.

"FADS AND FRUIT BOOTS"

By Sibyl Baeszler and Mary K Sheats

What do we see North Georgia coeds wearing this year? As bright green grass grows on the N.G.C. campus, "drab" or "olive" green seems to cover N.G.C. coeds. Special "fads" include "fruit boots" and bulky sweaters. To get an even better idea of the styles, let us peek into some coed closets.

We found Joyce Stewart's closet to be very typical of the trends. Shoes were among the first items noticed: black fruit boots and drab green leather pumps with "Queen Anne" heels. Joyce also had a matching green pocketbook. Continuing to be in vogue, she had a great many plaid skirts and bulky sweaters; a black and white pleated rayon flannel skirt; a dark blue skirt, pleated at the bottom; and a snow white bulky knit sweater.

Nancy Jordan seems to have a wide array of the popular bulky knit sweaters. Nancy's closet revealed a bright yellow one, a stunning gray, and a drab green knit. Nancy can fall right in line with our cadets in her drab green outfit including four pieces: a skirt, sweater, weskit, and toreador pants—all to match. Nancy is quite in style when she "steps out" in her suede shoes, with Queen Anne heels.

Plaids were the keynote of Anita Allen's closet. Besides her smart plaid skirts, two other outfits deserve special attention: a green and brown pleated skirt and weskit; a drab green, gray and rust sheath skirt and weskit. Cool, brisk mornings invite the warmth brought about by Anita's drab green bulky knit sweater. Finally, Anita's closet shows a beautiful rich gold skirt and sweater, which proves that solids are still in the picture, too!

Some say women dress for their male admirers. Here are a few opinions by the men of our campus on fruit boots.

Tom Leveritte (pointing thumbs down): "Don't like 'um, they look like Robin Hood boots."

Corkey Melton: "I don't mind the milder forms, but those big ones look funny."

Eddie Sills: "They look like German jumping boots. I like them all right for boys, but definitely not for girls!"

With or without male approval, N.G.C. coeds seem to be creating their own fads: drab green, bulky sweaters, pleated skirts, and, of course, fruit boots.

Will overwhelming male opposition put an end to women's individuality? Girls, it is up to you!!

Phi Alpha Theta

By Martha Ellis

Phi Alpha Theta? What's that? Is it some social fraternity?

Is it national or local? What's its purpose?

Well, it's not social, but the organization does study the social and political happenings in the world. History is its theme.

National? Yes, with many chapters across the nation in all sizes of colleges and universities. The local chapter in this college is Zeta Phi.

Purpose? Its purpose is to study the history of yesterday, to review the happenings of today that will be history tomorrow, and to look into the future for history yet to come.

The Zeta Phi chapter hopes for a very successful year with outstanding speakers and programs.

Wedding Bells

The wedding bells really exhausted themselves after graduation last year. Many of the graduated seniors are now married: Betty Rose Clark and Joe Breedlove, Allena Cobb and Ed Mann, Janice Hawkins and Harold Van Meter, and Betty Garrison and Ronnie Bartlett. All seem to be serving the United States Army.

Married couples now serving North Georgia College are these: Robbie Holbrook and Howard Floyd, Marion Hollingsworth and Dickie Vaughn, Nancy McClure and Jerry Rainwater, Tona Kannady and Lewis Carter, and Linda Harrison and Weyman Tison.

Soon to join the ranks will be the following: Ann Clark and Billy Garrett, Jackie Smith and John Cavender, Carol Harvey and Daniel Pope, Virginia Harris and James Greeson, and Sydney Jordon and Tommy Woods.

Some civilian husband catchers are June Westmoreland, Harriet Story, Terry Thomas, Sara Jo McGahee, Martha Clyburn, and Janice Akins.

Congratulations and best wishes to all of you.

National Teacher Examinations To Be Held February 13, 1960

Princeton, N. J., October 16. The National Teacher Examinations, prepared and administered annually by Educational Testing Service, will be given at 160 testing centers throughout the United States on Saturday, February 13, 1960.

At the one-day testing session a candidate may take the Common Examinations, which include tests in Professional Information, General Culture, English Expression, and Non Verbal Reasoning; and one or two of twelve Optional Examinations designed to demonstrate mastery of subject matter to be taught. The college which a candidate is attending, or the school system in which he is seeking employment, will advise him whether he should take the National Teacher Examinations and which of the Optional Examinations to select.

A Bulletin of Information (in which an application is inserted) describing registration procedures may be obtained from college officials, school superintendents, or directly from the National Teacher Examinations, Educational Testing Service, 20 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey Completed applications, accompanied by proper examination fees, will be accepted by the ETS office during November and December, and early in January so long as they are received before January 15, 1960.

Funeral Service Held For Miss Lanell Smith, Nov. 1

Miss Lanell Smith of Murrayville, Georgia, a 1959 graduate of North Georgia College, passed away October 29, of a cerebral hemorrhage.

She graduated with a B.S. in Elementary Education and was active in the FTA, the Recreation Club, and was on the Dean's List.

At the time of her death she was teaching the second grade at McEver Elementary School.

She is survived by her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. Alvin Smith, a sister, Nina and a brother, Marlin.

Lanell's death is a great sorrow to all who knew her. She will always hold a warm spot in the hearts of the N.G.C. students and faculty.

SWEETHEART BALL

By Bonnie McNeal

The completely transformed dining hall, decorated with red and white streamers, cupids, and hearts was the scene of the biggest social event of the quarter. The Sweetheart Ball was held on the fourteenth of November, 1959. When all had arrived and the room was filled, the first notes of the band proclaimed that the dance had begun.

Tommy Allen and his orchestra provided the music for the occasion. Among the old favorites that they played were "Star Dust" and "The Birth of the Blues," but the songs ranged from dreamy waltzes to tangos and rumbas. The band was accompanied by their vocalist, who was attired in a white evening dress.

As the sweethearts were escorted by the commanders to the tiered stage, they were presented to the spectators by the Master of Ceremonies Cadet Major Albert S. Hardy, II. Then, when all were in place, Captain David M. Levitt presented the Brigade Sweetheart and the first and second runners-up. A hush settled over the crowd as they were announced, and then Cadet Colonel Frank Reece crowned Miss Arsula Thomas Brigade Sweetheart and presented her with a bouquet of red roses. Miss Paula Cagel was first runner-up, and Miss Nancy Jordan was second runner-up.

The leadout was as follows:

Miss Carol Harvy, escorted by Cadet Captain Tilden Mitchell, Commander of Company C.

Miss Paula Cagel, escorted by Cadet Captain Fred Pope, Commander of Company D.

Miss Nancy Jordan, escorted by Cadet Captain Jerry Pirkle, Commander of Company B.

Miss Vivian Ingram, escorted by Cadet Captain Harold Darden, Commander of Company E.

Miss Ramona York, escorted by Cadet Captain Furman Thornton, Commander of Company A.

Miss Emily Stephens, escorted by Cadet Captain Terry Baggett, Commander of Company F.

Miss Martha Connell, escorted by Cadet Captain John Melcher, Commander of Company Band.

Miss Linda Groover, escorted by Cadet Lt.-Colonel Lee Harrison, Commander of First Battle Group.

Miss Jane Carroll, escorted by Cadet Lt. Colonel Rodger Waldrop, Commander of Second Battle Group.

Miss Anita Allen, escorted by Cadet Lt. Colonel Edward Sills, Vice-president of the Officers' Club.

Miss Arsula Thomas, escorted by Cadet Colonel Frank Reece, Brigade Commander.

Thanks to the Officers' Club for a job well done on the 1959 Sweetheart Ball.

Impact of Additional Cadets

By Major John Hodges

Have you considered what impact that 150 additional cadets would have at this institution? Ridiculous? No, anything but that.

Within the near future, this question will have to be answered, for the 150 additional cadets will become not something hypothetical, but something real.

Do you doubt this statement? It can easily be justified. Simply look at the work being done on the new wing of Gaillard Hall. Now, what impact will these additional cadets have?

Certainly these questions are important because they affect everyone here. Additional students will require additional books, more library space, a need which is already in the process of being met, and even more janitors. Possibly the offices of the Commandant, Registrar, and Comptroller will need additional workers to assist in coping with the administrative problems that 150 new students will bring in their wake.

By far, the two departments that will be most affected are the Physical Education and Military Departments. It is very likely that both will need, not only more teachers, but additional classroom space.

It may take longer to get through the serving line in the Dining Hall or a little longer to get that cup of white or black in the canteen. Maybe you will have to share your mailbox with another cadet or co-ed, or wait a day or so more to get your laundry. For the cadets, the line for hair cuts certainly will be longer. Possibly you will go to church at 9 o'clock instead of 11 o'clock because the church couldn't accommodate all the students at once.

In retrospect, you can see what a great influence approximately 150 additional cadets will have on the administration, faculty, and students of this institution. Extra equipment will be required in the gym, and more rifles and training aids will be necessary for the Military Department.

Secondly, consider the problems that will face the Military Department and the Corps of Cadets. As has already been stated, it is likely that additional instructors, equipment, rifles, and space will be necessary. The Corps of Cadets will naturally have to be reorganized, probably by placing four companies instead of the three we now have in each battle group.

There is a definite advantage in adding men to the Corps. Namely, it would mean a larger ratio of under classmen to upper classmen. This is quite naturally desirable. But, to return to the controversial question, would quality be sacrificed for quantity?

Last but certainly not least, how will the individual cadet or co-ed be affected? Instead of trying to answer this question, let us use our imagination and try to picture some of the incidents which may occur.

The purpose of this article is to bring to the reader a better understanding of some of the problems which the administration of North Georgia College must face. Many of these problems will be solved in the near future, and others will be worked out in the long run, for it is a part of the tradition of North Georgia College to grow and expand, not only in facilities and enrollment, but also in proficiency and excellence in an ever growing and well rounded program for college students.

JOHN HODGES
Military Editor

Scabbard and Blade initiates 9 members

SCABBARD AND BLADE

The Scabbard and Blade has started what appears to be a very successful year. The company is headed by Edward Sills, captain; Tony Baggett, first lieutenant; Pat Daniel, second lieutenant; and Tilden Mitchell, first sergeant.

Of major importance was the bi-annual convention held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Representatives from 160 colleges and universities throughout the United States attended the gathering. Representing Company I, 12th Regiment, North Georgia College, were Cadet Lt. Col. Sills and his alternate, Cadet Col. Reece.

It is significant to note that this is the first time that North Georgia College has been represented at any national convention and that both cadets served on the Jewelry, Insignia Committee.

Nine new members, dumbsquats, were initiated in November. Each of the following met the qualifications for entrance:

Bibb, R. T.
Driver, L. F.
Floyd, H. T.
Hardy, A. S.
Higginbotham, J. L.
Leverette, T. E.
Pirkle, J. D.
Ponder, J. L.
Thornton, W. F.

It is the sincere desire of this organization to supplement the training program of the Military Department in order that the Junior Class be better prepared for the summer field training at Fort Benning next year.

SUMMER CAMP

By Frank S. Reece

The tradition of progressive excellence established by past North Georgia College cadets attending the Fort Benning ROTC Camp was advanced by the sixty-eight cadets attending the 1959 encampment.

North Georgia College cadets won first place in leadership ratings made by their fellow cadets and by the Regular Army cadre and first in job performance and marksmanship. In fact, North Georgia College won first place over all the other thirty-five institutions present, when comparative ratings of all factors were computed.

A comprehensive schedule of field training was followed, and the many campus hours of classroom theory were applied during actual field exercises.

Many lasting friendships were made at camp which will probably be renewed in years to come.

Colonel Hill, the Deputy Camp Commander, was heard to say, "What North Georgia College cadet won Colonel's Aide today?" Actually North Georgia didn't win all of the aide honors, only the majority of them.

All work and no play was not the rule at Fort Benning this year. Thanks to last year's Officers' Club, a formal dinner-dance was held for the North Georgia College cadets at the Main Officers' Open Mess. After a very satisfying dinner, the cadets and their dates danced to the fine music of the Officers' Club Band.

Alumni, cadets, and camp officials met informally at the dance, and a feeling of fellowship was established.

Some of the accomplishments and awards received by North Georgia College cadets at Summer Camp were the following:

Outstanding Cadet—Company A: Baggett, W. T.

Outstanding Cadet—Company F: Reece, F. S.

Outstanding Cadet—Company H: Waldrop, W. R.

Marksmanship—North Georgia College; Leverette, T. E.—Train Fire

Drill Master: Darden, H. W.

Drill Master—Runner-up: Sills, E. G.

Machine gun, Assembly and Disassembly West, J. A.

Mortar: Melcher, J. A. and O'Kelley, G. W.

It is the sincere desire of the Senior Class that this year's juniors not only match, but surpass the record set by North Georgia College at the 1959 Fort Benning Summer Camp.

BLUE RIDGE RIFLES

By John Hodges

One may wonder about how the name Blue Ridge Rifles was chosen. During the Civil War, volunteers from the northern part of Georgia assembled to defend their homeland. They called themselves the Blue Ridge Rifles. The drill platoon, after assuming this name, received a new guidon which was designed and presented to the unit by Doctor Brown.

The purpose of the Blue Ridge Rifles is to demonstrate to the public the military proficiency of the Corps of Cadets of North Georgia College to gain further recognition of this institution. This precision drill unit is our principal source of representation and publicity of the Corps of Cadets.

This year's Blue Ridge Rifles are under the advisership of Captain Levvitt, the supervision of Cadet Lieutenant Col. Edward Sills, and the capable leadership of Cadet Master Sergeant Phillip Sumpter. The unit is composed of thirty-two men, including one junior as drill master, four sophomores as squad leaders, and twenty-seven freshmen as riflemen. The four squad leaders are Cadet Corporals George Whitley, Warren Williams, James Maples, and Thomas Terrell. Each of the thirty-two men is an active member of his company and participates in its activities. This year for the first time in the history of the Blue Ridge Rifles at North Georgia College, the unit was organized completely on a volunteer basis.

A distinguishing factor between a Blue Ridge Rifleman and a company rifleman is his weapon and the accessories worn on his uniform during a parade or performance. The former will be seen carrying a Springfield .03 rifle with a white sling, and one will notice as part of his uniform a red fourragere, a white waist band, a white scarf, and a chrome helmet.

Qualifications for membership are the desire to become an affiliate of an elite, precision drilled organization and the acquirement of an academic average of "C" or better.

This year, the Blue Ridge Rifles have possible performances at the Master's Parade in Augusta, Georgia; the Rose Festival in Thomasville, Georgia; the Christmas Parade in Columbus, Georgia; the Chicken Festival in Gainesville, Georgia; and possibly an out-of-state performance. On the campus the unit will perform at various Sunday reviews, including Parents' Day and Federal Inspection. Special performances will be demonstrated for visiting military dignitaries.

We sincerely believe that this will be a most successful year for the Blue Ridge Rifles because of the co-operation of the Military Department, the entire Cadet Corps, and in particular the co-operation of each of the company commanders. Help us in keeping the standards of this organization at the highest possible level, for, remember, we are representing your institution—the North Georgia College Corps of Cadets.

Flight Training Program

By Pat Daniel

The Flight Training Program for the year 1959-'60 is now well underway with seven cadets now participating in the first cycle.

The program consists of thirty-six and one-half hours of flight time and thirty-five hours of ground school. The flight instruction is given at the Gainesville, Georgia, Airport, and ground school is taught in the military building each Tuesday night.

Successful completion of this program results in a recommendation for further training as a military pilot by the Federal Aviation Administration and subsequent qualification for further flight training at the Army Aviation Center, Fort Rucker, Alabama. Cadets may also earn their Private Pilots' license upon the successful completion of this course.

The average cost of this program is approximately $500 per student, the entire cost being borne by the U. S. Army and no expenses being paid by the cadet.

This first cycle of instruction is to commence in February of 1960, and there are hopes that enough money will be allotted to enable other cadets who applied for the course but didn't get accepted for the first cycle to receive instruction in another cycle.

The seven cadets who are now active in the program were selected on the basis of flight aptitude tests, U. S. Army Aviation Physical Examination, and academic standing. These are the seven cadets:

Brackett, M. R.
Daniel, J. P.
Darden, H. W., Jr.
Hurst, W. J.
Parker, H. B.
Pirkle, J. D.
Skelton, S. E., Jr.

WHO ARE THIS YEAR'S WHO'S WHO?

By SYBIL BAEZLER

Each year teachers in the United States select students from their colleges who have been outstanding leaders in scholarship, sportsmanship, citizenship, and activities on the campus. These honored students are then members of the **Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities.**

The **Cadet Bugler** proudly recognizes the following ten cadets and five co-eds as being worthy of this distinction!

Frank S. Reece, cadet colonel of the Brigade, is planning to join the One Hundred and First Airborne Division of the Army ("Screaming Eagles") after graduation. Among fifteen hundred cadets, he was ranked second at R.O.T.C. summer camp. Last year he was outstanding noncommissioned officer, and he was the "best drilled freshman" during his first year. Other noteworthy distinctions include "Mr. North Georgia College," Distinguished Military Student, and membership in the Scabbard and Blade. Besides the above mentioned honors, Mr. Reece's name has also appeared on the Dean's List. He is a member of the Officers' Club, the Business Administration Club, and the Sigma Theta Fraternity.

W. Roger Waldrop, a lieutenant colonel, is Second Battle Group Commander. His military achievemnets include Distinguished Military Student, Superior Cadet second classman, membership in the Scabbard and Blade, and first in his company at Summer Camp. He has participated in intramural sports and played in the college combo. He has also been a member of the Noncommissioned Officers' Club, the Officers' Club, the Business Administration Club, and the Sigma Theta Fraternity. He is a business administration major and is on the Dean's List. His future plans include the United States Army.

William Terrell Baggett, "most dependable" senior, is also president of his class. Not only is he a Distinguished Military Student, but also he is "F" Company Commander, vice-president of the Business Administration Club, and vice-president of the Scabbard and Blade. Captain Baggett is active in intramurals, the Rex Fraternity and the Officers' Club. He ranked first in his company at Summer Camp and is on the Dean's List. His future plans are indefinite.

James Lewis Rivers is a potential medical student. His double major is chemistry and biology. He has been vice-president of the Biology Club, vice-president of his freshman and sophomore class, president of the junior class, vice-president of Wesley Foundation, and Y.M.C.A. council member. His variety of interests include the following: Officers' Club, Noncommissioned Officers' Club, Dramatics Club, Rex Fraternity, and intramural sports. His honors include making Dean's List and being recognized as a Distinguished Military Student.

Lieutenant Colonel Ernest Lee Harrison is a math major who plans to make the Army his career. He is president of the Officers' Club, member of the Scabbard and Blade, and a participator in intramural sports. Mr. Harrison was chosen as a Distinguished Military Student and is First Battle Group Commander.

Tilden A. Mitchell is "Charlie" Company Commander. He was chosen outstanding Platoon Sergeant of the Second Battle Group for the year 1958-1959. His other achievements include Distinguished Military Student, Dean's List and First Sergeant of the Scabbard and Blade, vice-president and secretary of the YMCA, and chaplain of Sigma Theta.

Joyce Lorraine Green, an education major, would like to teach the fifth grade. Last year she was voted "most outstanding junior" and this year she is "most dependable." She was editor of the Cyclops; member of NEA, Y.W.C.A., B.S.U. and Rec Club (Mercereans). She is on the Dean's List.

Ora Marilyn McBrayer plans to utilize her home economics major as a home demonstration agent and eventually as a housewife. Marilyn is president of the Home Economics Club and a senior superlative (cutest couple). She has been a junior librarian assistant; also she is a member of Wesley Foundation, the Y.W.C.A., and the Rec Club.

Emily Karen Sanders is a biology major. After graduation she would like to enter nurse's training. Last year she won the "Y" cup. She has also been president and treasurer of the Y.W.C.A. She is now social chairman of the Baptist Student Union, a Trahlytan, and a member of the Y.W.C.A.

Martha Duff Ellis—for the second time Martha Ellis achieves recognition.

(Continued on Page 17)

INTRODUCING THE LITERARY SECTION

We suppose that the intellectual atmosphere of a college is measured in good part by the number of students willing to take time from a very busy schedule to compose, to think, to squirm and fidget over a piece of home-grown literature. It takes time and effort. This being the case, we hope that you will read this section. It's for your entertainment. But more than that, if you think that you can do something better, then by all means, try it. Nothing to lose, and no one will laugh at you. All the copies of this magazine won't be burned, and you may one day pick an old issue up and find your own brain-child. Try it!

The Great Paradox

By Bonnie McNeal

The Freshman lass so cute and sweet,
Lost her heart to the Sophomore freak,
But the Sophomore boy, with his head in a whirl,
Made mad love to the Junior girl.
The Junior girl being so demure,
Loves the Senior officer,
And the Senior officer with his shiny brass,
Secretly loves the Freshman lass.

A Soul In The Crowd

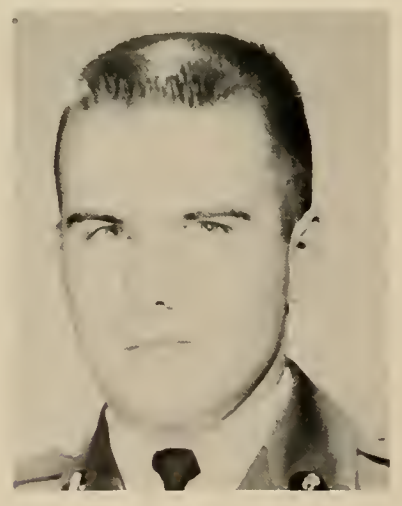
By Leslie*

I am alone and I know it.
I laugh, I talk
But I know that I am alone.

Once I was with you
And you were with me.
But now I am alone.

Why am I alone?
What voice called you away from me?
And I know that the voice of solitude,
the empty street you walked at night
the solitary bird that flies across the sky
the quiet lake you see alone
the sad tune that floats through the midnight
the dawn in which you wake alone

These things called you away, away
And I cannot fight my foe
I too am alone.



LISTER SKINNER
Cadet Literary Editor

MARTHA ELLIS
Coed Literary Editor

Vigilance Of Heaven

Gloria Jean Coleman

The eyes from heaven above
Are watching over the one I love.
They will guide him on his way
And keep him safe every day.

The ears of heaven above
Are watching over the one I love.
They will hear what his mouth utters
And also what his heart mutters.

The voice of heaven above
Is watching over the one I love.
It will always guard his speech
And to him the right words teach.

The heart of heaven above
Is watching over the one I love.
It will always keep him good and true
By telling him what to do.

He was sent from heaven above
For me to cherish and to love.
From him whom I love with all my heart
I hope I'll never have to part.

Christmas Wish

By Zenith Davidson

I wish that I had been the one
To bring Him gifts that night.
I would have brought a baby lamb
With eyes all shiny bright.

The wise men came from foreign lands
To bring their gifts so fine.

How could a little baby love
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh?
I would have brought a kitty-cat
With soft and shiny fur.

What use could any boy have
For just a pile of money?
I would have brought some butter-bread
Spread with golden honey.

I know those grown-up men were wise;
My mommy told me so.
But they just didn't know the things
A little boy would know.

They brought the nicest gifts,
they thought
From grown-up's point of view.
For they love money and such things
All bright and sparkling new.

But I am sure that Little Boy
Would have been glad to see
Some choice gift selected by
A little boy like me!

REMEMBER CHEYENNE

By Celia Wright

The horses on the picket line snorted and pawed the ground with impatience. A powerful-looking bay plunged on the end of his halter rope, causing the other horses to back away.

A cavalry officer and an enlisted man stood near by arguing.

"You're liable to break your neck! He's a rogue! Besides you already have a horse, Sergeant Wilson," said the officer.

"Lieutenant Johnson, the Colonel needs a good horse. If I got the bay, he could have mine," the bronzed young man spoke respectfully but earnestly. Sergeant Ted Wilson's flaming red hair reflected the rays of the hot New Mexico sun on that day of June 20, 1885. His normally twinkling gray eyes were very serious. He was the type of man the cavalry welcomes in its ranks. Being calm in the face of danger, brave, intelligent, and able to give and take commands were some of Ted's traits.

"Well, I guess you're not going to rest until you get him. Yes, the bay's yours. What are you going to do for a horse until you tame him?" sharply asked the Lieutenant.

"I'll work that out, sir. I'll start taming him right away! Thank you, sir," replied Sergeant Wilson.

The pair parted, leaving the bay still acting up on the picket line as the other horses were led away.

Anyone who appreciated good horses would have exclaimed with pleasure two months later at the sight of a bay in the fort stables. It was a big, powerful bay stallion. The stallion was a horseman's dream, compact, with good conformation and intelligent, wide-spaced eyes. His glistening coat reminded one of satin and his black mane and tail were silky to the touch. A white blaze on his face added the final touch.

Lieutenant Johnson, who had once called the horse a rogue, was saying to the sergeant, "Wilson, I didn't think it would be possible. He's almost gentle enough for a lady now, but two months ago some of the best riders at the fort wouldn't touch him. How did you do it?"

Sergeant Wilson had stopped grooming the horse while the Lieutenant spoke. Now he replied, "He never was a bad horse, just high-spirited. I just tried to understand him, sir."

Sergeant Wilson was frequently a scout for a cavalry patrol. The reason for this was that he knew the region and the Indians extremely well, having lived there before joining the cavalry.

A week after this conversation, Ted mounted Cheyenne and preceded the cavalry patrol out of the fort by twenty minutes. Two other scouts were also working with this patrol.

Cheyenne had enjoyed the brisk canter and tossed his head when reined in to a slow walk.

Ted had been scouting ahead of the patrol for about two hours. He leaned low in the saddle as he studied the signs on the ground before him. The signs were fresh and unmistakable. Seven Indians had come this way driving a herd of shod horses. The herd had probably been stolen from some ranch and was now being taken to a village as plunder.

Ted kept Cheyenne at a walk as they followed the tracks. At regular intervals he surveyed the surrounding area for signs of the Indians.

Then he heard it! The sound of ponies' hooves galloping toward him around the bend. He was frozen for a second. Quickly he guided Cheyenne into the thick maze of brush to the right of the trail. The brush scratched his face and tore at his clothes. They halted. Would the Indians spot his tracks? Ted thanked his lucky star that Cheyenne hadn't submitted to being shod yet. His tracks would look like those of the Indian ponies.

Would Cheyenne betray their presence by nickering to the Indian ponies? Would he grow restless and stamp? Would he start acting up? These thoughts raced through Ted's mind in the space of a few seconds.

Now the group of Indians was passing. Just a few more moments and it would be all right.

But, one of the Indians was having trouble with his pony at the spot where Cheyenne had turned off the trail. He was looking intently at the ground.

Ted thought, "He's seen our tracks for sure."

It seemed an agonizingly long time, but was just a few seconds.

He raised his gun to his shoulder.

Ted thought, "He's going to signal to the other Indians."

The Indian aimed his gun and shot. Then the Indian urged his pony to a gallop as he hurried to catch up with his band.

Cheyenne walked slowly out of the brush with a disbelieving but safe Ted on his back. Ted couldn't understand what had happened. As the stallion came out onto the trail, he snorted and reared in fear. Ted, who was limp with relief, was almost thrown.

The mystery was solved! Lying beside the trail was the dead rattlesnake for which the Indian's shot was intended.

"We'd better get back and report this, Cheyenne," Ted said as they cantered down the trail.

This story isn't in the Army records, but the man who was there still remembers. I was that man.

WORRIED

By Carol McCuller

Little Miss Mary Jane
I wonder what could possibly be on your mind
As you walk down the lane
With an expression on your face
As though life were not quite so fine.

Everyone you know has his share of troubles
It is a fact of life we must face
Just don't think yours are double
Because in this way there is much precious
time gone to waste.

Get rid of that sad expression
Greet the world with a great big smile
Because this is a very large nation
In which, believe it or not, other people
have their problems—and many which
are not so mild.

In trying to give you some helpful advice
I would say to you to take a good look at
God's world
And take note of its troubles and vices,
Then try this thing of giving, giving help,
Of course, to the troubled sinners, in whirled
I promise you, Mary Jane, you will never be bothered
With any more of your problems again in this world.

"RETURN OF THE NATIVE"

One of the greatest novels ever written in English is Thomas Hardy's **Return of the Native.** This book is required reading for all freshman students. In describing their impressions of Egdon Heath, some of the students exhibit a color and realism all their own. Here are two selections of such work. We feel sure that after reading these vivid descriptions you will agree with us as to their merit, and . . . read the book if you haven't.—Ed.

The Heath as an Animate Entity
Lee Bradley

"In the **Return of the Native,** Thomas Hardy makes the reader feel that Egdon Heath is an animate being with a real personality. The heath is the exact personification of a man with all his moods, sad and gay.

Egdon Heath seems to be a tired, dying man, completely exhausted and waiting for the Twelfth Hour—the time when he will be no more. The heath, having the earmarks of a human personality, appears to be indifferent to gaiety, always taking a pessimistic view of life, making mishaps seem like tragedies, and never allowing cheer to impose upon its dull mood.

However, on special occasions, Hardy's Heath slightly raises its veil of gloom and dismalness to permit the natives to enjoy the wasteland in its unchangeable state—a state that will remain dull, monotonous, dense, sinister, and incomprehensible until the end of time."

J. Robert Cornelius

"As an owl, the heath would appear to wake and listen when other places around it would drop off into the sombre of night. As it slowly awoke at night, the heath would seem to ask the world not to forget it and not to pass it by. The heath seemed to be waiting on something, but it had been doing so, and would keep on doing so until the end of time.

The Heath seemed to be a prison. Outsiders did not want to enter it, and its natives looked upon it as the prodigal son his father, always returning to serve the heath the knowledge and wisdom of the outside world.

The heath, as a cold-natured human, could not seem to wait until summer began. During the other seasons, the heath would always appear in a somber mood, but in summer it would come alive. It was a place similar to man's nature—neither despicable nor unenduring; however, unlike man, the heath would never progress to a better state of being. The outcast thing that it had been previously, it would thus be always."

ALMOST

By James L. Skinner

Thou mockest me in my dreams, Sprite . . .
'Tis just that thou wouldst cease thy flight
And let me grasp thee.

With what rare device do you bestow
Fleeting thoughts which in me grow . . .
And torture me?

Sometimes when waking from a dream
Ye comfort me, happily, it would seem . . .
Then are gone.

All my world you permeate
You've caught my very soul and fate . . .
In my pursuit of thee.

In an orchestra's grand swell you hide—
'Midst a hundred velvet voices abide . . .
But not for long,—then are gone.
In the eyes of my beloved for a fleeting second play
Then vanish as a rainbow—from out my grasp to stray . . .
And fly away from me.

You dance on a printed page just beyond my eyes—
And I know that here, from all that's past—a part of you
doth lie . . .
Perhaps it's here I'll find thee.

I'll have thee. This I vow, thou evasive delight
'Ere my life's sun behind the shrouded veil doth sink from
hight,
My soul shall claim thee.

'Twas there that time—I almost had it
In that golden sunset it seemed to sit . . .
And then was gone again.

A strange bird—this Truth.

TIME MARCHES ON

Placement tests—Public Display of Amnesia? . . . And he has 2 diamonds!!! . . . The freshman rush . . . Hit a hut! . . . RAT DAY . . . Girls on triangle?! . . . The worn out rat hats—Beth Daniel's fell into the -# . . . DRILL, DRILL, DRILL! . . . The freshmen boys' throat condition—"I'll Never Sing Again" . . . CHOW and Allen Thayer's winning smile —WOW! . . . 'Miss Iced Tea' . . . The frantic girls trying out for Glee Club . . . Canteen sights—How long is Phil Anderson's line? . . . Sherry Webb and 'Peyton Place' snowed by Cadets . . . Sandra Durham's sack dresses—Does she stack it or sack it? . . . Those company dances—the memories and fun . . . The rainy football games—the lame cadets . . . Pine Valley—hiking?#! . . . Blanket parties . . . Assembly programs . . . Freshmen girls croon over Lister Skinner! or his speech? . . . Studying? at the library . . . **"The Return of the Native"** . . . Advertising managers' escapades every day to get ads . . . Joy Busby's trip to Gainesville for ads . . . Lewis Hall "pigs" . . . Those company letters . . . The lines that were fed to get them in Lewis Hall . . . or are the cadets sincere? A and C company barracks have no heat . . . Well, girls!?!! . . . Blology majors move to the library in order to do more studying . . . Company sweethearts . . . the lucky girls! . . . and the red roses . . . Those late lab classes . . . Brenau—Gainesville—Cadets . . . Cadences—Herby fell and broke his (what'd you say?#!) . . . 1, 2, 3, 4 . . . Freshmen girls at 4:30 A. M. in front of Galliard Hall—"They wake us up!!!" . . . WHY? . . . Dating . . . What does P.D.O.A. stand for?? . . . WHAT!#? . . . Who, me? . . . All the good times at N.G.C. . . . Free week-end — back to the grind . . . Flu shots!#! . . . HALLOWEEN!!! . . . First reports go home—ZOT! . . .

"THE QUICK. . . ."

By Remington Foss

"The rain is still coming down. Good, maybe that will help cool me off.

"The rain. Why must rain be such a symbol of isolation? The street light is a part of this isolation, as the mist of the evening traps each ray of emitting light and holds it close to its origin. And the glitter which strikes the pavement seems to be trapped in the wet surface of that substance.

"My wife seems to be oblivious of this isolation. She has to be so confounded civic minded at times. Just because I'd rather sit at home than go to the Seventh Annual Flower Festival, she has to get upset and start crying. What makes matters worse is that after I tell her I'll go she says, 'No, you said you didn't want to go,' and starts crying again. I guess I'll never understand her.

"Well, maybe a ride will help calm me down. Oh God, how my chest hurts. It feels as if I've plunged a knife into it by arguing with Cathy about that flower show. It even hurts to turn this steering wheel.

"Where is all this heat coming from? I don't recall turning the heater on. No, it's not the heater—I wonder what it is? Maybe if I loosen my collar . . .

"The untightening of emotion is present, and yet I can still feel those forces of love and understanding—each one trying to gain supremacy over the other, and I can but helplessly be the battlefield for the contest.

"Oh, the helpless, helpless feeling. I feel so strange. The white glistening line down the road is so uncertain; the lights up ahead—so uncertain. The flashing and light, the high pitched noise, red light, high noise . . . light . . . noise . . . light . . . noise . . .

"Ah, peace is upon me; all is done. Everything is so clear and calm. I have a strange urge to rejoin my flesh; however, in the vastness of my newly found serenity I feel relieved as I watch the white-clad men pull the sheet over my head and wheel the cart supporting my body down the hall of the municipality toward the morgue."

My Love And I

Furman Thornton

I watched the clouds go drifting by—
Peacefully rolling, floating by;
Would we were there, my Love and I!

I watched the brook as it rushed along
Singing its merry little song;
Making me think of my Love and I.

I watched the rain on a hot summer's day;
As it dropped and played in the puddles gay,
Laughing as we—my love and I.

As I watched the sun in the cool, still gloaming
It seemed I heard an Angel blowing
His horn—and calling us—my Love and I.

I watched the lightning in the night
Reminding me of my poor plight,
'Ere we two were my Love and I.

Though toil and trouble come our way,
We'll be up there one glorious day
With the clouds and stars up in the sky;
Yes, we'll be there, my Love and I.

Our President Becomes A General

By Beverly Bryan

When we came back to school in September, we were all pleased and delighted to hear that President Hoag had been appointed by Governor Vandiver as Brigadier General of the State Militia. This appointment was made under a 1957 resolution of the State Legislature which authorized the appointment of the head of North Georgia College in the State Militia. This honor given to President Hoag and the college follows a precedent set in several other states having essentially military colleges.

This honor was really no surprise to us. We have long realized that President Hoag is a very capable leader who always places N.G.C.'s interests first.

The thought that comes to mind, however, when we think of President Hoag, is that of a smiling man who has time for everyone: the students, the faculty, and employees of the school. If we look back over the records that President Hoag has made throughout his life, we can see that he has been successful wherever he has been.

Merrit E. Hoag was born in New Castle, Pennsylvania. He attended school there. He received his B.S. degree from Edinboro College in Edinboro, Pennsylvania. While he was in college, he was very interested in athletics. One of his prized possessions from college is a blanket which has sewn on it all the letters that he was awarded.

President Hoag met Mrs. Hoag while they were both attending graduate school at Duke University. They were married in 1933 in Raleigh, North Carolina. President Hoag taught school and was a high school principal in the public schools of Pennsylvania. He was also dean of a prep school in Texas.

In World War II he served in the Navy in the Pacific. He participated in six invasions, received a Purple Heart, Asiatic Medal (4 stars), Philippine Liberation (2 stars), and the American Service and Victory Medals. During the time he was in the Pacific, he attained the rank of Lieutenant Commander. A friend in the Navy Department told Mrs. Hoag of this promotion as soon as it became official. She sent his insignia to him, and thus he received news of this promotion six weeks before he was officially notified. After the war he assisted in the development of the Navy Pre-Flight Program, in which the universities of Georgia, North Carolina, Iowa, and St. Mary's College played a large part.

The Hoags' son, Randy, was born shortly before they came to N.G.C. Mr. Hoag changed from the Navy to the Army at this time. He was commandant here for a year. Following this, the Hoags were absent from the campus for a year because of the death of Mr. Hoag's mother. Upon returning, he was appointed president to fill the vacancy the former President Rogers left when he became president of the University of Georgia. This occurred on July 1, 1949.

Recently he was elected vice-president of the Association of Military Colleges. He is on the board of directors for the Ty Cobb Educational Foundation. This organization helps boys who need financial assistance in furthering their education.

Mrs. Hoag tells us that not only his occupation but his hobby is North Georgia College. It seems that President Hoag keeps check on each new brick that is put into the building of the new gym. We're glad that we have such a man for our president. We feel that if each brick on the new gym is important to him, each student is also important to him. The **Bugler** salutes General Hoag.

JOHN MOSS
Cadet Sports Editor

LINDA APPLING
Coed Sports Editor

TENNIS, ANYONE?

By John Moss

Believe it or not, tennis practice has begun and has been in session this whole quarter. As you know, the tennis team won a big trophy last year. On it was inscribed the letters G. I. A. C., Champions, 1959. The team is practicing with the hope of winning the conference next year, a victory which would make three consecutive years on the top. Their number one rival is the team from West Georgia College. LaGrange and perhaps Oglethorpe colleges may offer a good match, but Coach Hackney is almost certain that North Georgia will come out on top.

What are his reasons? First of all, our number one, two, and three men are back this year. Our number one man, Tison, remains unbeaten in match play. Our number two man, Jack Tippens, is also unbeaten in singles play. Paul Tippens, our third man, is unbeaten in doubles play. Last year, he and his brother made their opponents appear to be novices. Their teamwork and coordination are the evident result of long hours of practice such as fall training. Though the team lost Quigley, Bard, and Akin, there are still two very prominent and promising players left. Furcron and Thornton will compensate for the loss.

The second reason the team has such high hopes is that it is quite possible that N.G.C. will be hosts for the G. I. A. C. tourney this year. We had hoped to have new hardtop courts, but that is doubtful, considering the progress being made now. The third reason we will have a good team this year is that there are many good freshmen coming out for practice. These newcomers may be able to join the team, or some may even beat the older members.

Six players will be needed for the team. Each match will consist of six singles and three doubles. Varsity members will be chosen from an ever-changing challenge board. The play will be ladder challenge play, meaning simply that one begins at the bottom and by challenging may work his way to the top. Keep your eyes open for tennis. With your backing, we will have that trophy.

A farmer in the Deep South was introducing his family to the governor, who was touring the state.

"Seventeen boys, eh? I suppose they're all good Democrats," said the governor.

"All but one," was the answer. "He got to readin'."

BASKETBALL

By John Moss

The hardwood floor, the glaring lights, the never-ending thud as the ball bounces on the floor, then the murmuring of the crowd which soon reaches a feverish pitch, followed by the shrill blast of the referee's whistle — what do these things typify? Basketball, of course, the largest indoor sport in America.

After two weeks of practice, the team was finally cut to shape October 22. The team is in fair shape this year. The freshmen look good, and some of last year's lettermen have returned. Among them are the two steady guards of last year. Tom "Fireball" Holley and "Curly" Boyd racked up many points during the conference season. Curly was second in the state conference, making twenty-two points per game. He was beaten by Stutters of Valdosta State, who averaged 22.9 points per game.

Holley has the name of "the showman." If he can't steal the ball, he'll run up, foul the man, and then make it look to the "ref" as though it were just the opposite.

Last year the team achieved sixth place in the conference. Seven games were lost by one to three points, only because we lacked height. Scores such as 57-58 and 78-77 will not be seen this year. The team will either win by a long margin or lose by a short one. After all, with the turn-out we have at basketball games, the team will know we're behind them one hundred per cent.

The plays are now beginning to shape themselves into well worked plans. The team is working into a well trained squad that should reach first, second, or third place this year. Come see and support your team.

"If he only had more speed!"

FOOTBALL

By Theron A. Grant, Jr.

ALFA VS. CHARLIE

The day was wet and dreary. It had been raining for three solid days, but that did not seem to affect the gladiators. Both teams were out to stomp the other team into the ground. From the opening kickoff to the final gun, it was a very even match. Neither team could muster a substantial scoring drive. It was a game of sharp line play and good hard knocking. Not until the final quarter did a score come. Charlie Company scored on a forward pass lateral to the trailing halfback. This did not seem to affect the **Alfa Aggies**, for they played just as determined ball after the score. The **Charlie Caterpillars** finally emerged from the game as winners, but the game was a fitting opener of the football season of North Georgia College for 1959.

Charlie punts to Alfa

DELTA VS. FOXTROT

The Delta-Foxtrot game was as good a game as will be played on this campus in a long time. The game started out as a defensive game, and not until the last two minutes of play was a point registered on the scoreboard. Foxtrot scored the winning six points on an end sweep. This game had all a person could ask for in a game. The two quarterbacks were very good passers. The passes kept the defensives loosened up. The passers did a wonderful job, considering that when they went back to pass, the opposing linemen were in the backfield with them. The **Delta Demons** played a great game, but their mistakes were costly. On the other hand, the **Foxtrot Flyers** were a good team in that they were able to capitalize on the mistakes of the **Demons**. With all things taken in, this, too, was a great battle between two evenly matched teams.

Once again the scores were: **Alfa Aggies** 0, **Charlie Caterpillars** 6; **Delta Demons** 0, **Foxtrot Flyers** 6.

From this reporter's viewpoint, neither team lost honor in losing. I believe that on any other day the scores could be reversed, so close were the games.

Co-Captains Lister Skinner and Wyman Heath receive instructions from Coach Matherly

WHO ARE THIS YEAR'S WHO'S WHO?

(Continued from Page 11)

"Most Versatile Senior," Martha is Science Club president, Biology Club president, Phi-Nu-Gamma Honor Society president, Phi-Alpha-Theta secretary-treasurer, and literary editor of the **Cadet Bugler**. Other club interests include Rec Club (Trahlytan), Baptist Student Union, Glee Club, and the Y.W.C.A. She plans to attend graduate school and ultimately attain a Master's degree in bacteriology.

Kenneth Frank Melton, "Corky," is and outstanding sportsman. Not only is he a physical education major, but also he plays varsity baseball and was secretary-treasurer of the Letterman's Club. Corky is a member of the Brigade Staff, the Officers' Club, and the Dean's List. After serving his three years in the Army, Corky would like to be a coach and teach school.

BA CLUB ANNOUNCES PLANS

By Barbara Henson

The North Georgia College Business Administration Club met during the last of September for the purpose of electing officers, who are as follows: Linton Higgenbotham, president; Terry Baggett, vice-president; Pattie Newton, secretary; Joy Busby, treasurer; Barbara Henson, reporter; Newton Oakes, adviser.

The Business Administration Club is looking forward to a successful year with interesting programs and speakers.

THROUGH THE GATES WITH N.G.C. ALUMNI

SPOTLIGHT ON THE ALUMNI

Dear Alumni,

This is your column. We offer you through **The Cadet Bugler** an opportunity, not only to keep up with what we are doing on the campus today, but also to extend and renew contacts with friends you may not have seen since graduation.

We need more alumni news and pictures for our winter issue, so why not write us a thumbnail sketch of your life since you left N.G.C.? If you have any information about your fellow classmates, let us know. Your friends would like to see what you look like, so if you have a a snapshot of yourself and your family, send it along. It will be returned to you.

Remember, we're interested! . . . and your former classmates will enjoy hearing about you.

Sincerely,
Peggy Ivey
Alumni Editor
The Cadet Bugler
Box 5175, N.G.C.
Dahlonega, Ga.

Our spotlight this issue falls brightly on some members of the Senior Class of 1959. We enjoyed hearing from them and hope that they enjoy this issue of **The Bugler.**

Class 1959

Present 1st. Ranger Co. TSB,
Eplier Fld. Anx. No. 7
Class No. 3
Eglin AFB, Florida

2/lt. Jesse D. Dumas is presently stationed at Eglin AFB, Florida. Jesse plans to make the Army a career. Since graduation he has completed the Jump School and the Jump Master School at the 101st ABN Div. Ft. Campbell, Kentucky. He spent about six weeks as a platoon leader before attending the Inf. Officer Basic Course at Ft. Benning. Jesse has now completed this and is presently in the second phase of the Ranger Course. After completion of this he plans to return to Ft. Campbell, Kentucky.

---

35 Sheridan Drive N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia

Donna Phillips is living in Atlanta and working with Rich's Inc. She holds the position of junior assistant buyer (on Rich's Junior Executive Program). At the present she is in the Silver Department and will enter the Junior Executive Training Program in January to train for a buyer's position.

Route 1
Brunswick, Georgia

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crandall, Jr. (Mrs. Crandall is the former **Pattie Baldwin**) are living in Brunswick, and Jimmy is working with the Crandall Hardware Co. as a bookkeeper. Jimmy is going into the service the 18th of October, to be stationed at Ft. Jackson, assigned to 29th Inf. 3rd. Rifle Platoon, Co. C, 3rd. B.G. USAR.

Box 891
Emory University Branch
Atlanta 22, Georgia

Emily Jane "Pete" Templeton is now attending Emory University working toward a Master's degree in Parasitology. She is on a National Health Foundation Fellowship. She plans to finish in August, 1960, and will get her B.S. from N.G.C. in 1960 also.

Box 2816
Clemson College
Clemson, S. C.

Ollie Askew is attending Clemson College in Clemson, South Carolina, where he is doing graudate work in chemistry.

---

11 East Main Street
Rome, Georgia

Lester Allred is presently teaching math, science, and basketball at East Rome Junior High School. He is getting married June 11, 1960, and will enter the Army June 20, 1960, at Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

Gateway Apts., Benning Rd.
Columbus, Georgia

Lt. and Mrs. R. R. Barden (Mrs. Barden is the former **Betty Garrison**), both graduates of N.G.C., are presently stationed at Fort Benning. Rondal is with the Third Field Hospital, and Betty is teaching the sixth grade in Columbus. They were married August 23, 1959.

Box 1288 New Garden Station
Fort Knox, Kentucky

Lt. and Mrs. John Ray Smith (Mrs. Smith is the former **Miriam Ash**) are now at Fort Knox. John was graduated from N.G.C. in 1959, and Miriam attended from 1957-1959. John works at the Armor Officers Basic No. 4. They both like Fort Knox very much.

Alpha Btry. 15th Arty. 2nd Div.
Fort Benning, Georgia

Lt. and Mrs. Frank Pool (Mrs. Pool is the former Jane Spearman) are now at Fort Benning. Frank was graduated from N.G.C. in 1959 and is now 2nd Lt. in the U. S. Army. Frank sends best wishes to the Senior Class of 1960.

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HOOVER AND JOHNSON'S FIRST LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS:

When there is an increase in temperature, there will be a corresponding rise in the amount of heat.

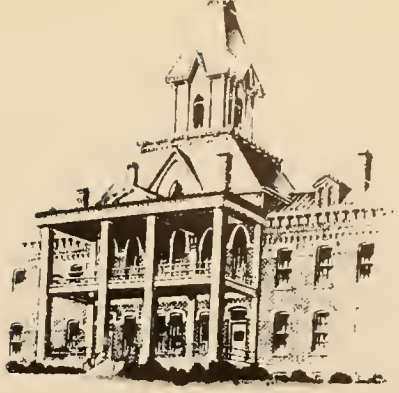
HOOVER AND JOHNSON'S SECOND LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS:

When a hot gas is passed through a cold liquid, bubbles will most likely be formed.

The Cadet Bugler

The Voice of North Georgia College

VOL. IX WINTER, 1960 NO. 2



UNROLL THAT SCROLL!

Several years before any of us were here at North Georgia, an election was held to determine whether or not we would go on an honor system of grades. That election was lost. As you well know, cheating at North Georgia is an offense punishable by shipping. As you also well know, it is often practiced right under the nose of teachers who needs must monitor some thirty to even a hundred students during an examination. Some of the more common forms, of course, are the familiar accounting roll, or "scroll," note cards, handkerchiefs, scarves, hats; I have even heard of a loaded briefcase brought into an examination and successfully used.

Well, perhaps for that one test, a point or two was gained. But think of the expense! To know within yourself that you have resorted to a form of stealing merely to misrepresent something that you didn't at the time have must surely find its way to conscience. How really confident of yourself could you feel if you knew that in order to make an "adequate" grade, equal roughly to that of your contemporaries, you had to step out of bounds, you had to hit below the belt, you had to lie, you had to steal? Not very, could you?

We tend to think that taking a course is a form of war: the instructor is one adversary and we, the other. "All's fair in love 'n' war," we say. Is it? This is not the place for a polemic on the value of education, but consider how we miss the point when we take this attitude. College is a training camp, not a battle ground. Your sole purpose in being here is to make a well-rounded, responsible individual of yourself so that you may make some contribution to the community's and your welfare. When you cheat, haven't you really defeated your purpose? Haven't you really kicked at your foundation rather than expanded your mental superstructure? If we really considered these questions, what other conclusions could we derive than that of when all is said and done, our character and, to a somewhat lesser extent, our learning will make the difference not only now but in later life. We never escape ourselves. Cheating is not the way out.

Unroll that scroll, throw it away, start to learn.

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Editor Attends Conference In New York

By Hurley Daughtrey

I was fortunate enough to be selected as a scholarship participant of the Second Annual Conference for College Editors, sponsored by the Overseas Press Club and the United States National Student Association and held on February 19-22 in New York. The theme of the conference was "The Press: Its Role and Responsibility in an Era of Change." The carrying out of the theme consisted of a series of speeches and area seminars. In covering the responsibilities of the press, we heard John Daly of CBS, Harrison Salisbury of the New York Times, and Dean Edward Barrett, of the Columbia Journalism School. The incisive commentaries were well taken. During the Saturday luncheon, Vincent Sheean, author of **Nehru, The Years of Power,** presented us with a view of Asia few of us had seen before. Later that day, Edgar Baker, Managing Director of **Time-Life, Inc.,** Pauline Frederick of NBC, and George V. Allen, Director, United States Information Agency, gave us both general and specific interpretations of how the rest of the world feels about the United States.

Perhaps Sunday was the most outstanding day, for Sen. John Kennedy addressed us. Strangely enough, his speech was strictly non-political. He asked us as editors and college students to consider, in addition to the fields of journalism, teaching, military, and medicine, the career of politics. According to Sen. Kennedy, the day of the half-educated, "gallus pulling" (I blushed here . . . Georgia was not too far away after all), tobacco chewing politician was gone. The present situation requires men and women of a thorough understanding of the world at large. I think we accepted the speech in the spirit given. Of course, after the speech, the Columbia Journalism School warmed up and let fire with questions, but the good Senator proved an able answerer.

Ravendra Varma, President of the World Assembly of Youth and Member of the Indian Parliament, proved the most challenging speaker of all. We were almost bluntly introduced to facts and figures of how much "good" European colonization of his country did. Actually he was forced into it, for his original speech asked only for patience and understanding on the part of America. Columbia Journalism, true to form, let fly. Mr. Varma stunned them into relative meekness, however.

As I say, I was fortunate to go, and I hope that in the future more people from North Georgia have the opportunity to broaden the horizons of N.G.C. and themselves by attending such an outstanding conference.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial 3
News and Features 5
Dramatics Club 8
"The Tower" 11
Sports 14
Military 17
Spotlight on the Alumni 18
Advertisements 20

OB-MG GOES SACRILEGIOUS

Ob-mg gazed up at Mount Unga. The sun had just begun to put its breath of red and fire into the still chill morning. Mblta: god of fire. He shifted the load of dead foxes on his back; the newly won leopard skin still chafed terrifically. The outline of Unga was now plain. His vocabulary of course did not include such words as "crag" or "majestic" or even "volcanic origin." But he knew the mountain still, its outline, approximately its height, and most of all the reverence afforded it by his people. He mused over the words of his father: "To look at the mountain is for all men; to climb the mountain is only for men who know it is holy."

But since that time he had killed many wild boars, he had swum many rivers, he had fought, successfully, many enemies. He was a real man in the Hemingway fashion. He knew therefore that he would have to climb Mount Unga, and that was perhaps the simplest truth he knew. He shouldered the foxes and continued to Zanbigu, the witch doctor, from whom he would obtain enough magic to ward off any evil spirits which might prevent him from reaching the foot of the mountain. Whatever Zanbigu did with dead foxes, only the wild wind knew. It sufficed for him that he reach the foot of the mountain; he was sufficient within himself to reach the top. The illogic of his intentions was not apparent to him.

After Zanbigu had raved and smeared foul-smelling goo over Ob-mg's face for three dead foxes' worth and Ob-mg was assured of sure success, he continued. After he reached the foot, he considered the Mountain Deity a moment. He remembered the pure horror he had experienced as a child when the storms came and lightning struck many times and the wind howled like a tortured animal. To his father, this was merely the rumbling of an angry god. Primitive, yes. But in his father's advice, there was a truth unshackled by superstition: in holiness there is a vitality and a kinship existing between the worshiper and the worshiped. In the case of Mount Unga, this mutuality was indeed a very real thing: the moment a man forgot that he must know and understand, and therefore revere in the sense of taking seriously, the mountain, he was a dead man. Ob-mg certainly revered, but from a subjective, not objective, point of view.

He began to climb. The way was rocky and slippery, but he inched on. After several hours of tortuous, careful exertion he came to the plateau. At long last he stood up and stretched his aching limbs. The view was magnificent. He beheld the distant river, the small curls of campfire smoke, the faraway mountains. He rested. The mountain was his now; it mattered little if he were tired. He failed to notice a darkening cloud forming far in the distance. The mountain was his. The height he had climbed inspired him to throw a pebble and see it fall. He threw another, seeing it slowly drift downward and strike the earth with a small noise.

The Mountain always had prevailing breezes; they sighed, whispered, and occasionally whistled throughout cracks and crevices. But now the breeze had picked up to a wind and the wind began to moan. The sky rapidly darkened. Ob-mg, however, had become obsessed with the phenomenon of gravity, and by this time he was throwing rocks and small boulders over the side; they crashed and tumbled as they went. He managed with some difficulty to lug over a large stone and to push it. As it rolled and bounced along, he heard an odd roar quite apart from the stone in question. A grumbling, rumpling, crumpling, rumbling, tearing, grinding sensation became apparent, being heard at first, then being felt. His mouth was dry; his hands went wet and cold. His colossal belief in his own ability drained with the increasing intensity of the noise below and the foreboding in the air and of himself. Fear. An almost irresistible desire to run he held in check with difficulty: there was nowhere to run. The sky was almost black now, and he felt cold drops of rain. The memory of Mblta's long forks of lightning began to clutch his heart. The top of the mountain could forever remain a mystery to him; escape was all he desired.

He inched over to the edge, terror in his heart. The sight he beheld only slowly crept into his numbed brain to blossom in an obscene weed of unmitigated horror. The path he had slowly clambered was now completely gone; in its absence was an ugly cleft, almost completely vertical. He lay limply and tried to think; failing that, to pray. Failing the latter, to think again. He had no line of any sort. To get down, he must either jump or achieve a miracle of finding enough clutch-holes in the cleft. Suddenly a flash of light brighter than he had ever seen pushed his eyeballs back into their sockets. Chips of stone cut his face and arms; an acrid, penetrating odor pierced his nostrils. Mblta! Mountain, Mountain, help me!

He rushed over the side, hanging on by his fingers. Desperately his toes sought some haven in the cliff. There was none. His fingers slowly gave way. He fell, was aware of one blinding pain in his shoulder. He passed out. His body bounced twice more and reached the ground with all the exclamation of a rejected deity.

MORAL: Don't knock your foundation from under yourself.

A Night to Remember

By Lynn Sprague

The night was cold and clear. As the moon rose over the mountains in the distance, Joan began her nightly walk in the garden. She always walked through her garden before going to bed; it seemed to rest her mind. Tonight seemed to be no different from all the other nights she had walked alone in her world of flowers and trees, but it was destined to change her whole life.

As Joan walked between the rows of rose bushes, she sensed that she wasn't alone. There wasn't anything definite that made her feel that way, but she was sure that something was different. She turned to go into the house, and as she turned, a hand reached out and touched her shoulder. She jumped and let out a small cry of alarm. She remembered now why she had felt uneasy tonight. Just before she had started on her walk, it had been announced that an escaped convict had been seen in the neighborhood.

A male voice told her to walk into the house as if nothing had happened. Joan started into the house, and the man followed her. When she reached the door, Joan reached to turn on the light. Again the voice spoke, "Don't turn on any lights!" By this time Joan was shaking, and she could hear her heart beating like a drum. She knew that she could get help if she could just get to the phone. The phone was only two feet away from the door. Only two feet! It seemed like six miles. With her heart in her throat, she inched along the wall. A hand shot out and pushed her roughly into a chair. She opened her mouth to scream, and two shots rang out in the silent night.

Another voice from outside yelled for them to come out. Joan knew the end had come. As they walked out, the hand held on to her and supported her. She could see two men standing in the garden, and beside their feet lay a third man. The man with Joan spoke, "I see you got him. I guess this little lady can continue her walk now. We just eliminated the danger."

When Joan got her voice back, she asked, "Who are

(Continued on Page Five)

STUDENT

The wide circulation of this issu to present to the Alumni an accoun contributions to these funds. It is h students who would like to seek stu

CHARLES McDONALD BROWN FU

The purpose of the Charles McDonald Brown Fund is to aid worthy young men who are unable to pay their way through college. The applicant must be at least eighteen years of age, in good health, and of proven intellectual ability. Students must reside in one of the following counties: Rabun, Habersham, Union, Towns, Fannin, Cherokee, Forsyth, Stephens, Banks, Hall, Madison, and Hart in Georgia, and Oconee, Anderson, and Pickens in South Carolina.

MOORE LOAN FUND

This fund was donated by Mr. John H. Moore of Dahlonega, formerly a trustee of the college. The purpose of the fund is to provide a limited number of students with that portion of their expenses which they are unable to furnish in cash. Preference is given the graduates of the local Lumpkin County High School. Loan notes bear 4% interest on unpaid balances from date of loan and must be endorsed by two responsible persons.

PICKETT AND HATCHER EDUCATIONAL FUND

The late Mr. Claud A. Hatcher of Columbus, Georgia, created an educational loan fund for the purpose of aiding a large number of worthy students in securing courses in broad liberal college training. Loans are available for students of all classes. Limitations prevent the granting of loans to students of law, medicine, and the ministry. Applications and requests for additional information should be addressed to Pickett and Hatcher Educational Fund, 215 First National Bank Building, Columbus, Georgia.

SENIOR LOAN FUND

Several senior classes have contributed to a fund to assist members of any current senior class. Loans bear no interest, but those aided usually make a contribution to the fund to help someone else.

NATIONAL DEFENSE STUDENT LOAN FUND

North Georgia College is participating in the National Defense Student Loan Fund as authorized by the National Defense Education Act of 1958.

CORRECTION

The alumni contribution to the National Defense Loan is $1,919.00. The corrected paragraph is as follows:

Thus far the alumni have contributed $1,919.00 to the National Defense Loan Fund. The North Georgia College Foundation, Inc., has contributed $1,428 from the Alumni. Funds from other sources amount to $822. The above figures have been matched 9 to 1 by the Federal Government.

needed financial assistance to all regular college students in good standing.

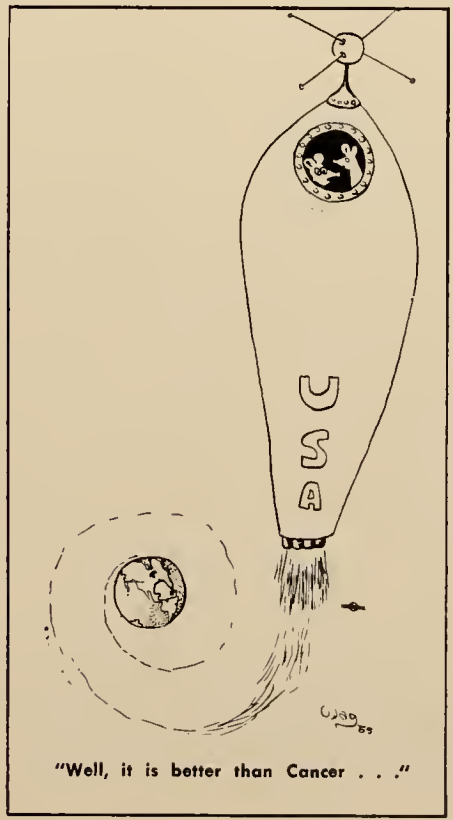
Funds come from the Federal Government and the college on a 9 to 1 basis. North Georgia College as a state institution can not use its funds for matching; therefore, the North Georgia College Alumni Association is trying to raise matching funds.

Thus far the alumni have contributed $19,019 to the National Defense Loan Fund. The North Georgia College Foundation, Inc., has contributed $1,428 from the Alumni. Funds from other sources amount to $822. The above figures have been matched 9 to 1 by the Federal Government.

The National Defense Student Loan Fund is one year old. Forty-nine students have received approved loans amounting to $24,444.

Additional funds are needed badly in order that others may be benefitted from this worthwhile fund.

Applications and information concerning student loan funds may be obtained from Mr. H. H. Gilbert, Jr., Comptroller.



"Well, it is better than Cancer . . ."

EWIS HALL LIMELIGHTS

"Join the March of Dimes" was the eme of the Lewis Hall dance held on nuary 22. The purpose of this dance as to gain contributions for the March Dimes, and it did just that: the nount collected was $25.37.

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Another party was held February 12. This party carried out a Valentine theme with a beautifully decorated table and delicious refreshments. Students, faculty, and staff all seemed to enjoy themselves.

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Lewis Hall welcomed some new girls Winter Quarter, most of whom had attended summer school and were back for their second quarter's work.

What about those lucky girls that came back from Christmas holidays with engagement rings! Congratulations to Thelma Cheek, Eleanor Hardin, Judy Colvin, Marilyn McBrayer, Joyce Green and Vivian Knight.

* * * * * * *

We are very proud of Jackie Lee, Vivian Ingram, Winifred Parris, Ginger Steel, Ann Garrett, Alice and Anita Allen, all of whom were invited to join the national history fraternity, Phi Alpha Theta.

* * * * * * *

If you came over to Lewis Hall toward the end of the quarter, you probably noticed many posters; it was election time. Nominated for officers of Lewis Hall this year were Pat Cannon and Jody Carithers for president; Kay Perkins, Janice Dorough, and Patsy O'Dell for secretary; and LaVerne Young and Gayle Daniel for treasurer. The results: Peggy Ivey will be president, Pat Cannon, vice-president; Kay Perkins, secretary; and LaVerne Young, treasurer. Both the nominees and the voters enjoyed the campaigning. It is a shame that all those running for office could not be elected.

A Night to Remember

(Continued from Page Four)

you? I thought you were the escaped convict!" The men laughed and then explained that they were policemen and that they had followed the convict to her garden. "We're sorry that we scared you so, but we couldn't let anything happen to you." Now Joan could laugh about it. "I'll listen to the news more carefully next time and stay inside when it gets dark!"

N.G.C. STUDENTS RATE DATES

By Sibyl Baeszler and Mary K. Sheats

How do you choose a date? Do you put looks first? Maybe you consider personality, neatness, or religious beliefs. Let's see what N.G.C. coeds and cadets had to say when confronted with the question, "What are some of the qualities that you look for in a date?"

Courtesy tops Angela Kokal's list. Next, Angela considers personality, neatness, and thoughtfulness. "I like boys with varied interests," says Angela.

Margaret Kennedy thinks first of personality. "A deep religious faith which he practices is most important," says Margaret. She looks for the qualities of punctuality and dependability. Margaret likes someone with interests similar to her own, especially dancing.

Soapy Sosebee states that "good looks are not important," but she does like the qualities of neatness and attractiveness. Soapy admires a person with good character and high ambitions. Consideration, understanding, and a sense of humor are also on Soapy's list. "Just an all round good guy" sums up Soapy's attitude.

Marty Beauchamp puts good manners at the top of her list. Above average intelligence, mutual interests, and a good sense of humor are essential. Marty considers the qualities of a Christian in selecting a date. She finds that she likes men about her age or a little younger.

The boys don't look for much — just looks, personality, and brains! A combination of a debutante, a machine, and Venus is what they really want!

"Of course good looks and personality," said Cadet Jim Rivers. He continued to say he liked for a girl to enjoy the outdoors and take an interest in world events. A final asset for any girl, says Jim, is to be domestic.

Gerald Lord believes that a girl should have a nice appearance and outstanding intelligence. The girl should like sports and, of course, Gerald.

Bill Royal wishes for a good dancing partner and a girl with compatible interests. He looks, not only for poise and grace, but also for the ability to cook. While marveling at these other qualities, he also values looks and personality in a girl.

Julian Whiting likes for a girl to be natural and not "put on." He enjoys going to a party with a girl who is serious, not one who is silly and who tries to entertain everyone else. Julian considers dependability and trustworthiness fine traits for a girl to possess.

The new Armory-Drill Hall-Gymnasium is in final stages of construction. The June commencement will be held in this building.

SCABBARD AND BLADE ACTIVITIES

By Terry Baggett

This quarter the activities of the Scabbard and Blade have been restricted somewhat by adverse weather conditions. Spring Quarter, however, promises a much more active program.

During the month of February the Scabbard and Blade scheduled and ran a field problem with and for the members of the second class. The exercise consisted of a night combat patrol which had been preceded by a day recon patrol conducted Fall Quarter.

There are two patrol exercises and a leadership reaction test planned for Spring Quarter. If time permits, several map and compass courses will be conducted also. By means of these activities the members of the Scabbard and Blade hope to supplement the classroom instruction received by the second classmen and in this manner to maintain the high standards set by North Georgia cadets during Summer Field Training at Ft. Benning.

A very important event in the program for Spring Quarter will be the dedication of a small marble monument. The dedication, to be scheduled in April, is to be accompanied by a formal review. The monument is to be placed at the east end of the drill field and is to honor those graduates of North Georgia College who have given their lives in the defense of their country.

Business Adm. Club

By Barbara Henson

The Business Administration Club has been active both in its business and in its social functions. During the Fall Quarter, the Club had two guest speakers, who spoke on the various functions of management and on points that will aid the business student in achieving success in his chosen vocation.

Our November meeting was highlighted by a guest speaker, Mr. Jack Darlington, Manager of the Pine Tree Company. His topic, "Communications," included a discussion of the four steps in planning and carrying out the goals of management.

At our December meeting, Mr. Paul Stovall, District Sales Manager, Sears, Roebuck & Company, extended our knowledge of the traits that employers are looking for in successful employees. Mr. Stovall also discussed the job opportunities and advancement program at Sears.

Our Fall Quarter social was held December 11th at the American Legion Hall. The Christmas theme was carried out in the decorations, and everyone enjoyed the music provided by the North Georgia College Combo.

Faith That Is Intelligent And Practical

Religious Emphasis Week, February 8-12, sponsored by the YWCA and YMCA of our campus, was an inspiring success. The principal speaker was Dr. Robert Strong, minister of the Trinity Presbyterian Church of Montgomery, Alabama. Dr. Strong has served in pastorates in Pennsylvania and Georgia. He led our Religious Emphasis Week three years ago.

The theme, "Faith That is Intelligent and Practical," was carried out in two morning services, three evening services, and a sunrise service. Private consultation and forum discussions were also held. Forum discussions were led by Dr. Strong, Mrs. Warner Fusselle, and Dr. Hartwell Joiner.

Members of the "Y" clubs participated in the various services. The North Georgia Glee Club and soloists presented the special music.

Religious Emphasis Week was a spiritual challenge and a blessing to all who took advantage of this religious opportunity.

Back row: Melvin Capps, president of YMCA; Dr. Forester, YMCA adviser; Miss Jean White, YWCA adviser; front row: Dr. Robert Strong, speaker for Spiritual Emphasis Week; Jeanette Swint, president of YWCA.

WESLEY FOUNDATION "BEATNIKS"

Orange Peel, University of Florida:

"Shall we have a friendly game of cards?"

"No, let's play bridge."

Rex Fraternity

By Bill Winn

Rex Fraternity has started this academic year in a way that will make history in the annals of North Georgia's oldest fraternity. Under the capable leadership of club president Eddie Sills, Rex Fraternity is truly living up to its goal, that of being a fraternal organization constructed for the sole purpose of fellowship and social activities for its members.

This year's club officers have been doing an outstanding job in their respective positions thus far. They are as follows: Eddie Sills, president; Hewell Winn, first vice-president; Gerald Lord, secretary-treasurer; Verne Smith, chaplain; and Jim Rivers, bouncer.

The Rex has started many new projects to hold its place as the best fraternity at North Georgia. One of these projects is a REX "patch" for every member. These will be worn inside the campus jacket.

Keep your eyes on the REX; we are on the move!

Home Economics Club

By Jo Johnson

Marilyn McBrayer, president of the Home Economics Club, has been elected "Girl of the Quarter" for Fall Quarter. She was elected for her outstanding work and cooperation within the club. This honor is to be given to one girl at the end of each quarter.

Sue Mills, vice-president, was the local representative for the Reed and Barton contest. The contest was held from February 1 through March 1. Last year Sue gave her choice of and her reason for choosing a certain combination of silver, china, and crystal. Sue won a place setting of her chosen patterns.

Open House, sponsored by the Home Economics Club, was a big success. Between 175-200 visitors came to view the displays of the Art and Home Furnishings classes. The Home Economics Building was decorated throughout with the Christmas motif. Delicious refreshments were prepared and served by the Foods Class.

Wesley Foundation

By Sharlene Griffin

Run for your lives! We've been invaded!!!!

No, this is just a couple of the many beat people we had at the recent **Wesley Foundation** Beatnik party. This party is one of the many activities sponsored by the Wesley Foundation. On January 30. we sponsored a Retreat to Glisson on the theme "Our World Today." Our special speakers were Dr. T. Conn Bryan and Dr. William Roberts.

We have a number of special events coming up during the next few weeks. Won't you join us and be a part of the fun?

THE MARRIAGE JINX

Left to right: Zenith Davidson, Vivian Knight, Euchee Skinner, Trenton Hooks, Kay Gissendaner, Libby Gilbert. Not pictured: Linda Appling, and Kitty Gibbons.

Sigma Theta News

By Howard Floyd

On November 22 the Sigma Theta Fraternity had a social at Hidden Acres. Everyone had a fine time and enjoyed a supper of hamburgers with all the trimmings.

Pledges were invited to the meeting on January 25 and to our social held on Saturday, January 30, at Hidden Acres, which was a picnic and dance combined.

The new Sigma Theta pledges are the following: Abbott, Ashcraft, Averett, Bowden, Camp, Cousins, Davis, J. R., Draper, Drinkard, Gandy, Hair, Harpold, McClure, Norris, Robinson, Watson, Sherrer, Wilford, Wilsdon, and Yancy.

Three Terrific Hits

By Sulane Stone

Co-eds and cadets were delighted with the comedy **The Marriage Jinx**, presented on November 23 by the Dramatics Club. The audience waited in suspenseful silence as they were **Submerged** with six men in a submarine. A bit of sophisticated humor in **The Importance of Being Earnest** completed another successful presentation by the North Georgia College Players.

Mr. John Simpson is to be commended for his excellent contributions to the plays. He was ably assisted by his student directors, Bonnie McNeal, Zenith Davidson, Thelma Cheek, Betty Hopkins, and John Moss.

SUBMERGED

Left to right: Si McCaslin, Lowell Mooney, Rudolph Butler, Tom Freeman, J. D. Heard, Jack Wheeler.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

Left to right: Hurley Daughtrey, Nancy Jordan, Bernice Parks, Margaret Bryan, Selwyn Hartley. Not pictured: John Bell, Anita Allen, Charles Bradley, and John Moss.

YWCA - YMCA

By Sharlene Griffin

"God is My Co-Pilot" was a movie sponsored recently by the "Y." This is just one example of the many fine programs presented.

The big event of this quarter was Religious Emphasis Week, which was on the theme "A Faith Which is Intelligent and Practical." Dr. Robert Strong, from Montgomery, Alabama, was the speaker for the week.

The "Y" provides a religious affiliation for all students on the campus. It can mean to you as much as you want to mean to it.

HOPE

By Zenith Davidson

There is some intangible force within an individual that gives him stamina when all other sources fail. This force keeps people trying in the face of impossible odds when the effort seems useless and the goal unobtainable. This force is the one gift which remained in the chest when the mischievous Pandora released the ills into the outside world. This force is called hope.

Unlike despair, which plunges to the depth of Hades, hope is like an eagle which soars into the blue heavens and views heretofore unsurpassed boundaries with an anticipating eye.

Hope sweeps across the campus of North Georgia College like the perpetual raindrops so familiar to the students. Hope goes through the barracks and marches across the drill field with the companies. It arrives with the freshmen cadets in September and climbs with them rank by rank and year by year until the ultimate goal is reached as the coveted bars are pinned on the stiffly starched khaki collars, which have waited four years to receive them.

Hope dwells in Lewis Hall and fights an eternal duel with despair as the girls become engaged, pinned, buttoned, or unengaged or unpinned, as the case may be.

Hope walks beside the students into the classrooms and laboratories, skims the pages of the textbook and mixes with the chemical components in the beakers, soars into the future and returns to the weary scholar to hold before his tired eyes the vision of the esteemed degree from his alma mater.

Hope resides on Faculty Hill in the dreams and aspirations of the professors of the college. It climbs the ivied walls of the numerous buildings and bursts forth proudly in the liquid notes of the bugle as the symbol of a mighty nation is lowered from its lofty height when the sun dips behind the deep purple of majestic mountains.

Hope walks beside the cadets and co-eds as the evening shadows lengthen and finally disappear with the coming of night. It remains with each individual when the time of being alone is with him. Even on an island of many people closely associated, there comes a time when everyone must be alone with himself—a period of self-evaluation that cannot be avoided. This is the time when the aspiring scientist forgets to probe the vast immensity of outer space and walks alone down the minute corridors of his own immortal soul. It comes, usually, when the last light is out, the last cigarette burned down, the last joke and glib remark have been made which so deftly cover the innermost feelings that one dares not reveal.

During this period of quiet meditation, self-evaluation, and inventory of the day, many of us revolt violently against our own company, and we find that the person hardest to look straight in the eye is our innermost self. During this crucial time of solitude and desolation, the soothing balm of taps wafts over the campus in its entirety and replaces the musical chimes of Brahms from that almost forgotten teddy bear. And then, at the height of this feeling of excruciating aloneness, hope steals in, in the form of an intangible force which grants us peace for this day and courage to face the next one, come what may.

The Naked Trees

By Furman Thornton

The greyness of the cold crept down
The biting wind blew fast.
The trees were dull and naked,
For fall was long since past.
So it is, so is my heart.
My love is gone, you see.
Put the leaves back on my soul
And come back, my love, to me.
Turn the sorrow of my mind
Into the love I know.
It can never be forgotten
Because I miss you so!
Let not the seasons change again
With us so far apart.
Forgive me, please, for what I've done,
And heal my broken heart.

Seeing Is Believing

By Diana Capps

Two years ago, when I received my first pair of glasses, I became an arbitrary member of the Don-Your-Spectacles-When-Nobody's-Looking Club. And since somebody is usually looking, this singular clan spends 99 44/100 per cent of its blurry-eyed time conversing with telephone poles and walking into brick walls. Until last week's tennis game with an equally blind, equally vain friend, I had remained a dyed-in-the-wool member, upholding the unwritten code in every respect.

We were playing an unusually good game, with one ball in every three clearing the net, when my friend became distracted from the match and gazed fixedly behind me.

"There's a boy doing push-ups over there," she finally blurted out, whamming absently at a ball which whizzed past her into the screening.

"That's nice," I retorted. "It's your serve."

"But he has been in the same position for the last ten minutes." She pointed. Sure enough, about 200 feet away was a husky khaki-clad fellow bent in the awkward, stiff-legged 30-degree angle of a perfect push-up. He did not move. As we marvelled at this show of strength, we could feel our own muscles strain in expectation.

"He'll collapse in a second, of course," we both thought. He did not collapse.

"Bet his uniform is so well starched that he's stuck," offered my friend.

"Or he is awfully stiff-jointed," I suggested.

"Don't be facetious. Whatever his reason for staying in the position, he is the strongest boy I've ever seen."

"Let's investigate," I suggested brightly.

So, tennis match forgotten, we brave detectives set out, wondering en route how one tactfully asks a person in such a position what he thinks he is doing. It was not until we practically stumbled over our quarry that we discovered that Mr. Atlas Push-Ups was a khaki-clad cannon.

That was disconcerting enough. The following night I walked with my date past the tennis courts.

"There," I pointed blindly into the night, "is the Mr. Atlas Push-Ups that I told you about."

"You mean the cannon?"

"Yes."

"You blind or something?" he retorted. "That's an army truck."

OURS

By Wanda West

Fog rolls in on rocky shores,
And drifts to mountain tops.
The sun can scorch the desert clear;
Rain drench forsaken spots.

Our country's past can be compared
To weather good and bad.
We've had our sunshine, but it seems
The rain has been so sad.

Independence was won for us
By men both rich and poor.
They pulled us up into the world
To help our eagle soar.

Tragedy was ours in depth,
When brothers fought each other.
Our hills ran deep with blood;
The country seemed to smother.

The long road back was steep and slick,
We were no longer brothers.
World War I was tragedy, too,
But brought us back together.

Another trial was one indeed
When the great depression hit.
Our parents felt it in their youth
But would not ever quit.

Intense was the world in '39
When Hitler made his step.
The turmoil following it was great;
Across the world it crept.

The blood that flowed was swift
And spread in all directions.
After destruction was complete,
We thought there'd be perfection.

Peace was never quite complete;
The Russian bear was waking.
Korea was a conflict some folks say,
But ask the ones partaking.

A Friend

Anonymous

The moon steals up
Distilling light through tree and pane;
Somber and cool—
The breeze comes forth down gentle lane.

Dark gloom prevails,
But heart beats race so wild and free.
No question now;
The world rolls on from sea to sea.

Swift clouds skim o'er
Our bright visitor from above.
We miss him not;
Our thoughts have turned away to love.

The rim grows near,
And he departs to others' dreams.
Oh, please come back
And hold me softly in your beams!

Straight It Points

By John Moss

You great white pinnacle of ancient age, what unknown secrets do you hold forever hidden in your oaken bosom? If you could but speak and tell of your glorious past, I wonder what you would say. Would you speak of how the far-sighted builders put each individual beam into its exact place? Or would you relate how you have been a sanctuary for God's winged creatures which fill the air with their singing and cooing at the break of dawn?

Could you but relate the past or foretell the future for those who leave you behind! If only you would tell the present of the past, one could write a book of beauty, of sorrow, of joy—of fear.

But alas! You are but a snowy white spire mounted on four broad, blackened shoulders—yet you do have a voice. You have the golden-throated bell. Or will I be as the tinkling of glass in a sudden breeze to you compared? Oh, white pinnacle, remember me as you have remembered all before me! Stand in the future as you have in the past and be the peak at the end of my climb. I beseech thee, be thou my goal!

Oh, high tower, what hidden secrets you must hold!

The Tower of White

By Remington Foss

In the golden hills of Lumpkin,
Shining through the night;
Gloriously above the campus
Stands our tower white.
Proudly crowned by stars and mist,
There for all to see.
In our hearts you'll shine forever,
Light of N.G.C.

The shining, brightly shining Tow'r of White
Gleams proudly for the students of the past:
The men and women of the land
Who've lived and died for liberty.
The doctors, merchants and officers
Who've left their mark on eternity
"These people have I given unto the world."

The shining, brightly shining Tow'r of White
Gleams eagerly for students learning now:
The men and women with dreams and hopes
Are climbing towers of their own;
Some may climb quicker, others truer;
Yet none shall ever climb alone.
"These people I am giving unto the world."

The shining, brightly shining Tow'r of White
Gleams hopefully for students yet to come:
The men and women who shall live
By the deeds of those who've gone before,
Shall strive to keep the light alive
And proud forever more
"These people shall I give unto the world."

The tower which shines is more than light
It's life, and hope, and love.
God grant that in our trek through life
We learn to share this love.
That every time we see a tree,
A sunset, a brook or the one we love,
We thank the school that gave us life
—And the tower which shines above.

49772

Poems by Mr. Ewell Pigg

These lines were written one night while the author was camping out in the mountains during a winter blizzard. The wind through the pines seemed to speak of the forest people of all ages just as the wind singing through the native prairie grass of the Northwest had once seemed to tell of the plains people of all time.

Wind Among the Pines

The language of the wind through tossing pines
Speaks many tongues in one. The Pagan Celt
And Anglo-Saxon gods of long past times
Roar in its voice, and those who hear have felt
The moan of famine tortured Cherokee
Or Mohawk mothers in old forest homes.
The Pilgrims knew its rush beside the sea.
Its modulations and its subtle tones
Swept through the thick-walled logs to pioneers,
And mountain men pushed through the singing grass
Past thundering bison till their ready ears
Caught high above from Rocky Mountain pass
The old familiar language of all times;
The moaning of the wind through tossing pines.

— — — — — — — — — — —

The following lines resulted from thoughts arising during a final examination at the time when we had heard considerable of the "brink of war" policy of Secretary of State Dulles. Although it was still before the launching of the first sputnik, we were already beginning to hear of the educational and scientific challenge of other powers. In defense of that same struggling class it should be added that many of them are today doing outstanding work in fields of military, scientific, and industrial endeavor in competition with the best that the world can offer.

Dreary Thoughts On a Drab Day During a Dull Exam

The painful efforts of this struggling class,
My own poor guidance as they grope along,
The impotence of all our world to grasp
A tiny bit of what a really strong
Efficient mind should make of our brief time
Gives me a mental nausea for it all.
The words come weakly for this very rhyme
While on these red clay hills the raindrops fall.
How have we come through chaos of the years
With this small semblance of an ordered world,
And with our multitude of present fears
Will future years still see our flag unfurled?
God grant us power to mend our groping ways
To leave this awful brink and seek the day!

— — — — — — — — — — —

The Appalachian Trail

Winding up from Georgia's pine-clad hills
Over peak and bald; through mountain pass;
Unbroken still, this magic trail leads on
To Maine's Katahdin tip of rocks and grass.
Its call is felt by every passing soul
Who pausing in his high-powered rush may see,
Where modern highways wind through lofty gaps,
On either side the trail's white blaze-marked trees.
Most take a short time just to know what lies
Beyond the first trail rise, and then turn back
Resolved some day to see a longer stretch;
Lured strangely by man's needle covered tracks.
But let them spend at least a day and night
Along this path, and most will say, "No more."
Yet some will feel within them once again
The call that led our forebears to far shores.
These few will know the thrill their fathers knew
Of vistas won, but after toil and pain.
They'll wake and know the wonder of the stars
Through windblown trees; they'll thrill to face the rain.
And as they drink from clear, cool mountain springs,
These favored few can still see mirrored there
The ones who broke this trail so long ago
Deer, elk, dark Cherokee, and pioneer.

EWELL PIGG

JIM RIVERS

How I Chose My Major

By Jim Rivers

Choosing a career is something that young people must face in their formative years, and indeed it is sometimes not too easy. There are relatively few people who have any idea what they would like to do in life even after they are in college, although there are some who make up their minds in high school, and even fewer that have a lifetime ambition.

Contrary to most beliefs, people get the idea that anyone who pursues a degree of Doctor of Medicine is some special sort of person who has always wanted to be a doctor, but many times that's not the case. One of these days I hope to obtain an M.D. degree and to be a doctor. This goal which I am now striving for was, you might say, a second choice for me. Let me explain.

During my high school days I was a football player who loved sports in general. Whether on the field or off, during football season or out of season. I gave my all to this game, both physically and mentally, always striving to keep fit so as to play a nearly perfect game. For four years I dreamed of playing college football and later joining the pro ranks.

I knew that I couldn't always play football and that I must choose a major topic of study while in college so as to have something to fall back on in later years when it would be inevitable that my football days would be over. Because I had always loved the outdoors and sports, I chose physical education and wildlife conservation as my major.

During my senior year my dream came true when I signed a four year football scholarship contract. But all did not go too smoothly, for a week after I signed I received a severe knee injury which slowed me down a little. I was able to keep on playing, only to hurt it again and again. Much of my time was spent in hospitals and in the office of orthopedic surgeons in hope that they could fix my leg so that I could continue to play the game that I loved so much.

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

What North Georgia College Means to Me

By Albert S. Hardy

North Georgia College, a small military school nestled in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, has meant many things to me in four years.

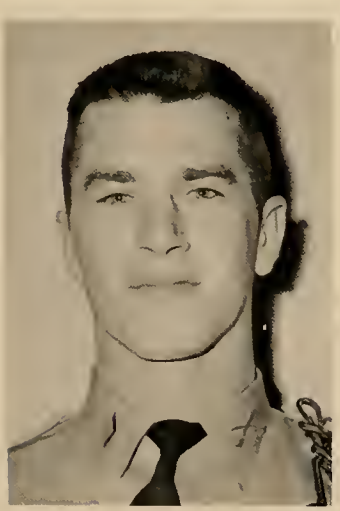
At the top of the list is the climate for learning created here. The size of the school and its unique setting away from the distractions of a push-button world have a great deal to do with the feeling one has that learning is important. Here a student has an opportunity to know the officials and instructors and have them know him as an individual. This gives him a feeling of acceptance that puts him in a frame of mind to learn and advance.

The quality of instruction in both academic and military subjects is excellent. The background of knowledge and experience of the professors and military personnel has been impressive to me from the beginning of my freshman year. They are people who seem to get satisfaction from teaching and who enjoy their subject matter, a feeling which carries over to their students. As someone has said, "In order to inspire students to learn and pursue a subject, a teacher must first be inspired." Because of this atmosphere of inspiration, my choice and concentration on physical education as a major has been for me a very gratifying and successful experience.

Participating in the military program of North Georgia College has taught me the importance of discipline, leadership, and military knowledge and bearing. It has also led me to make the Army my career.

The intimacy of the social life in Dahlonega has been important. Working, playing, and studying with a group of one's classmates develop friendships that will be lasting.

The discussion of all of these things that North Georgia College means still does not express many of the feelings I have experienced in four years. There is that special feeling of pride and patriotism in being part of a parade, turning the corner at Barnes Hall, standing tall, and hearing the Band play "The Star Spangled Banner." These are the intangibles that go along with company spirit and North Georgia College spirit. They make up, as graduates have said, "A loyalty that goes with one throughout life."



ALBERT S. HARDY

EDDIE SILLS

What N.G.C. Has Meant to Me

By Eddie Sills

I was asked to write an article on "What North Georgia College Has Meant to Me," and immediately I thought about how would I put this into words. Its meaning to me is more of a feeling inside than words that can be put on paper.

To begin with, I matured more in my first quarter here than I had in seventeen years before. I accepted responsibility I had never heard of in the past. This responsibility gave me a feeling of satisfaction that has lasted over the years. When I was given something to do and did it right (which was very unusual at first), it gave me the needed satisfaction.

There is one thing that cannot be realized until one becomes a senior, and that is the loyalty he acquires over the years. When I look back and see how much this institution has done for me, I wonder what I have done for the school. No matter how much I do, it doesn't seem to be enough. Whatever I do after I leave here and how well I do it will be paying the school back for some of the things it has done for me. Without North Georgia the past four years of my life might have been a waste. Here I have had a chance to do something; I did it and I am glad. I would gladly do it all over again if I had the chance.

I have only one wish, and that is that every boy and girl would sit down and realize how much he has changed since he has been here. I believe all would realize they have received a wonderful start for life which cannot be overlooked.

I would like to close by saying that at no time will I forget this great institution and the wonderful people I have known here. North Georgia College has meant to me a source of valuable knowledge and experience which I couldn't do without.

HOW I CHOSE MY MAJOR

(Continued from Page 12)

The final time that I twisted my knee and was laid up in the hospital, the head coach at Wofford College, along with an orthopedic surgeon, came into my room and told me that I could never play football again because of my knee. Consequently, I lost my scholarship, and the props were knocked completely from under me. I had the feeling that the world was against me.

It was while lying on my back with an aching knee that I decided to study medicine. Much of my time during my last year of high school had been spent with doctors in their world of medicine, and I had acquired a certain knowledge as to what it really meant to be a doctor. This decision was further brought home to me when I happened to go through a children's ward and see so many small children with braces on their tiny legs, trying with all their hearts just to walk again.

I hated to turn away from Wofford, but I wanted to go to school in Georgia and to a small school at that. North Georgia College was highly recommended to me as a top school for pre-medical work. I came here, and over the four years I have spent at this school, I have received much valuable instruction and inspiration toward medicine from the very fine faculty members. My love for medicine has grown as each day has passed. It is a fascinating profession in which one seems always to be receiving a challenge—that to me is much like football.

The one big thing that keeps many people from studying medicine is the eight grueling years of study and hard work that it takes. The main prerequisite is a genuine love of the profession and a willingness to sacrifice for others. A phrase that I try to use as my motto can be used in almost anything one faces—"When the going gets tough, the tough get going."

Wednesday Morning Inspection

By Bill Morgan

The N.G.C. coeds don't know what they're missing. They don't have an interesting Wednesday morning dust inspection to look forward to. In order to make them more fully appreciate their heaven-sent blessing of "sacking in" each and every Wednesday, I have decided to divulge this information to any girl who has not been so fortunate as to have it related to her by a weeping cadet, moaned in her ear from the vicinity of her shoulder.

Thursday is a day of mixed emotions for the two occupants of a room in any of the cadet dorms, because the fellow who was "on" (responsible for) the room yesterday is glad his week is over and because another week has started for his unfortunate roommate, who has already started dreading the coming Wednesday. This mood continues throughout the week and increases in intensity and magnitude until it finally reaches a climax about eight o'clock on the day of doom.

Actually, a dust inspection isn't so bad—at least, not if you're super-human! All it amounts to is a pile of work which isn't greatly appreciated, but would certainly be "noticed" if it weren't done.

After you've spent the Tuesday afternoon before the big day waxing your floor and washing windows and the evening dusting and polishing furniture, you stagger to your bunk and die for 5½ hours. Then you "wake" up again and start on another day—another day just like any other day, except you have this gnawing feeling in the pit of your stomach, like "OOOhhh!" — IT'S WEDNESDAY! Wednesday—A phrase, a word, a whole philosophy of life great enough to strike stark terror into the heart of the unprepared cadet. But not you! You're ready today!

As the morning hours wing swiftly towards nine, you become more and more confident. To avoid the last minute rush and confusion, you get dressed—with the exception of putting on your shirt—at exactly 8:45. Then you give the room a last looking-over. Things are starting to buzz now; people are shouting warnings to hustle up and do this and that, but you're calmly and peacefully making last minute preparations. Now is the hour (minus five), so you get your shirt out. Things have gone too smoothly, and so you are getting a little shaky by this time. When you fasten the last button on the shirt, it falls off in your cotton-pickin' hand. By this time the wolf is fast closing in on his prey. You hear him progressing your way as you dash madly over to get your sewing kit out of your drawer. You get it out, but that's not all—here comes a bottle of shaving lotion with it—Crash!! All over the floor, soaking into the smooth wax with a cheery bubbling sound like hydrochloric acid eating into your eyeballs. Now the wolf is knocking at your door—Room, Attention!!!—The Company Commander comes in and smiles villianously. Then he says, "What has happened in this room??" You start telling him, but finally give up in despair when you see that he is not moved to pity in the least. Besides what damage was done by the last minute catastrophe, he finds enough additional things wrong to keep the first sergeant busy writing stick-sheets with your name on them for the rest of the day.

So it's all over, and all your work was to no avail. But all is not gloom, because the cycle is starting again. This time you're rejoicing because you don't have to go through it again, and you feel comfort in your heart knowing that you can sit back and watch your roommate day by day approach the first stages of insanity.

The Company Hoop-la

By John Moss

Hey, where is everyone going? Isn't anyone going to stay in the company area tonight? You say that they have cheerleaders and that the band is already playing marches? Who are the cheerleaders? Men in skirts! This I've got to see! Why, it almost sounds like a faculty game.

This season the companies turned out en masse to see, not only their games, but also the varsity games which were complete with a band. The teams put their "all" into it this year. The play was fast, and sometimes the tempers were hot. Nevertheless, the games were clean and free from dirty play. The high scorers of both leagues were Cantrell of Band and Payne of Foxtrot, both of whom averaged 14.7 points per game. They were followed by Wilson of Foxtrot, who got 13 points per game. Next came Sheffield of Charlie, 12.2 per game; Payne of Bravo, 12 per game; Lord of Delta, 11.7; Dalton of Alfa, 11; and Cook of Band, 11.

(Continued on Page 15)

THE HOOP-LA

By Duval Adams, Manager

The prospects for this year's team looked good as practice came to a close. Coach Rufus Hackney has added some new play patterns that should spell success for the cadets. Returning men to the team include Curly Boyd, Tommy Holley, Doug Grindle, Bill Holcomb, Andy Edwards, Lamar Cantrell, Paul Tippens, and Jimmy Carter. New members on the squad this year include Doug Brown, Jackie Ragsdale, Robin Miller, Cecil Chewning, Mike Clark, Paul Eberhardt, Joe Thornton, and Bobby Cook.

The Cadets opened the season at home against a strong LaGrange team. It was a close game all the way, with LaGrange winning in the last minutes of play 85-73. Curly Boyd was high scorer for the Cadets with 28 points.

Our next two games were away against Shorter and Piedmont. The Cadets had an off night against Shorter and were defeated 74-57, with Paul Tippens scoring 14 points. Piedmont had a hard time of it before finally beating North Georgia 79-66, with Curly Boyd scoring 28 points for the Cadets.

Our last two games before the Christmas holidays were played at home. North Georgia showed their superiority by defeating Georgia State 106-88, with Curly Boyd leading the way with 34 points. Mercer was able to win against a determined Cadet team 89-74; however, Curly Boyd came through with 36 points.

Shorter was our first opponent after the holidays. They just barely edged out a 74-69 victory as Curly Boyd scored 37 points.

Oglethorpe, the number one team in the conference, was expecting to have an easy time of it, but this was not the case. The Petrels had a 5 point lead at half time and the final score was 85-64. Curly Boyd was high scorer with 35 points as the Cadets played their best game so far this season.

Once again the Cadets suffered a hard defeat in our next game to Piedmont 71-65, with Cecil Chewning scoring a high of 18 points for the Cadets. Tired of losing, North Georgia came home to defeat Valdosta State 79-75, and then to take West Georgia 89-76. Curly Boyd scored 30 points in the first game and 44 points in the second game. The next two games we played away. Betty was able to slip by the Cadets 63-53 with Boyd scoring 34 points, and then Georgia State found themselves ahead of the Cadets by a 61-58 score, with Boyd pouring in 30 points.

Final scores don't always tell how a game has been played. North Georgia has a stronger team than our record indicates. Unfortunate circumstances have caused us to lose some of our ball players. Lamar Cantrell was out before the season started because of a gunshot wound. Tommy Holley, Jackie Ragsdale, Robin Miller, Bobby Cook, and Paul Tippens left the team, and to give us more strength, Eddie Cobb and James Puckett joined.

It takes five men playing together to make a team, and North Georgia is no exception. Curly Boyd, however, has proved, not only to be an outstanding player for the Cadets, but also to be a man in the top ranks throughout the nation. At the present time he has a 29.92 point average per game and is raising this figure with each game. This is a tribute in itself, for in many games Curly has to accomplish this feat with two and three men guarding him. Curley Boyd is truly an outstanding basketball player and will definitely be a candidate for the N.A.I.A. All - American squad. This squad is chosen from over 500 colleges throughout the United States.

THE COMPANY HOOP-LA

(Continued from Page 14)

The standings are as follows:

	Company	Wins	Loses	Percent Effectiveness
1	Bravo	11	1	91.7
2	Foxtrot	8	4	66.7
3	Charlie	6	6	50.0
	Band	6	6	50.0
5	Alfa	4	8	33.3
	Echo	4	8	33.3
7	Delta	3	9	25.0

The Grapefruit Bounce

Volleyball is one of the best participator sports in the country. Throw up a net, choose sides, get a ball, and the game is on. This year volleyball was played, as usual, in the old gym with the two nets and treacherous bleachers. Not only were the raised seats a hazard, but the rafters were also obstructive. The sport could not be adequately played with these two main obstacles.

Though it was rough, the companies played hard and put up a good fight. The teamwork was well coordinated, and the play followed all the rules of good sportsmanship. Congratulations to the winner, since the results weren't out when this article was written. Just think! Next year the new gym with its surface large enough for six regulation courts will be in use. No more bleachers, or rafters, or basketball goals to worry about—just play away and hope you have an alert official.

Informal Inspection Postponed

The informal inspection which was to be conducted by Col. Licherie was postponed because of adverse weather conditions. Since the inspection could not be carried out on the scheduled date, 4 March, it was rescheduled for the following Tuesday, 8 March. The cadet corps did not participate in the activities, but a thorough inspection was made of the armory, the military detachment, and Barnes Hall. No official report of the results has yet been received.

North Georgia battles for the ball.

THE CONTRACT

He shoved away from the desk in disgust. How, he asked himself, could anyone human possibly be expected to memorize whole sections of an exceedingly dull and trivial book, and be enthusiastic, and transfer this same abundance of effervescent spirits to a very scholarly reply on an examination? He lit a cigarette. Its smoke curling up reminded him ruefully of the passage of time and the few short hours that separated him from the doom of final examinations. The cigarette burned down to the filter, somewhat odoriferiously. He threw it down on the floor. Nothing works, he sighed. The outrageousness of the whole situation made him fume.

"Hellfire and brimstone!" he exclaimed.

He was startled to hear a very light rapping on his door. This was unusual, for in a dormitory, doors exist merely as impediments to necessary social activities, and are therefore so accorded. He bade his would-be visitor to enter.

The door swung open without the usual squeak of that blasted hinge he had put on Maintenance Report countless times. Puzzled, he looked up at his visitor.

"Cadet John H. Small?" he asked. The visitor was also a cadet, but one he had not seen before. Probably stashed away on some Battle Group staff, he mused. This wasn't the first time this had happened. The visitor was probably one of the sharpest cadets he had seen during his entire stay there. He was of somewhat pale complexion, average height, and a rather odd demeanor. His shoes were absolute perfection, gleaming like diamonds. Though the uniform was khaki, there was not a wrinkle anywhere in it. And it was rather warm that night, too. Must have used five pounds of starch, John thought,

"Yes, that's right," said John. John looked at the name tag, read "Dabeis, D. D." Hell of a name, he thought. "Come in," said John.

"Thank you." Voice about five miles deep, thought John. "I understand that you are having, shall we say 'difficulties,' in preparation for finals."

"Neighbor, you hit the nail on the head."

"Then I'll get straight to the point. I represent an organization which specializes in providing aid and assistance in preparation for examinations of all types. Notice that I said 'in preparation.' This is no cheap cheat-sheet bunch. We provide a sort of frame of mind which is guaranteed to produce whatever results that you want. If you are interested, I shall be happy to discuss terms."

"Now hold on there. You say you help people get ready for tests. What do you have, a printed scroll or a handkerchief? I don't cheat, Dabeis."

"There is no cheating involved. Remember that I said you would be in the frame of mind. Ah, I see that you are skeptical. Well, to prove my point, I shall be most happy to give a demonstration. Tell me, Mr. Small, what is the definition of 'metonymy'?"

"In rhetoric, it is the use of one word for another that it suggests, as the effect for the cause, the cause for the effect, the sign of the thing signified, the container for the thing contained, and so forth. Akin to synedoche."

"Very good, Mr. Small. Now, please, tell me how you knew that."

A wave of nausea swept coldly over John. This was something he had never done before, and somehow, there seemed to be something vastly wrong about his ability to define a word he had never heard before in his life. Weakly, he answered:

"I must have heard it before."

"No, you haven't, Mr. Small. What is the formula for iodol? What is a detent? What is salatarello?"

"The formula for iodol is C4HI4N. A detent is, in mechanics, that which locks or unlocks a movement; a catch, pawl, or click. A salatarello is an Italian dance running with a hop step beginning each measure."

"Amazing, Mr. Small. You show a wide grasp of subjects. Now I stand prepared, in return for a small gratuity, to allow you to make possibly the highest grade ever recorded here at this, uh, school. Now then, sir, are you interested?"

John's eyes were opened wide. He mouth had gone dry, and his hands were cold and wet.

"You are, of course, the . . ."

"Now, now, Mr. Small, we mustn't call any names. You have the opportunity for a run of luck which is, to say the least, phenomenal. It needn't stop here, either. You are considering a career in the Army. The General Staff is not too high a place to contemplate for a man who knows, who really knows, the answers. Think, man! You a general! General Small. Has a nice ring, doesn't it? It can be yours."

John had, like all other college students, been drilled in the legend of Faust. He wished that he had paid more attention, because he forgot if Faust ever got out of the deal or not after all was said and done. One thing was sure: he was going to flunk tomorrow. He was not going to cheat; he still had a little pride left. Maybe too much pride. There always stood the chance that he could trap the devil at his own game. This had been done before, if only rarely. On one side there was sure doom (flunking was doom to him). On the other was a chance to mop up, risky as he knew it would be.

"I accept. I suppose there are the usual terms?"

"Excellent. The terms are, as you say, the usual ones. Please decide carefully, Mr. Small. We assuredly will keep our end of the bargain, and we will accordingly expect you to keep yours."

A small shudder went over John. This could turn out to be one of the biggest messes in the history of man. But his back was, he thought, to the wall, so there was really not too much choice.

"I still accept."

"All right, sir. Now if you will merely sign your name on this paper. Pardon, but the light doesn't seem to be so good. Will you please move that desk lamp over here? Thank you."

"Certainly," said John, and he reached out for the lamp. With a blue flash and a loud pop, the bulb exploded about four inches from his hand. "Well, confound!" he exclaimed. Blood began to trickle from about three places on the back side of his hand.

"I'm terribly sorry," said Dabeis, in that well modulated voice.

John looked up at him. Dabeis' eyes were burning like flaming anthracite.

"Yeah, I'll bet you are. Okay, I see things haven't changed since Dr. Faustus."

Dabeis laughed softly. "That's right."

John thought about tomorrow's exam. "You'd better come through," he said.

"We shall. Don't worry about a thing. Good night, Mr. Small." Dabeis turned, and ever so quietly left the room. John was tired as he had never been before. He lay down on the bed and went instantly to sleep.

The next morning, he arose early. His heart was pounding as he approached the canteen for a last cup of coffee before the exam. The coffee burned straight through, but, astonishingly enough was excellent. Somewhat relieved, he went to the exam room. He sat down, took out his pencils. The exams were passed out.

He began to write.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HITS AND ERRORS

"Don't tell me! Show me!" What a way to start the season! Baseball is fast on spring's heels and will be in full swing by the beginning of the Spring Quarter. Our first game is March 26 at Erskine College. The team should do well this year; there are six returning lettermen, plus at least three former members of the team. Add these to the new freshmen, and add new coaching by Mr. Otte, and what have we? A winning team—when they work as a team.

Some of those returning are Broadaway at second base, Ronnie Davis in the outfield, Cobb and Sheffield at the mound pitching, McNair at shortstop, and Robert Smith at first base. Others returning are Segars, Holcomb, and Cantrell. Good luck team! We're backing you all the way.

The schedule for this year is as follows:

March	26	Erskine	There
April	1	W. C. T. C.	Here
April	2	W. C. T. C.	Here
April	5	Piedmont	Here
April	8	Berry	There
April	15	Mercer	There
April	16	Valdosta	There
April	18	Piedmont	There
April	19	Shorter	Here
April	22	Erskine	Here
April	26	W. C. T. C.	There
April	30	Berry	Here
May	2	Oglethorpe	Here
May	4	Shorter	There
May	6	Mercer	Here
May	7	Valdosta	Here
May	10	West Georgia	Here
May	16	West Georgia	There
May	18	Oglethorpe	There

REGULAR ARMY COMMISSIONS

The following Distinguished Military Students have indicated that they will accept a Regular Army Commission at the completion of their advanced military courses in June of 1960.

This staff wishes to congratulate and wish them luck in the furtherance of their army career.

The branch to which they have been assigned follows:

Artillery—Bibb, Randolph T., Jr.; and Daniel, James P.

Infantry—Darden, Harold W. Jr.; Driver, Lewis F.; Floyd, Howard J.; and Guest, James A.

Ordnance—Hardy, Albert S.

Engineer—Higginbotham, James L.

Artillery—Horton, Leland H.

Ordnance—Melcher, John F., Jr.

Artillery—Parker, Henry B.; Pirkle, Jerry D.; and Pope, Fred R.

Infantry—Reece, Frank S.; Sills, Edward G.

Artillery—Skinner, James L., Thornton, William F.

Infantry—Waldrop, William R.

HAVE A SPARE MOMENT?

Do you ever have a spare moment when you have absolutely nothing to occupy your time? "Of course not," you say, "I attend North Georgia College;" but think again. If you do have some idle time, why not put it to good use?

The **Cadet Bugler** offers a wonderful opportunity for a person to make valuable use of his time and also to do something creative. Much pleasure and satisfaction await one who is willing to work for our college magazine.

If you can type, draw, write, prepare lay-outs or perform any task that concerns the **Bugler**—then you are needed.

"I wonder if the **Bugler** would print this thing that I've writen." Have you ever made that statement? Well, why not try and see? Simply contact the literary editors and watch what happens!

The **Bugler** needs you, and you can certainly make a valuable contribution to its progress. If you are interested contact the **Bugler** editor—Hurley Daughtrey.

The 'Ping' Of The Thing

Have you ever sat at the middle of a ping-pong table and watched a fast game? Try it sometime. Afterwards, if you last that long, you will feel as though your eyes have been rolled right out of your head.

Ping-pong or table tennis is one of the fastest reflex sports in the world, outside of jai-alai perhaps. In order to play this game, a person needs, first of all, good eyes, then well coordinated reflexes, and third, good luck. This year the sport was played in the back room of the gym with as few spectators as possible. Only the "live" table was used, a fact which made the game even faster.

The company standings are as follows: the trophy goes to Band Company for the hard competition given by Raines, White, and Wilford. Second place goes to Foxtrot's team, which lost one out of six games played. Alfa pulled third with a four win, two loss score. Echo took fourth place, with Bravo and Delta tying for fifth. Charlie followed in seventh.

Ping-pong is the sport of the quick and nimble. Try it!

THE COVER

CURLY BOYD . . . ALL-AMERICAN?
By John Moss

Season's up and the score is in. The results have been partially tallied, and they come out in favor of Spencer S. (Curly) Boyd, a senior here at N. G. C. Curly racked up a total of 574 points over a period of twenty games this year. This remarkable feat showed an average of 28.7 points made per game, a record which put our man up to number six spot in the nation as far as total points are concerned. Curly also attempted and made more foul shots than any other player in the collegiate game. Since the foul shots were judged as to percentage and not totals, Boyd lost out, but he did pull a tenth place in the United States. The top man made 48 out of 52 fouls; Boyd made 206 out of 243 tries. One can readily see that Curly "had it," but, alas, as I've said, ratings were judged percentage-wise.

As the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics, small college division has tallied it, Curly has made 85.2% of his foul shots and has sunk over 50% of all attempted field goals. He has been nominated for All-American in the small colleges and universities. It has been found that he was high scorer this year of all combined high schools, colleges, and universities of Georgia and Florida, which compose the 25th District.

He and two other players have been nominated and elected by the coaches of this district for All-American. A second ballot will be sent around for another vote. The names will soon be printed; so cross your fingers.

Curly played some basketball in high school, but not as much as here. Though he didn't begin at N.G.C. until his junior year, he still made the varsity and went on to be in the second team of the All-Georgia teams.

This modest, quiet, likable fellow enjoys just about any sport and has played just about all of them. He is a physical education major and is a member of the Lettermen's Club, the Recreation Club, and the Physical Education Club. At the present, he is applying for a scholarship in order to get his Master's degree at the University of North Carolina. If successful, he will make physical education his career.

Good luck, Curly, we're behind you all the way.

"This university turns out some great men."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate. I was turned out."

THROUGH THESE GATES WITH N.G.C. ALUMNI

SPOTLIGHT ON THE ALUMNI

Dear Alumni,

This issue is dedicated to you. We offer you, through the **Cadet Bugler**, an opportunity, not only to keep up with what we are doing on the campus today, but also to extend and renew contacts with friends whom you may not have seen since graduation.

We sincerely hope that you enjoy this issue of the **Cadet Bugler** and that you will not hesitate to write and let us know what you think of it.

Sincerely,
Peggy Ivey
Alumni Editor

Captain Orvil Hause received this letter from a former student, Lt. Carl W. Jones, Jr., H-A USA PAC, APO 145, San Francisco, California, and was kind enough to pass it along to the **Bugler** for publication.

November 5, 1959.

Dear Captain Hause,

This is one letter I've been meaning to write for the past year. I just hope that this is not too late to thank you for all the help you gave me while I was there in school.

In August, we had our first child, Martha Louann. She's growing so fast I can hardly believe my eyes.

As you may already know, I'm in the Army Security Agency stationed at the Pacific Headquarters here in Hawaii. This is a beautiful place, but I believe that it is highly over-rated in many instances. Everything here is not "hula and aloha," as some people might think. We have a nice house on the northern part of Oahu directly across from Honolulu (the name of the town we live in is Haleiwa, pronounced Holly-ee-va). Our first visit to Honolulu was truly an experience. We drove and walked through Waikiki and the various resort areas (too, too expensive) and stopped at some of the landmarks. Honolulu is very large but overcrowded.

Since we've been here, the main theme has been "Statehood for Hawaii." Without reservation, I can safely say that the large part of the population here was absolutely crazy during the week that followed Hawaii's acceptance for statehood.

You may be interested in a few people I've met since I've been stationed here. I ran into Robert "Tweety" Clark and Nancy about three months ago at Schofield Barracks. Robert is up for captain, and I think he is going to be reassigned to Fort Benning.

Also, recently I met Donald Threlkeld (I never could spell his name) coming out of the PX at Schofield. He is a Tank Company Commander in the 69th Bn. He mentioned another fellow you may know, a Captain Nix, who is the General's Aide at Schofield.

Recently I applied and was accepted for extended active duty and an indefinite category, so it looks like I may stay for 20 or even more.

One favor I'd like to ask. Please write and tell us what's going on there at the school and also how the Cadet Corps is organized.

Mary Jane and I would like to hear from you if you have time.

Sincerely,
Carl

Carolyn Matthews was graduated from N.G.C. last year. Carolyn writes to tell us that she is now attending morning classes as a graduate student at the University of Tennessee. She is working in a city recreation center at night. She and another former graduate, Sara Aaron, live at 2321 Peachtree Street in Knoxville.

Carolyn hopes to get her master's degree in physical education and then to go into the teaching profession.

This letter was received from Mrs. Shirley Mintz Hansard.

211 Oak Street
Statesboro, Ga.
December 14, 1959

Alumni Editor
North Georgia College
Dahlonega, Ga.

Dear Alumni Editor:

I would certainly appreciate it if you would put me on the mailing list for all issues of this year's **Bugler.**

I was in the class of '56, and at present I am living in Statesboro, Ga., where my husband, Capus Hansard, is a senior at Georgia Southern College (previously Georgia Teachers College).

We have a daughter who is 4 months old. Donna LeMintz arrived on August 2. Of course we plan to send her to college, but we don't know if she will choose North Georgia or Georgia Southern.

We'll be looking forward to receiving my issues of the **Bugler.**

Sincerely,
Shirley Mintz Hansard

P. S.: Enclosed is a picture of our daughter.

This letter was received from 1st Lt. William R. Williams.

Headquarters Company
First Battle Group, 13th Infantry
Fort Riley, Kansas
7 January 1960

Alumni Editor
North Georgia College
Dahlonega, Georgia
Dear Miss Ivey:

Thank you very much for your letter. It is always good to hear from someone at North Georgia College.

We have just returned from a tour of duty in Germany with the 8th Infantry Division. We are now stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, with the First Infantry Division.

My wife, the former Miss Joann Pope of Gainesville, and our three children, Mike, Kathy, and Bill, are now residing at 704 Griffith Drive, Manhattan, Kansas.

I am assigned to the 1st Battle Group, 13th Infantry, with duty as Assistant S-3 of the Battle Group.

We are enjoying our stay here in Kansas very much. Our plans at the present are to stay with the Army.

We hope to come home this spring, and if so, I hope to visit North Georgia to see my old friends and teachers. I am looking forward to visiting the school again. It will bring back many fond memories that I have and that I will cherish for a long, long time.

Give my regards to everyone at N. G. C., especially President Hoag and Dean Young.

Very truly yours,
Roger Williams

Jesse Martin White attended North Georgia in 1940. He now resides in Hartwell, Georgia, with his wife, Christene, and four children: Chris, 16, Dale 11, Van, 6, and Martha Jo, 8 months. Jesse owns and operate White's Pure Oil Service Station in Hartwell.

William J. (Jack) Yaw of 550 Helvenston Ave., Live Oak, Florida, is now a football and track coach and teacher at Suwannee High School. He married Bettye Nesbitt of Storgis, Kentucky. They have two children: David, age 3, and Sylvia Anne, age 1. Jack plans to go into school administration.

Joe Sam Wooddy, Jr., of 105 Mistletoe Road, Decatur, Georgia, works with the Carrier Corp. as a service engineer. He married Lillian Langley, and they have three children: Lang, Claudia, and Karol. When we asked Joe Sam what his future plans were, he said, "Same wife, same kids, and a better job, I hope."

Clealon E. Wasdin, who was graduated from N.G.C. in June, 1957, now lives at 3522 Rosselle Street, Jacksonville, Fla. He works at the Woodstock Park Baptist Church as director of religious educaiton and youth activities. Clealon married Joyce Carol Johnson, and they have one child, Jaula Elaine.

Sam T. Wilson of the class of '21 writes that he would like to hear from any other N.G.C. students. Sam is retired and resides at 4617 Tennyson Ave., Tampa, Florida, P. O. Box 10447.

Mrs. Maggie H. Worley of Route 3, Cumming, Georgia, teaches the first grade at Matt School in Forsyth County. Her husband is Redger R. Worley. They have four daughters: Frances L. (Worley) Anderson, Nancy J. Worley, Barbara Worley, and Sue Worley. Sue is a junior at N.G.C. now. Frances also attended N.G.C. Mrs. Worley enclosed a picture of her granddaughter, Yvette Anderson.

Yvette Anderson, granddaughter of Mrs. Maggie H. Worley.

Edward Wilkie of Trenton, Georgia, (Box 261) is employed by the Bank of Dade in Trenton as vice-president; he also has an insurance agency at the bank and teaches a veterans' class at night. He married the former Miss Ellene Garrett of Ellijay, Georgia. They have two children, Ginger and Becky.

Donna LeMintz Hansard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hansard.

Harold H. Nichols of the class of '54 is now a nuclear engineer at the Lockheed Nuclear Laboratory. He married Emmalou Woody of the class of '55. They reside in Suches, Georgia, with their two children, Mandy and Charles.

2nd Lt. James W. Elliott of the class of '55 has just completed a 12-week field artillery officer basic course at the Artillery and Missile School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

The course, designed for newly-commissioned officers, trained Lieutenant Elliott in communications, artillery transport, tactics, and target acquisition.

Word comes from Fort Riley, Kansas, that 1st Lieut. James M. Langston, a 1953 graduate of N.G.C., was assigned to the 1st Infantry Division at Fort Riley. Lt. Langston, an aviator in the Division's 1st Aviation Company, entered the Army in January, 1954. His wife, Kathryn, is with him at the Fort.

William L. Martin and his wife Anita are now at Fort Benning, Georgia. William was recently commissioned a first lieutenant in the Regular Army, in which he is assigned as an instructor in the Combat Support Company of the 2nd Division's 23rd Infantry. Lieutenant Martin is a 1953 graduate of N. G. C.

Terry L. Gordy recently was promoted to first lieutenant at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, where he is a member of the 101st Airborne Division. Lieutenant Gordy, an Army aviator with the Division's 101st Aviation Company, entered the Army in June 1955, after graduating from N.G.C.

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The Cadet Bugler

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HOOVER AND JOHNSON'S
FIRST LAW OF ELECTRICITY:

When the thumb of the right hand is placed on the plus side of a battery, and perpendicularly the index finger to the negative, it will be difficult to move the hand.

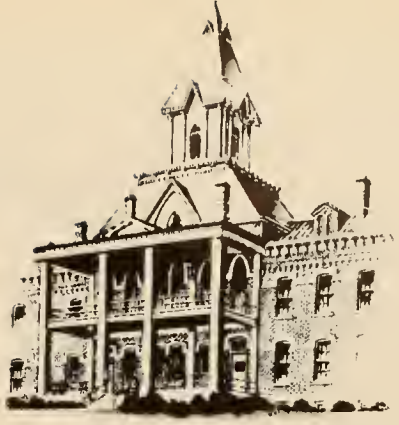
HOOVER AND JOHNSON'S
SECOND LAW OF ELECTRICITY:

The higher the voltage, the more the juice.

The Cadet Bugler

The Voice of North Georgia College

VOL. IX SPRING, 1960 NUMBER 3



THE SCROLL UNROLLED

In view of the "discussion" (we hesitate to call it furor) brought about as a result of the Winter Quarter's editorial, let's get a few things settled, to wit:

1. North Georgia is certainly no nest of furtive, twisted geniuses whose major aim in life is the manufacture and usage of diabolical machines serving as "training aids."

2. Those unfortunate few who have been observed in the "act" have pretty generally been censured both officially and unofficially.

3. There is a basic sense of fair play and honesty which is as much at home here as the military or Lewis Hall, and this includes every level of life here.

However, the future lies in the positive.The negative aspects (such as the retribution for cheating) are only the somewhat unpleasant "channelizers" which must somehow be avoided. As Gen.Hoag brought out in the Honors Day program, merely to survive in the future calls for excellence—in studies, in work, on all levels of competition, but not so much in the sense of dog-eat-dog as in the sense of taking full advantage of our resources and working as if there were something after us. There assuredly is—if not directly from the Russians in the threat of war, then in the economic competition of our own fellow citizens, in the swelling tide of humanity that must needs compete harder for everything.

To meet this challenge successfully calls for a basic evaluation of our every resource. We cannot kid ourselves. Either we have it or we don't. Cheating is like putting a burned hand into ice water; you have to take it out sometime, and the longer it's delayed, the worse it hurts.

Next year's staff members will include Hurley Daughtrey, editor, Sharlene Griffin, business manager, and Peggy Ivey, alumni editor.

DUMB SQUAT, HO!

We have noted with pride and admiration the fine spirit with which new Scabbard and Blade members Scholes, Watson, Sumpter Drinkard, Briethaupt, Melton, Davis, Garth, Winn and Whitehead performed their strenuous initiation. Congratulations, men!

An Expression of Thanks

We wish to thank all those people on the Bugler Staff who have made this year's three issues possible.

The editor's hat is off to:

1. Gayle Brand, whose work on ads and layout was sorely needed.
2. All the typists, who frequently were called at all sorts of odd hours to get something turned out in the nick of time.
3. Mr. Gilbert, who kept the finances steady as she went.
4. Harvey Cowan, who was called on to go to the darndest places at the darndest hours.
5. John Hodges, who always turned out an abundance of good material for the military.
6. Miss White, who was patient through it all.
7. Miss A. D., who was also patient through it all (even when it meant chasing all the girls out from the bottom).
8. Especially to Mary K. Sheats, who did the work of at least four people, still maintaining a sound literary style and very efficient reporting.

CADET BUGLER STAFF

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THE COVER

Symbolic of the training and metamorphosis of a boy to a man, a soldier, by extension, North Georgia is proud of her leaders—in military and civil fields. "Follow me!"

We congratulate Bill Branch, the artist who did the cover picture, on his wonderful interpretation of this idea.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Hoover and Johnson 2
Editorial 3
News and Features 4-8
Senior Plans 5
"The Contract" 9
Inspection! 10
Military And Sports 11
Alumni 14
Advertisements 15

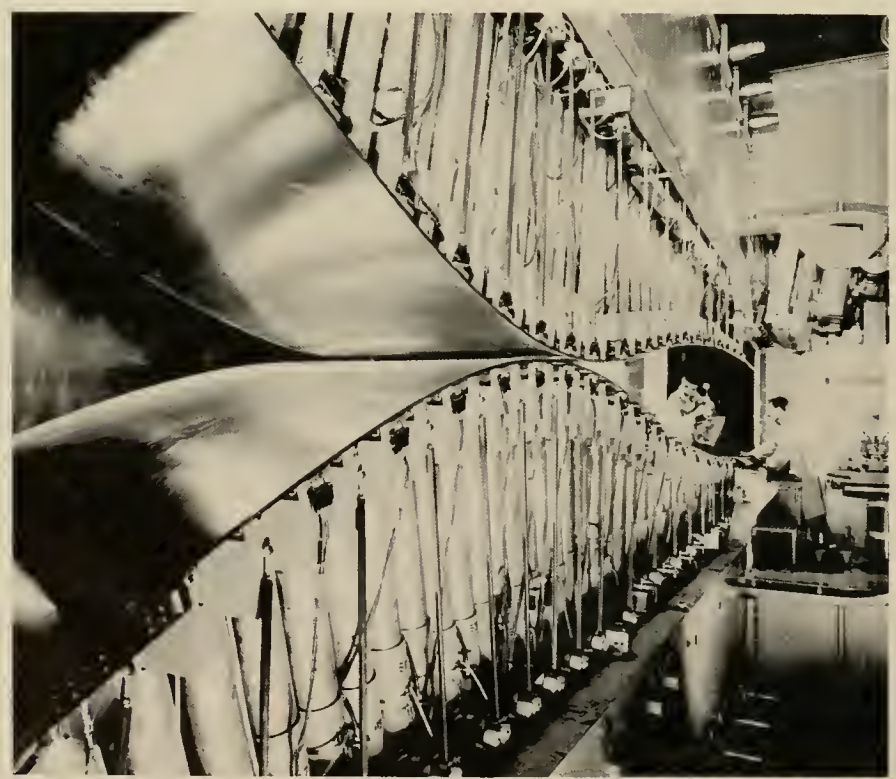
PHYSIC CLUB GOES TO AEDC

After all the trials, errors, hail, snow, etc., the Physics Club finally arranged a trip to the Arnold Engineering Development Center at Tullahoma, Tennessee, on March 29-30.

After the club members had stayed overnight in the Visiting Officers' Quarters, the tour of the Center began with a short conference, lecture, and slides shown by the tour director, Mr. Bob Boyles. From there the group went by bus (the place is spread out everywhere) to the three major laboratories of the Center: the Engine Test Facility, designed to test propulsion systems for advanced aircraft, missiles, and space weapons; the Gas Dynamics facility, for testing the effect of airflow on different shapes of aircraft and weapons at realistic flight conditions; the Propulsion Wind Tunnel, designed to test large-scale and even fullscale aircraft and missiles during actual flight conditions up to Mach 5 (which is five times the speed of sound).

A SCALE-MODEL TEST "FLIGHT"

The plant itself was suggested by General Hap Arnold, whose post-war investigation of German research centers convinced him that the U.S. Air Force was in great need of test facilities. It was a big order for the Air Force, but construtcion began in 1950 and the first test laboratory went into operation in 1953.



FLEXIBLE STEEL WALLS OF TUNNELS VARY THE SPEED OF AIRFLOW.

In these huge laboratories, flight conditions can be simulated from sea level to altitudes over 100,000 feet and from subsonic velocities to well over Mach 20. Equipment tested ranges in size from small-scale models to actual craft.

The biggest problems tested in the ballistic missile field are launching and re-entry into the earth's atmosphere. Problems investigated concerning winged vehicles and their engines include stability and propulsion efficiency during flight.

The AEDC operates as a service to aircraft and missile industries, to educational institutes, and to other military and civilian agencies of the Federal government. All this work of the Arnold Engineering Development Center is helping to speed up the development of space, ballistic, and atmospheric flight weapons of the future.

SENIORS LOOK TO THE FUTURE . . .

By Carolyn Jarrell

For many of our N.G.C. students this will be the last quarter. After June 5, they will be scattered in all directions in every walk of life. What goals would they like to attain—what will be their aim in life?

At random, seniors have been asked what they want most out of life.

Answers vary from an Army career to a happy life. Here are some of their spontaneous remarks:

MY AIM IN LIFE IS—

H. E. Artley—"to get out of school."

W. T. Baggett—"to sleep twenty-five hours a day."

Marty Beauchamp—"to have a happy home."

R. T. Bibb, Jr.—"to benefit other people in some way as well as myself."

W. L. Bowen—"to have a successful, happy life."

S. S. Boyd—"not to have worries."

M. W. Brackett—"to get out of school and to have a good time."

D. R. Broadaway—"to be a good football coach."

D. J. Brown—"to live now, make a million, be successful, and live to be a hundred."

Linda Byrnett—"to build a happy home and be a successful medical technician."

Paula Cagle—"to be a success in my career in the teaching profession and to live, laugh, love, and be happy."

C. N. Canup—"to give completely of myself."

M. T. Capps—"to be a research physicist."

L. L. Carter—"to accomplish something and be happy."

J. P. Daniel—"to serve my term of duty and to become a successful Army officer."

H. W. Dardin—"to be a healthy, successful person for about seventy more years—to be an Army officer."

L. F. Driver—"to be a successful Army officer."

W. B. DuVall, III,—"to live each day better and fuller than the day before—striving for happiness and success for my family and myself."

R. A. Dyer—"to be a rich man."

J. D. Evans—"to make a million."

H. J. Floyd—"to take a regular Army commission and then to make it my career."

Sally Foster—"to do my best in anything that I attempt."

B. R. Garrett—"to make the Army my career."

J. L. Gibson—"to be a good citizen, not to be rich but to have a fair standard of living, to be a good husband, and to raise a couple of kids."

L. I. Gober—"to be a Marine Corps officer."

D. L. Grindle—"to make the Army my career."

J. A. Guest—"to be a success."

A. S. Hardy, II.—"to be in the United States Army."

J. H. Harris—"to be an Army officer."

W. C. Heeth—"to be a business tycoon."

J. L. Higginbotham—"to stay in the Army for a while and then go into the textile field."

G. H. Hogsed—"to be a successful businessman."

J. C. Hodges—"to have an Army career and retire after thirty years of service."

R. W. Holcomb—"to be a good basketball coach."

L. H. Horton—"to make a lot of money in the Army."

W. J. Hurst—"to go in the Army and if I like it, I want to make it my career."

Barbara Knight—"to get married and be a good wife for my husband and a good mother for our children."

T. E. Leverette—"to be a success in life."

Marilyn McBrayer—"to marry Beecher and help him all I can."

J. W. Macolly—"to please both my superiors and my subordinates and to live the kind of life which will be acceptable to humanity."

J. F. Melcher—"to make a career out of the Army and to do the best I can."

T. A. Mitchell—"to have a successful Army career. To get married and have three children—two boys and a girl."

R. L. Morrison—"to be a success in anything I try."

G. W. O'Kelley—"to have a successful career in the Army, retire, and live easy 'till I die."

J. D. Pirkle—"to spend a good many years in the Army and become a good Army officer."

J. L. Ponder—"to go to work for a company that offers the best opportunities in the field of physics and electronics."

C. D. Pope—"to live life and have a good time."

F. R. Pope—"to go to the swamp—to be a pretty happy fellow."

J. A. Potter—"I have an aim, but I can't find the target."

W. C. Parks—"to be a creative individual so that I can look back with pride on my accomplishments and gifts to society."

H. E. Reed—"to become a manager and later to establish my own firm—to be a playboy and travel around the world."

J. L. Rivers—"to be a great surgeon."

Karen Sanders—"to have a Christian home and to serve many others. through the field of medicine."

E. G. Sills—"to have a successful Army career."

J. D. Sims—"to be a successful Army officer."

S. E. Skelton—"to be happy and make a lot of money."

J. L. Skinner—"to help a million people."

Betty Smith—"to be a successful technician and lead a happy and prosperous life."

G. A. Smith—"to be as good a businessman as I can. To have a high degree of morality and regard for my fellow man."

Nan Smith—"to do the best I can in whatever I undertake. To have a Christian home. To help others through the field of medicine."

R. V. Smith—"I want to live like I want to become accustomed."

Jeanette Swint—"to be the best kind of person wherever I am and to raise my family in Christian ideals."

A. R. Thayer—"to get out of school, go into the Army, and to be a success."

H. Y. Tillman—"to be happy."

F. D. Vaughn—"to be a success in the business world."

W. R. Waldrop—"to have an enjoyable tour of duty with the 101st Airborn Division."

Wanda West—"I want to be a good wife and make my husband happy. I also want to teach history in high school and to arouse the interest of my students in world affairs."

June Westmoreland—"to become a success in life, be happy, and live a full life."

B. R. Williams—"to buy out North Georgia College when I make my first million and make it a party school."

Joyce Wood—"to have a Christian home and family."

YOU ARE THERE!

By Sibyle Baezler and Mary K. Sheats

You are there! The date is 1938. The place is North Georgia Junior College. Your first night you sleep in an all-wool uniform with your rifle by your side if you are a fourth class man. During the year you will be subjected to unlimited hazing. You may make up an officer's bed every morning, shine his shoes all night, or read stories and nursery rhymes to him at bed time.

If you are an officer, you will be very proud of your breeches, boots, and spurs. The uniform will be the olive drab wool uniform of the enlisted men of the time. The overseas type hat is worn.

If you are a co-ed your skirts, blouses, and dresses will find some similarity with today's dress. The hem-line is longer, the clothes less fitted, and the materials are mostly polka-dot or plaid.

It seems hard to believe that Sanford, the Barracks, Band House, and Price Memorial are the only buildings on campus. Company Band is housed in the Band House. "A" and "B" live in the Barracks, and "C" Company resides in what is now Moore's Hardware Store. Co-eds live in Sanford Hall.

There is no separate building for the "Chow Hall." Meals are eaten in the basement of the Barracks, a squad at a table. This makes for better unity and organizational spirit.

Punishment for cadets may consist of calisthenics with a rifle instead of walking triangle tours. A sergeant will be your overseer.

Social activities are limited. There are no company parties and few dances. Dating consists of sitting on a bench in front of the downtown lodge building. Two off-campus fraternity houses offer recreation and leisurely relaxation. Brenau College is often visited. (Times haven't changed too much after all, have they, boys?) The Canteen of the day is "Smith's," located at the present site of the "Dixie." You can participate in a variety of sports: boxing, ping-pong, baseball, and touch football. The program of intercollegiate sports is not advanced as in the present day program.

You may find this amazing, but Lt. Col. Hatcher, who was a cadet at this time, says these are the facts.

LEWIS HALL OFFICERS FOR 1960-'61

Student National Education Association

By Nina Connell, Secretary

During Winter Quarter 1960 fourteen girls and one boy started on an interesting and exciting journey. Their goals were schools in Dahlonega and the surrounding area, and their mission—student teaching. Taking part in this adventure were Zenith Davidson, Mrs. Juanita Milam, Alice Allen, Martha Cook, Ranelle Hannah, Betty Ann Guest, Paula Cagle, Carole Day, Wade Ash, Katherine Tritt, June Westmoreland, Virginia Harris, Sidney Jordon, Mary Ann Morgan, and Joyce Green.

On April 4, a group of these student teachers presented a skit to the Student N.E.A., giving an entertaining review of their experiences. It was easy to see the fun, work, and tiny bit of nervousness each felt during his adventure. After sharing their experiences, each Student N.E.A. member is looking eagerly ahead to his journey into student teaching.

The Student N.E.A. group ended the quarter's activities with its Annual Spring Banquet to be held May 2 at the Smith House. Student N.E.A. members are pleased that President Hoag will be guest speaker at this highlight of the year. This banquet marks the end of a busy and successful year for Student N.E.A.

Lewis Hall Limelights

Spring Quarter brought election time to Lewis Hall. The newly elected officers are Peggy Ivey, president; Pat Cannon, vice-president; Kay Perkins, secretary; and LaVerne Young, treasurer.

Sally Foster was presented a gift for her excellent job as past vice-president and president. Sally will certainly be missed around Lewis Hall.

We had a party April 22, and it couldn't have been more fun; an enjoyable time was had by all. A special thanks goes to all who worked so hard to contribute to its success. Even the record player worked for a change.

Next year won't seem the same without our senior girls.

We wish the best of everything to all the graduating seniors; may success be theirs in anything they undertake.

That's all the news until next fall. Have a rewarding summer. See you next year!

A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the advantages of total abstinence were told of a man of 102 who had never touched a drop of the stuff. They rushed to his home for a statement. After propping him up in bed and guiding his feeble hand along the dotted line, they hear a violent commotion in the next room—furniture being broken, dishes smashed, and the shuffling of feet.

"Good heavens, what's that?"

"Oh," whispered the old man as he sank exhausted to the pillow, "that's Pa, drunk again."

NOTICE:

1. A student who shall offer to accept a challenge to fight or in any way aid, abet, or promote a duel, or upbraid another for declining to fight, shall be expelled.

2. The use of spirituous or intoxicating liquors is strictly forbidden. Nor shall pupils be allowed to have them in their rooms, or to visit bar-rooms.

3. No pupil will be allowed to play cards, or bet, or wager money or any other thing of value, upon games of chance.

4. All pupils are prohibited from carrying, or having in their possession, **deadly weapons**; and anyone drawing or using such weapons against each other will be expelled.

5. Profane swearing, or corrupt language, and defacing the walls will receive prompt punishment.

6. Cleanliness is strictly enjoined, and it is expected in every instance that male students will wait upon themselves, polish their own shoes, dust their own rooms and clothing, and make their own fires.

7. No student shall be allowed to engage in any concerts, charades, exhibitions or minstrelsies. Nor shall any student be allowed to attend balls or loiter about places of dissipation, nor attend circuses, without the consent of parent or guardian.

P. S. These were some of the rules governing students here at North Georgia in 1876.

Commencement Activities

By Bonnie McNeil

Count down 6-5-4-3-2-1-0—Blast off! The last week of school is truly as exciting and full of tension for the seniors as the firing of a missile is for its designers.

Sunday, May 29, the Senior Reception at the President's home.

Thursday, June 2, the public speaking contest at 2000 hours.

Friday, June 3—Awards Night in the auditorium.

Saturday, June 4—Alumni meeting at 1000 hours and the Military Ball at 2000 hours.

Sunday, June 5—final Military Parade at 1600 hours and the commencement exercises on the college lawn at 1800 hours, with Dr. Noah Langdale as speaker.

Back row, left to right: Miss Jane Stephens, Miss Linda Appling, Miss Nancl Cowart, Miss Ann Ratteree, Cadet Dean Biskey, Miss Sulane Stone, and Mrs. Jim Otte, chaperone.

Front row, left to right: Miss Ellen Bolton, Miss Kay Gissendaner, Miss Anita Allen, Miss Sharlene Griffin, Miss Hannah Reynolds, Miss Alice Bennett, and Mr. Jim Otte, chaperone.

DAYTONA BEACH RETREAT

By Sharlene Griffin

The group sadly returned to the North Georgia College campus after a wonderful spring vacation.

This was the Wesley Foundation group that went to Daytona Beach, Florida, for spring holidays. Their retreat is one of the many annual projects of this active and enthusiastic organization. The retreat started promptly at 5 a. m. on a Saturday morning when the cars were loaded and the journey toward the beach began. After twelve hours of driving, seven stops for one car, one speeding ticket, and no casualties, the three cars arrived at the Monte Carlo Motel in Daytona Beach.

The theme for the retreat was "Communicating the Gospel to the Campus." A series of discussions on the subject was led by Rev. William M. Holt, of the Dahlonega Methodist Church.

Among the other activities participated in was a shuffleboard tournament. Everyone had a partner and participated. The victorious team consisted of Rev. Holt and Miss Anita Allen.

The high point of the retreat was the banquet held the last evening. As a part of the evening's program, several awards were presented, such as a prize for the shuffleboard winners; a datebook for Miss Linda Appling because of her confusion; a wreckless driver's license for Miss Sharlene Griffin; and a tremendous shopping bag for Miss Ann Ratteree, who nearly bought out the souvenir shops.

A weary but elated group returned to the campus the following Wednesday night. They have big plans to go again next year.

Glee Club Reports

The Glee Club season just completed was in many respects the best in the history of the organization. The group of forty-five voices developed into a well-blended whole which was capable of both sonorous and brilliant effects. In addition, several good soloists emerged. These were Jeanette Swint, Bill Morgan, Vivian Knight, and Sally Williams.

A Christmas cantata, **The Music of Christmas**, was presented at the Dahlonega Baptist Church for the benefit of the community and again in the assembly for the students.

A general program of sacred music was carried to Atlanta, Marietta, Alpharetta, and Decatur.

A select group of twenty-five gave a secular program before the Rotary Club of Hartwell; the same program with all members of the Glee Club was presented to the student body in assembly. Three numbers from the program were sung on the "Today in Georgia" program of WSB-TV on May 3, 1960.

The director of the Glee Club is Mr. Desmond Booth; the accompanist is Mrs. Marian Bouffard.

Dramatic Club News

By Sulane Stone

The North Georgia College Players presented **Arsenic and Old Lace,** a three act play by Joseph Kesselring. Sharlene Griffin and Ida Cash Smith gave a very convincing performance as the eccentric aunts. Teddy, Jonathan, and Mortimer, the three Brewster brothers, were played by Rudolph Butler, Tommy Howell, and Lister Skinner. The cast also included Jack Wheeler, Lee Hansen, Tom Freeman, Margaret Bryan, Selwyn Hartley, Trenton Hooks, Harry Artley, Phil Anderson, Lee Bradley, and Billy Hall. Mr. John Simpson ably directed the play, and he was assisted by Ramona York and John Moss.

Tall and exquisitely slender . . . delicately curved . . . golden tan . . . dark one moment as if in a black mood . . . brilliantly vibrating and full of life the next instant . . . calm, poised . . . gee, I'm nuts about our new lamp.

Dumbsquat Otis Melton guards his post early Sunday morning.

Lee Bradley attempts vainly to get asylum commitment papers okayed by arsenical aunts Griffin and Smith. Lister Skinner tries, fails also.

THE CONTRACT

(Continued from last issue)

He began to write. This was the first exam of exam week, and his studying had been nil. Today's encounter was with philosophy, and he had maintained himself divorced from the opened pages of his philosophy book (not to mention grasping the ideas of the course). A momentary sense of panic clutched his throat, gave way to a sense of stormnigh calm.

"Question 1 . . . Relate the philosophy of Hegel with history as he saw it." John looked down at his hand, saw it writing furiously: "Technically, every contradiction, for Hegel, is really a disguised relation. Any contradiction may thus be viewed as merely an abstract and hence imperfect description of a more conclusive and more concretely understood reality. According to the traditional logic of Aristotle, which Hegel regards as useless for the purpose of understanding, change, the contradictory of an 'A' is always treated as a 'not-A' which totally . . ." And on flew his pencil. Ideas, patterns, words, phrases, whole philosophies he grasped, tasted, felt, transmitted to the paper. A fierce, almost demonic exultance pushed and pulled his psyche in a cataclysm of idea and word. Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Kant, Kirkegaard, Mill, Spinoza, Fichte, Mach were revealed in their most intimate phraseologies, their most difficult concepts; their brushes with madness were at once made understandable, logical.

"Please, Mr. Small, let me have your paper. I've given you ten minutes already." Puzzled, John looked up, saw the somewhat annoyed eyes of the instructor. "Certainly," he croaked nervously. He gathered up his pages in astonishment. He had written twenty-six pages. He had brought only twenty sheets of paper to the exam! His pencil was as sharp as before the exam. Dabeis is on the ball, he thought. Now let's see what he can do for physics.

John walked out of the room. The power that he possessed was beyond him. It owned him. He could write the words, but they were not his words. It was all a farce. He was not any more than the pencil he carried. He was only the vehicle for someone, something else's ideas. He knew that it would be the same for physics, the same for history, the same for everything else the rest of his life. And the price he would pay for being the instrument of someone else was only too real and too terrible. Sure, he would be General Small. Except, of course, that would only be an empty title, a sort of mirror for General Dabeis, or Doctor Dabeis, or Admiral Dabeis, or Senator Debeis, or Father Dabeis! And it would be that way forever! Was there no way to escape?

Sure enough, physics was the same. His slide-rule was superfluous. Any calculations necessary were flashed before his eyes in a sort of neon glow. And of course, the figures were oh, so neat, contrasting sharply with his usual style. The only difference with this examination was that in physics, you're either right or you're wrong, and for each problem there is a finite amount of work for its solving. Thus he finished in an hour, much to the amazement of the instructor.

He trudged slowly back to his room. Birds were singing somewhere far away. He knew that he would hear those birds, as he would do everything else, for only so long, and then he would pay his fee for the dram of power he had possessed. He wondered if he were sorry that he had gotten himself into the mess he was in, or if he really only regretted the short time he had to enjoy his new found "joy." But no matter if he prolonged it for a thousand or a million years, it would always be the same: the fiddler would have to be paid. But the world was God's, and any other forces were His, he mused. Could he ask God? Would that be a way out? Of course, it wouldn't. It was not that God disapproved of breaking this contract (in all probability He wouldn't disapprove); it was that this "Frame of Mind" which enabled him to perform so brilliantly on a test also blotted out any communion he might have had with the Supreme Intelligence. Or in other words, this was one examination on which he could expect no help whatsoever, divine, earthly, or infernal (and especially the latter).

He decided to try to get some sleep. There was no earthly use in trying to study. He didn't need to, he remembered. How could he devise any way to pit himself against Dabeis? If all that information of sheer brilliance were available at beck and call, then what chance did he have? He lay back on his bed, feeling more bereft than he had at any time before in his life. Sleep stole over him like a feverish nuance to needle, tease, and torment. He dreamed of a man's face with burning eyes. Is there no way to defeat you? Can we just forget the whole thing? The hot sea of restless sleep seemed to put rationalism in a cloud of white and disperse it like the mist it was. The simple, John, the simple. The simple, John, remember the simple. The world of the complex is still ruled by uncomplex switches, John. Those switches may be opened or closed, even by wretches like you. The innocent, the naive often hold the wisdom of ages. I don't understand. You needn't; just remember the simple.

John awoke with a start. Beads of sweat covered his face and forehead. The simple? Is that the flaw in the whole sophisticated structure? Is there an innocent, child-like way to baffle the whole monstrous enterprise? Can there be some way to buck the system?

Then it happened. Like a breath of air after being nearly drowned, like a bed after exhaustion, like food after starvation the answer came to him. The Question. It violated no rules of logic; it was clear. It had to be answered. It was sweet as the innocent laughter of childhood, yet it was the key to freedom. There remained only the question of when to answer it. That would be soon enough; Dabeis would return shortly to make "further arrangements."

The next day, John took his history exam. It didn't even bother him that he probably had rewritten a textbook. He had come to realize that a test grade is a test grade and that it was as potent a force in his life as he was himself. Debeis is the real problem, he thought absently. Cheerfully, he handed in his fifty-one handwritten pages to the instructor, who gasped audibly. With feigned nonchalance he returned to his room.

He was not surprised to find Dabeis waiting for him, even though the former had changed clothes to something more suitable for the occasion: black.

"Well, sir, was everything to your satisfaction?" asked Dabeis.

"Couldn't have asked for anything better. I cannot foresee a better future than with your assistance," replied John.

"Excellent. Now there are a few details that need resolving, Mr. Small. If you will be so good . . ."

"One question. In expanding my, uh, career, there will certainly be times when I'll be asked questions which, although of a mundane nature, will require answering. I shall accordingly have to be sure of the right and proper answer. Do I have that assurance?"

"Sir, I hope you answered your own question yesterday and today. You will never be at a loss for the right answer. Now then, it is most important that we . . ."

"Well, then, I have a question."

Dabeis looked up, blinked. "What is it?" he asked.

"How does one go about breaking a contract with the devil?"

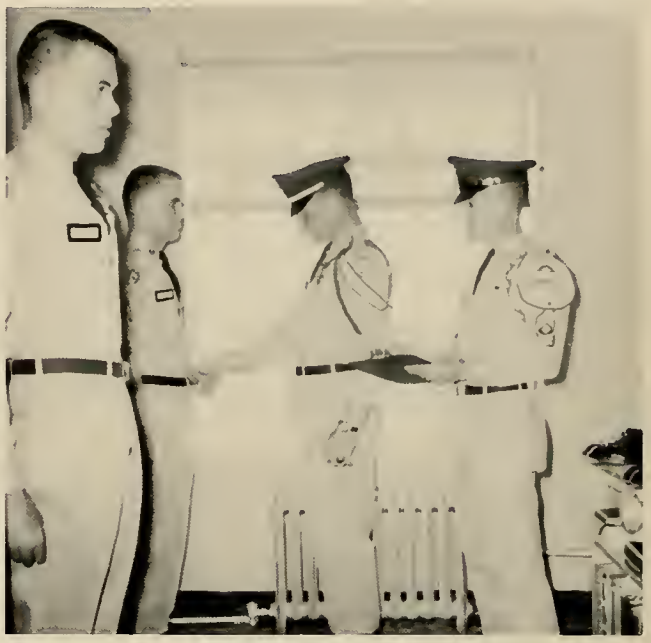
Dabeis's eyes grew wider. His face grew white and drawn. John noted that his hands were curled almost like claws.

"Surely you're not serious, Small? That in itself is a breach of contract. You cannot. You . . ."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Dabeis, that is a

—Continued on Page 10

Girlfriend Susan Davis checks Adams,



Pirkle inspects Farr,

THE CONTRACT

—Continued from Page 9

fair and valid question, and must be answered."

Dabeis straightened himself, stiffened and hissed, "All right, Small, you won after all. This is the first time in four centuries. Very well, you shall find out." Then his eyes narrowed. "But you won't like it, I promise you." He turned and left the room very quietly. Discordant, John thought.

John sat down at the desk, took out a sheet of paper and wrote. "To break a contract with the devil, one must do as follows:" The words he wrote thereafter made little sense to him except that they were in English and the instructions could be followed.

Most of it was all too medieval, really. Things like uttering a renunciation speech at midnight in a cemetery forthwith making a deposit of blood on a newly filled grave. He suffered all these things gladly.

On his return to the college the next quarter, he was surprised to learn that the Dean wished to see him. Somewhat uncomfortably, John made his way to the Dean's office, uncertain as to how Dabeis had gotten back at him (which he assuredly must have). He entered the office.

"Small, is this your idea of a joke?" demanded the Dean.

"Sir?" asked John. Dabeis must have made it good, whatever it was.

"If you're going to flunk a test, you might as well go down trying or at least stay away from the exam. But filling up fifty-one pages of paper on a history exam on the care of goats, and writing about the importance of the whaling industry to New England on a philosophy exam isn't even funny. If education means so little to you, you'd better try another college. We've no use for you here."

"I'm sorry, sir. I don't know what came over me," replied John. But he did. Dabeis, you slob!

The Dean sighed. "Okay. Maybe you were overcome by fatigue or something.

—Continued on Page 15

The tennis team had an outstanding year, thanks to Joe Thornton, Paul Tippens, Harry Artley, Weyman Tyson (bottom row); and Pat Quigley, Jack Tippens, Jimmy Sawyer, Coach Rufus Hackney (top row).

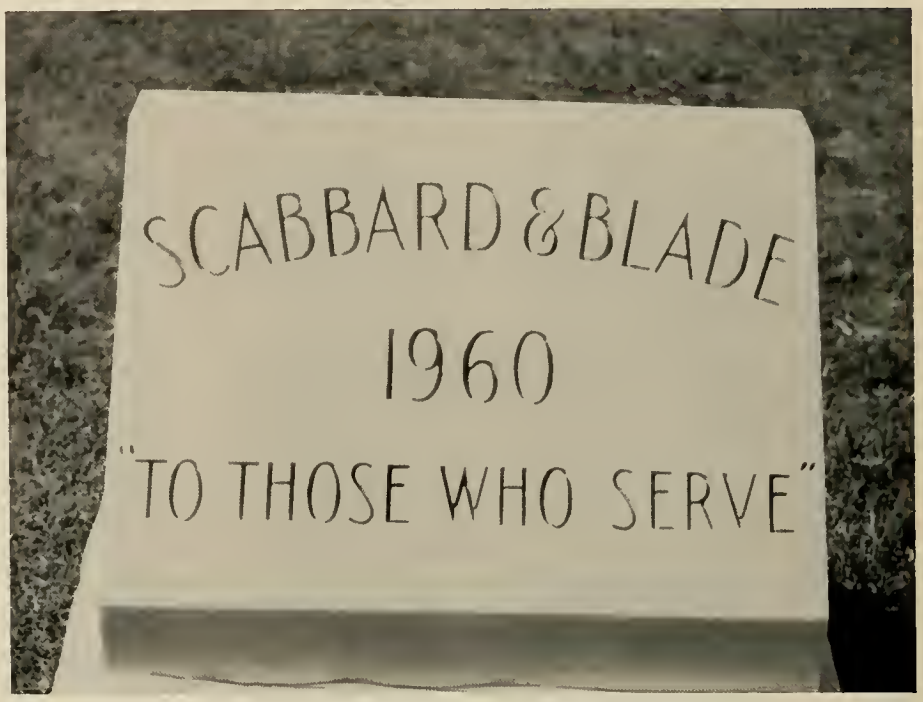
Hodges scrutlnizes Scholes,

Sills grades Williams.

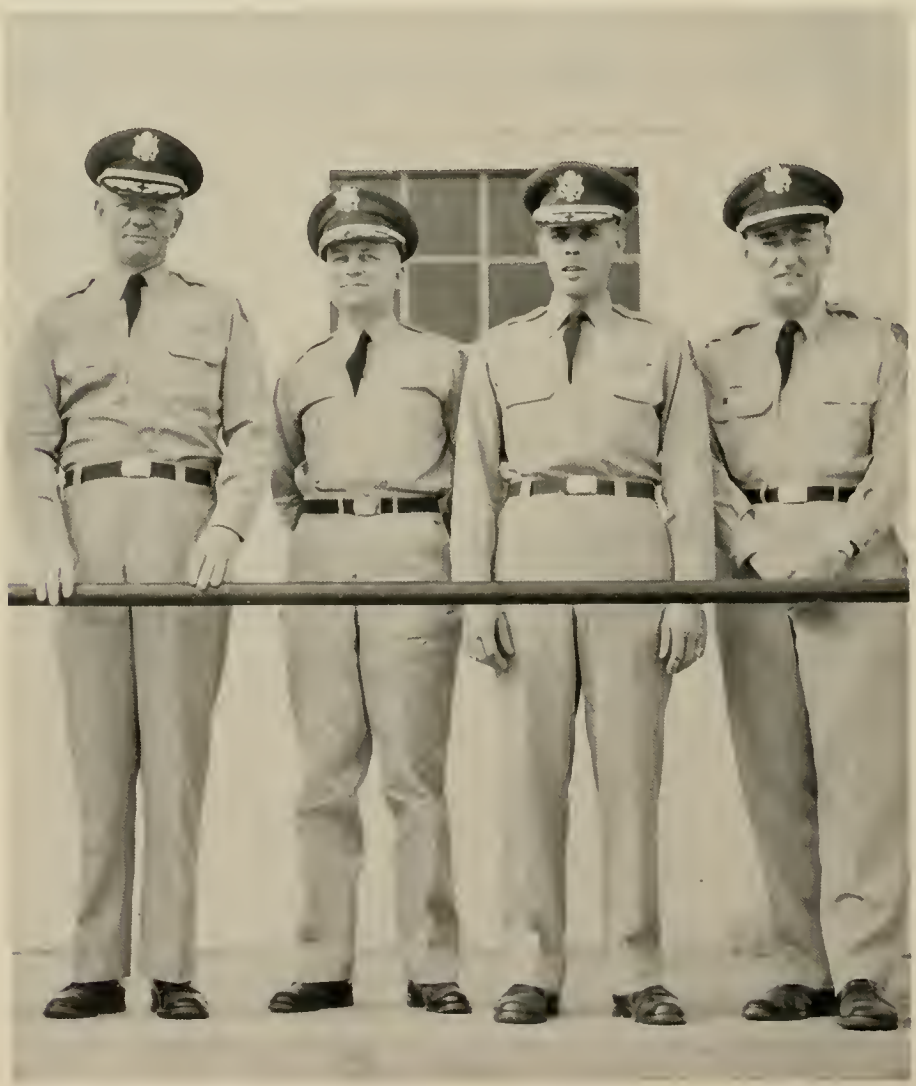
Cadet
Cadet
Cadet
Cadet
Cadets
Cadet
Cadet
Cadet

We Lose Three Officers

North Georgia will hardly be the same without Majors Morgan and Smith, and Captain Levitt. Can the Cadets forget who was a very inspiring urge toward an honorable career in the Artillery? And no one will forget to lay his final protective fires, thanks to you, Major Morgan! Major Smith's approach to education via a less-than-cynical outlook on life left many of the Cadets in stitches (none of which were sustained by contact with the Blue Bug). Captain Levitt's sincere and wise, step-by-step explanations helped the seniors a great deal. Major Morgan is headed toward Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and then to Korea (not too long we hope). Major Smith and Captain Levitt will see duty at the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Although we hate to see them go, we're happy to have had them in this phase of their Army career. Sirs, good luck!



Presented on Parents' Day to North Georgia College.



Left to right: Maj. Morgan, Lt. Col. Hatcher, Maj. Smith, and Capt. Levitt.

Honors Day Observed

Honors Day, an annual event at North Georgia College, was observed May 4, 1960, in assembly. The invocation was given by Rev. J. Barry Owens, and a vocal solo was rendered by Mrs. Donald Dean.

Dean Will D. Young presented certificates of membership into the Nu Gamma Society to the following: Alice Allen, Patricia Fincher, Anne Clark Garrett, Pattie Newton, Lister Skinner, and Virginia Steele. Dean Young then presented the honors group. Three groups of students were honored: students carrying a normal load and making a 3.00 average for two consecutive quarters, students carrying a normal load and making "A" in all academic subjects during the Winter Quarter 1960, and students carrying a normal load and making a 2.00 average for two consecutive quarters.

Brig. Gen. M. E. Hoag delivered an inspiring address to the student body. Gen. Hoag stressed the fact that the entire student body should compose the honors group. Gen. Hoag stated that students of N.G.C. have the ability and the opportunity; only the desire for better academic standing is needed. All students were urged by Gen. Hoag to strive for this outstanding honor.

AN N.G.C. CADET OFFICER

An N.G.C. Cadet Officer is a species strange and wonderful—a being only a little lower than the angels and infinitely higher than his fellow man. He is learned in all things—industriously improving his intellect by reading "Play Boy," his humor by discussing the coeds, his strength by wrestling in the dorm, his smoothness by wrestling in the back seat, and his status by relating tales of valor concerning the previously mentioned back seat. He is a direct descendant of the Greek gods of old and behaves at all times in a manner suitable to his station in life. The dwelling place of young Jupiter is, naturally enough, Mount Olympus —called Staff Hall by the uninformed. There he plays upon the hi-fi and sings impromptu melodies such as "Her Mother Never Told Her," or "I Wear Gold Braid," or "My Name is Beautiful." One must not conclude that the young officer does nothing but play and sing while in his heavenly dwelling. Nothing could be further from the truth! During the hours astutely called Study Hall, he toils vigorously—for many things must be done before the day ends. First his impressive emblem, symbol of rank and prestige, must be polished until it glows with the soft patina of old silver; then laborious hours must be spent in copying from a textbook to obtain a set of Take-to-Class-Remembering-Aids for the hour exam; then much time must be devoted to gazing into the mirror to determine just who is the fairest of them all. The young officer, weary from his hours of labor, partakes of his ambrosia bowl and lies down to rest—serene in the knowledge that he is the most handsome and gifted of men.

THINK

Anonymous

Think of the things you have
not what you had.
Think thoughts of the good
and not of the bad.
Think of the friends you've made both good and true
not thoughts of melancholy and blue.
Think of the hopes you have both good and fair
not remembering days of grief and despair.
Look to the future and what it holds.
Then remember the past and be bold.

LESSON OF THE HILLS

By Linda Burnett

These lonely hills sing out to me,
"Please, won't you set us free?"
But to them I give this food for thought.
You are beautiful examples of what God has wrought.

Be content in what you are.
Be happy as you gaze at a star.
Be thankful as a breeze through your trees does blow,
And as the rain falls on the ground below.
See the purity around you as the snow lies deep.
Listen to that happy gurgle of the wayward creek.

Watch the moonlight sift through your forests dark.
Listen to the night call—Hark!
Guard those creatures who find protection in you.
Awaken early and behold the sparkling dew.

Awaken, my friends, and you will see
The wonderful gifts God's given thee.
Be happy by being what you are,
And think on these things as you gaze at the morning star.

HATS OFF

. . . to the certain seniors who are now the "Chow Hounds" . . . to Gene Reed and his harem . . . to the Dumb Squad who really took it well . . . to the girls who've finally cleaned their rooms . . . to the boys who worked so hard on Military Field Day . . . to the love bug who's bitten so many people lately . . . to spring—Where is it? . . . to the girls who really support their Rec team . . . to the Baseball team who're still trying very hard . . . to the two girls who get into distilled water bottles in chemistry lab . . . to the 1960 Cyclops' staff who really worked hard . . . to the girls that decorated for and cleaned up after the Spring Formal . . . to Hoover who willingly joined the Band . . . to J. A. Guest for not allowing Hannah to snow him . . . to "Speedy" who finally got rid of his cast . . . to Doris and Don, they're going steady . . . to "Break" for always makes Jean's face red . . . Onions to the new baby pigeons . . . to the Freshmen girls who persist in walking under the arch . . . to all the boys or girls who go steady and are two-timers . . . to all the many stick-sheets going around lately . . .

Through These Gates With N.G.C. Alumni

SPOTLIGHT ON THE ALUMNI

Dear Alumni,

This section is dedicated to you. We offer you, through the **CADET BUGLER**, not only to keep up with what we are doing on campus today, but also to extend and renew contacts with friends whom you have not seen since graduation.

We sincerely hope that you enjoy this issue of the **CADET BUGLER** and that you will not hesitate to write and let us know what you think of it.

Sincerely,
Peggy Ivey,
Alumni Editor.

Homer T. Meaders, Sr., of the class of 1913, now resides at 816 Eve Street, Augusta, Ga. Mr. Meaders retired on July 1, 1959, and at the time of retirement was a laboratory engineer for the Georgia State Highway Department. He was captain of B company at the time of his graduating. He writes that his college days at N.G.C. (then North Georgia Agricultural College) were very pleasant, that the education he received has been very beneficial to him throughout his life and career, and that he is glad to be an alumni.

Both of his children, Mrs. Burt Kendall (Mary Elizabeth) of California, and Mr. Homer T. Meaders, Jr., also of California and a Public Relations consultant, attended N.G.C.

Mr. Meaders was also a Sigma Nu at N.G.A.C. and later attended Georgia Tech for post graduate work.

Walter E. Parker, Jr., 18-year-old Griffin High School senior, was named the Fourth District STAR Student because he made a higher score on the College Board Aptitude Test than any other student in the Fourth District. Each STAR student was asked to name the still active Georgia teacher who, in the student's opinion, made the greatest contribution to his scholastic achievement, and he named his eighth grade general science teacher, Mr. Layman Hattaway, also of Griffin.

Mr. Hattaway, a graduate of North Georgia College, taught at Lumpkin County High School before going to Spalding Junior High School in 1955. He is a member of the National, Georgia, and Spalding County Educational Associations, and serves as basketball and track coach and assistant football coach. He is also a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Jones T. Bond of Greensboro, Ga., a member of the class of 1918, is an agent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He married Irene Nelson and has three children.

Jacob Marvin Starr, 10½ Greenville Street, Newnan, Ga., is now president of the Coweta Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

He taught school ten years and was county superintendent from 1917-1950. He was in the class of 1902.

Of the class of 1934 was Brable Hutcheson, 527 Ryan Avenue, Apopka, Florida. He teaches at Dream Lake Elementary School. His wife is the former Catherine Willcox of Telfair County, Ga. They have two children, Larry and Jane, and hope to send them to college.

Hamon S. Akins attended N.G.C. 1945-1947. He is now executive vice-president of the United Banking Company of Nashville, Georgia. He and his wife, the former Norma Gaskin, live in Nashville, Ga.

Dennis D. Still of the class of 1912 now lives in Loganville, Ga. He is a retired school teacher and says that his future plans are to live a happy retired life. He is also pleased with the progress our school is making. His wife is the former Willie Brown, and they have one son, D. D. Still, Jr.

John R. Hines attended N.G.C. from 1922-1924. He is now president of the Citizens Bank of Hogansville, Ga. He has two children, John R. Hines, Jr., and Mary Hines.

George R. Bagley, RFD 1, Cumming, Ga., is of the class of 1941. He is now owner of the George Bagley Feed, Poultry, and Hatchery. He and his wife, the former Margaret Gazaway, have four children, Elaine, Susan, Angela and George, 9 months, who is the survivor of triplets born to the Bagleys in August, 1959.

Turner Warmack, 208 Whitley Road, Smyrna, Ga., is of the class of 1947. He is operations manager of the Moffatt Bearings Company. The former Joann Anderson is his wife, and they have one daughter, Karyn Susan.

Dr. Frederick G. McFall, Jr., 4219 Alberca Way, St. Petersburg, Florida, is of the class of 1948. He is now in private practice—oral surgery. His wife is the former Virginia Stevens Ray. They have two children, Fred, III, and James William. His future plans are to continue in the medical profession.

Captain George E. Mills is of the class of 1951; his wife, the former Mary Ruth Jones, is of the class of 1949. They have three children, Joseph, George, and Laura. 212 Castle Drive, Ft. Bragg, N. C., is their present address. He works with H.Q. 18th Airborne Corps as Assistant Intelligence Operations officer. He says that his future plans depend on the Army.

Mr. George A. (Pete) Whiten of the class of 1936 resides at 521 W. Enota Avenue, and is city manager for the

SPOTLIGHT ON THE ALUMNI

city of Gainesville, Georgia. His wife is the former Evelyn Bray of Manchester, Ga. They have three children, Sandy, Patty, and Pete, Jr. Sandy and Patty will enter N.G.C. in the fall of 1960.

Thomas H. Fry is editor and publisher of the **Douglas Enterprise** of Douglas, Ga. He is of the class of 1937. His wife is also a former N.G.C. student, Ruth Crumbley Fry, of Cornelia, Ga. They have two children, Tom, Jr., and David. Mr. Fry writes that he had the recent experience of a world tour with a Billy Graham Evangelistic Team which took them through the Orient, India, Holy Land, Egypt, Russia, and other European countries. He states that he is looking forward to renewing acquaintances with former instructors and townspeople when his son, David, possibly may enroll in the freshman class at N.G.C.

Billy C. Durant of the class of 1949 is now Regimental S-3 (Plans) and Training Officer, Headquarters 4th Training Regiment, Infantry, U.S. Army Training Center, Armor, Fort Knox, Ky. His wife is Miriam Brown of Hartwell, Ga., also a former N.G.C. student. They have two children, Donald and Brian.

P. C. Andrews, Jr., of 123 N. Love Street, Thomasville, Ga., is now an attorney. He graduated with the class of 1943. His wife is the former Miriam Wimpy of Thomasville, Ga. They have one child, Stephen.

Mr. T. T. McCurley of the class of 1928 now lives at 497 Pinecrest Road, Macon, Ga. He is director of the Dudley M. Hughes Vocational School. His wife is the former Irene Sanders. They have one daughter, Sara.

Mr. Jack Edwards of the class of 1915, now lives in Dawson, Ga. He is a cashier at the Bank of Dawson. His wife is the former Flora Jean McLendon, they have two children, Beth and Marilyn. Mr. Edwards writes that he enjoys receiving a copy of the **CADET BUGLER** and would like to continue receiving it. He finished Dahlonega in March, 1945, entered the Army in April, 1945, has been at the Bank of Dawson since separation in November, 1946. He states that a check will reveal that quite a few students from Terrell County have attended N.G.C. in the past few years, despite the long distance of some 240 miles.

"THE CONTRACT"

—Continued from Page 10

But understand! You get only one more chance. Now get out."

"Yes, sir," sighed John. It was raining outside. The leaves were being washed, and life flowed within them. Life once again flowed within him, too. He was grateful. Three F's would be beautiful always to him, for they represented a second chance, a chance that does not come to all men.

Competitors for the BEST DRILLED INDIVIDUAL on Field Day.

Front row, left to right, are Carolyn Jarrell, Betty Hopkins, Jane Stephens, Joy Busby, and Wanda West.

Back row: Ann Couch, manager; Mary Ann Feuchter, Linda Burnett, Betty Smith, Suzy Coons, and Mary Driver.

The North Georgia College first Girls' Rifle Team placed second in the National Rifle Association competition. The team scored 1964 points out of a possible 2000, and this score was topped only by the Boston University Team with a score of 1975.

The North Georgia team was awarded a total of seven trophies for scores in the match. The members of the first team were Driver, Coons, Smith, Burnett, and Busby. The second team placed tenth in the nation. The team is coached by SFC James K. Huther. Recently the team fired a shoulder match with Oglethorpe, defeating that team by 20 points.

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The Cadet

BUGLER

VISIONS ON THE FUTURE INCLUDE AN OBSERVATORY AND AN AQUARIUM. SEE PAGE FIVE

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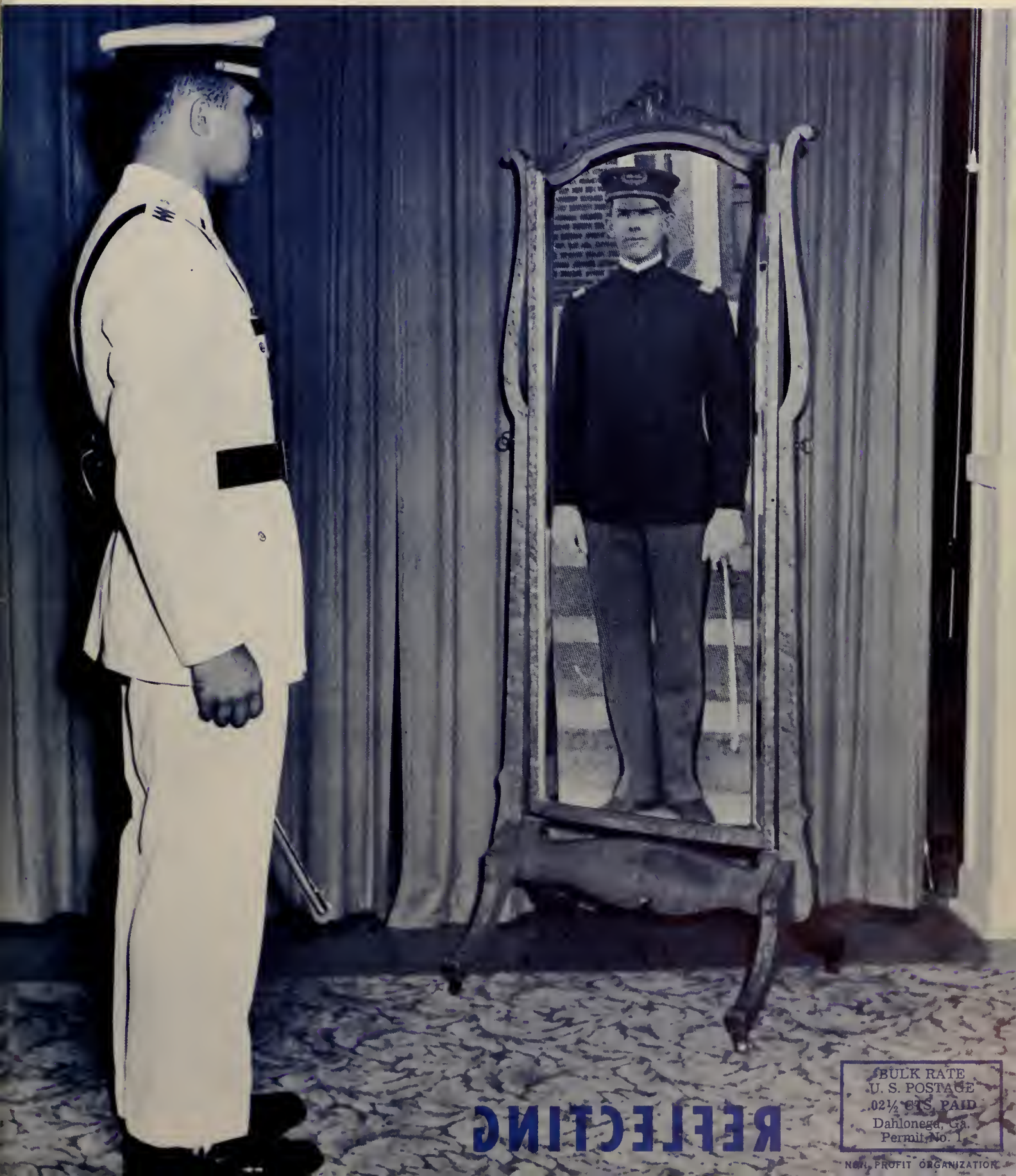

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The Cadet BUGLER

"VOICE OF NORTH GEORGIA COLLEGE"

IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIALS Page

Letters to the Editor 4
Bugler Notes — Diana Capps 4
Do You Know What to Do? 4

NEWS

North Georgia College Gets New Face 5, 6
Who's Who 6
Sweetheart Ball 7
Honorary Fraternities 7
Church News 7
Superlatives 6

FEATURES

The NGC That Used to Be 8
Light Touch 9
Club News 10
Job Opportunities on Campus 9
Girl's Changing Fashion in the Boy's Eye—Nancy Jordan 10

LITERARY

Faculty Poetry Shelf 12
The Good Ole Days —Lee Bradley 12
The Emancipation — Hurley Daughtrey 11
Christmas — Jane King 11
Helpless, Perhaps, But Not Hopeless — Bill Morgan 11

SPORTS

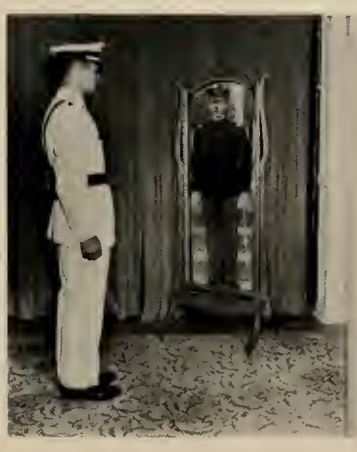
MEN'S SPORTS 13
Rifle Team, Football, Basketball.
WOMEN'S SPORTS 14
Volleyball, Swimming, Rat Day—Rat Court, Physical Education Classes

MILITARY

Distinguished Military Students 15
Scabbard and Blade 15
Newly Assigned Military Instructors 15
Officers' Club 15
Additions to Cadet Rank System 16
Noncommissioned Officers' Club 16
Summer Camp 16
Uniform Changes Throughout College History 16

ALUMNI

Spotlight on the Alumni 17, 18



ABOUT THE COVER

The theme of this edition of The Cadet Bugler is exposed when the reader allows his imagination to wander at random toward the future, while sending his remaining thoughts, guided by our pictures and articles, into the past at North Georgia College.

On the cover for this quarter's issue, we see cadet Colonel William M. Winn, in the cadet corps' newest uniform, reflecting into the times past at our college. Colonel Winn's image is seen in the mirror to be that of cadet Major F. P. King, commanding officer of the corps of cadets in 1914. *For more about the uniforms, see page* 16.

Throughout this issue, the contrast of old versus new is exemplified. Look inside and learn what has happened at N.G.C. in the past, and what the future promises, as we are . . .

REFLECTING AND ANTICIPATING

DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

So you wrote 40 volumes about the sex life of a mosquito. So you ran the two-minute mile. So you taught a flamingo to talk. So you saw a little green man. So you know what you can do about it? Write to Mr. Blew.

Your interests, your experiences, your achievements, your opinions, your thoughts—in short **you** are our subject. To represent you more accurately, the **Cadet Bugler** staff has placed a box, tabbed "Mr. Blew," in the canteen.

This issue of the **Cadet Bugler** introduces a new feature, "Leditors," in which you comment on current campus affairs. Your thoughts are voiced in other areas of the magazine also. Original poems, themes, book reviews, jokes, and stories by students and faculty fill several pages.

The staff welcomes news tips. If you have an announcement or any other news, drop a note in the box, and we will get the story. Also considered are contributions of funny incidents that you have witnessed or overheard.

The **Cadet Bugler** is "The Voice of North Georgia College." Make yourself heard.

LEDITORS

Dear Editor:

Here at a military school of such distinction, it seems that cadet manners should surpass those of civilians. However, some cadets slam the door in a lady's face or wait until she opens the door and rush through.—I do not direct this criticism to every cadet but chiefly to freshmen who have not adjusted to military manners.

Disillusioned.

Is cadet chivalry dead? The Bugler wants your opinion.

Dear Editor:

I am confused, mangled, and starved. Three days I've waited in this chow line. Three days I've not had one morsel of food. Each meal call I head the line, but thanks to upperclassmen's sharp elbows and putting-up friends, I find myself bringing up the rear. I'm not complaining because I'm always last, for I eventually work my way back to the front. It's just that I no sooner get there than it's time for the next meal. History repeats itself, and I am shoved to the rear. Does no one believe in lines?

Skinny Freshman.

Dear Editor:

I am taking this opportunity to say a few words to my fellow freshmen.

There is no need to extol the virtues to being an upperclassman, but to reach that exalted state, one must endure a year as scum of the earth. Survival is a matter of patience; someday you too will be a tyrant, maybe even Chief Dictator.

If you must retaliate, be subtle. For example:

There are persons on this campus who, when you come to inspeotion arms, snatch your rifle as if you had stolen it. There is a remedy. Simply push the bolt back only to the first catch. The officer will invariably stick his finger in to point out an imaginery speck of dust, and—ZOT—no finger. An alternate method is to take a half step backwards when he grabs for your weapon. He will miss, and his momentum will carry him over flat. This works, I assure you. I'll tell you about it when I get out of room confinement.

,(Name withheld for reasons of security)

Bugler Notes

"WE HAVE COME FORTH"

By Diana Capps

The year is 1873. She is an eager, starry-eyed young thing, bubbling with anticipation about her future. Her fresh, clear vision is not yet blurred by disillusionment. Standing "on the summit of an eminence overlooking the town and commanding an exceedingly beautiful view of the mountains," she dreams of the great men she will nurture.

In this her first year, North Georgia Agriculture College exists more as ambition than reality. She consists of four professors, four assistants, and a single building, once a government mint. Although the college is coeducational, academic emphasis rests on military, agriculture, and mechanic arts. Due to a book deficiency, students use the private library of D. W. Lewis, College President. Students live at home or board in Dahlonega.

The year is 1874. Her youthful enthusiasm confronts its first stumbling blocks. Report the College Trustees to the state board, "Nothing retards our usefulness so much as the lack of suitable chemical, philosophical, and astronomical apparatus." But they continue, "The future of the institution is bright. A desire to benefit the rising generation around us . . . will nerve our hands to contiue the noble work begun. Believing . . . that Providence helps those who first help themselves, we will ceaselessly labor on for a cause so elevating and beneficial in the results."

The year is 1878. Cruel, ravenous, lashing fire devours in one night the products of five years exhausting labor. The College building and records are destroyed. Held intact only by determination and prayer, the school improvises rooms in Dahlonega, purchases supplies, and organizes so promptly that only 48 hours of instruction are lost. "We shall at an early day come forth from the ashes," promise the Trustees.

The year is 1880. As the College moves into a new building, later known as Price Memorial in honor of the second president, jubilation overshadows the fact that there is still no school furniture.

The year is 1883. Almost smothered in debt and void of sufficient teachers and supplies ,the once optimistic girl now stumbles to her knees and cries, "We are pinched to such a degree that further retrenchment is, practically, an impossioility."

The year is 1929. Buildings spring up and progress continues. In her metamorphosis North Georgia Agriculture College sheds a mantle of tradition, becoming North Georgia College.

The year is 1941. Within two months after Pearl Harbor a group of North Georgia College students volunteer to serve as a unit in the Navy Air Corps as "Hell's Angels" and remain together throughout the war, distinguishing themselves in combat. That future cadets might clean rifles only to pass inspection and might wear crisp uniforms that will never be ruined crawling through filth of combat, more than 120 North Georgia men die in the war.

The year is 1960. She is stately, proud triumph, her greatness far surpassing the imagination of the enthusiastic 1873 youth. Because her fosterlings have always stood tall in time of peril, she may now reap the rewards. This year witnesses the completion of a 45 thousand-book library, a modern dormitory, and a gym sporting an indoor pool. Greater things will come, including an observatory and museum. Today North Georgia College fulfills her old promise, "We shall . . . come forth from the ashes."

NGC GROWS

TELESCOPES PROBE THE SKY FROM CROWN MOUNTAIN

This winter quarter the students taking Astronomy 350 will be the first to use the new observatory which is now in the final stages of construction.

The observatory, which is located on Crown Mountain behind President Hoag's house, is a gift of Dr. Corbett H. Thigpen, an alumnus of North Georgia College, who was recently made famous by his book and picture **The Three Faces of Eve.** The observatory will consist of three rooms, two 10 ft. X 12 ft., one on either side of the dome room, and the dome room which will be capped by a thirteen foot movable metal dome. This building will house two telescopes, one eight inch reflecting telescope, and a three and one half inch refracting telescope.

Astronomy 350 was once offered at North Georgia but due to insufficient equipment, it had to be dropped. This new observatory will make possible the renewal of this course and it will be taught winter quarter by Dr. M. C. Wicht.

According to Dr Wicht, the new observatory costs approximately fifty-six hundred dollars and was paid for by Dr. Thigpen.

PLANETARIUM INSTALLED IN PRICE MEMORIAL BUILDING

Asthonomy students will have access to not only an observatory but also a planetarium this winter quarter.

According to Dr. M. C. Wicht, a Spitz Planetarium is now being installed in the old college auditorium on the second floor of the Price Memorial Building. Very few of the students know this room as the old college auditorium since it has been used as a store room for the past few years.

The Spitz Planetarium, which cost about sixty-six hundred dollars, is an expensive instrument which duplicates the celestial sphere and movements of planets, stars, the moon, and other heavenly bodies.

Dr. Wicht, who is in charge of both the planetarium and the observatory, attended this summer a planetarium symposium at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History at the Case Institute in Cleveland, Ohio. The purpose of the visit was to acquaint himself with the technique of operation procedure, care, and maintenance of planetariums.

This planetarium will be used for lab work in Astronomy 350 which will be offered winter quarter and taught by Dr. Wicht.

The planetarium was also a donation to the school from Dr. Thigpen.

NEW SUBJECTS OFFERED

Beginning Winter Quarter, Astronomy and Meterology will be taught at North Georgia College. The prerequirements for these courses will be Mathematics 111 and Mathematics 206.

The Astronomy course will be a general study of the celestial sphere, the earth as a planet, and its moon, the solar system, the stars, our galaxy, and the exterior galaxies. The applications to the problems of Spherical Trigonometry will be used to determine latitude, longitude, and time. There will be demonstrations in the future college planetarium and telescopic observations in the future college observatory.

Meterorlogy is a course designed to acquaint one with its concepts in relations to other fields. Included will be such topics as air masses and fronts, cloud classification, precipitation mechanics, weather observation and fundamental forcasting theories, and interpretation of weather charts and diagrams.

Astronomy will be considered a math course and Meteorlogy will be an elective.

Pat Casey and Fred Ashcraft explore Memorial Hall.

North Georgia College will have a planetarium similar to this.

RENOVATION OF THE ADUITORIUM

A long range plan is being developed for the renovation of the old auditorium; however these plans cannot be devolped until next summer.

The top floor is to be furnished with tables and folding chairs similar to the present ones being used in the dining hall, but on a smaller scale. The auditorium will be used as a recreation center for small dances, movies, most of the dramatic club presentations, and as additional dining hall space if necessary.

A new stairway is also to be added which will permit more students to be served at once.

The expected number of freshmen attending North Georgia College in fall quarter of 1961 will greatly exceed that

(Continued on Page 6)

(NGC Grows—Con. from Page 5)

of previous years, and that will mean the needed addition of extra dining facilities. Most students feel that it will be well worth the expense if some of the present dining hall congestion can be exceluded.

With folding chairs and tables, the dining hall can be easily converted into an excellent place for parties and dances.

EXPANSION OF THE INFIRMARY

Mr. Gilbert said that although the money has not yet been appropriated for the expansion of the infirmary, the Board of Regeants will vote on the issue in the near future; and the appropriation will be approved. When the money is appropriated, the plans will be drawn up very quickly. Mr. Gilbert seems confident that the Board of Regeants will approve the appropriation sometime during the fall or winter quarter of this year. This will mean that the builders will be able to start on the infirmary extension before the end of the school year.

ADDITIONS TO PRICE MEMORIAL

The Price Memorial Building has undergone many changes in the last few months, but the changes made this summer and last year are just part of the ones outlined in the blue prints drawn up by the Thomas A. Bradley Firm in Atlanta. The rebuilding of the main floor was completed this summer after the college maintainence crew worked a year and a half and spent sixty thousand dollars to complete the job. Besides the new furniture and walls, new equipment has been placed in each office. The original plans include the remodeling of the basement. This part of the project will begin within the next few years when funds are made available.

Teachers' offices will be in the basement, and the third floor will be used for storage.

AQUARIUM BEGUN

The Biology Department of North Georgia College has recently announced that it plans to have an aquarium as a student-teacher project; eventually letting the students take over completely, if they show enough interest in the project. They plan for the inhabitants of the aquarium to be natives of the North Georgia streams and lakes.

At present the only inhabitants of the aquarium are a Blue Gill and several small minnows. Plans are being made for week-end trips to the nearby streams and lakes for the purpose of collecting fresh water snails, crabs, eels, and any other aquatic life suitable for the aquarium. All students interested in going on these trips and in helping with the aquarium during their free time time should contact either Dr. Forester or one of the other members of the Biology Department sometime in the near future.

LANDSCAPING

The President's Office of North Georgia College recently announced plans for a vast landscaping program for the east end of the campus. Work has already started on the area in front of the new gymnasium and plans have been made to have a road cut from the gymnasium through to the Gainesville Highway. These improvements are to be finished sometime in the present school year.

N. G. C.'s "WHO'S WHO"

Shown above are eleven cadets and five coeds who have been chosen to represent North Georgia College because of their scholastic achievements, sportsmanlike conduct, extracurricular activities, and other things which have tended to raise the standards of North Georgia College. Every year a deserving number of students are picked from the student body by the faculty, and they are registered in the ranks of Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

Pictured from left to right, front row, are: Milo P. Johnston, Eufaula Sosebee, Sandra Fisher, Peggy Ivey, Charlene Griffin, Nanci Cowart, Hurley Daughtrey, Second row: Luke L. Couch, Eidson E. Scholes, Jack Tippens, Robert W. Garth, Jr., Lawrence W. Drinkard, William M. Winn, Barclay E. Cox, Gerald Lord, Charles C. Breithaupt.

SUPERLATIVES ELECTED

Of recent interest on the North Georgia College campus was the election of the Senior Superlatives and Most Outstanding Underclassmen.

In these elections the student body voted on the Senior Cadets and Coeds who they felt would best fill such positions.

Chosen as Mr. N.G.C. was Cadet Colonel William Winn, Brigade Commander. His Coed counterpart, Miss N.G.C., is Peggy Ivey, an outstanding member of the Senior Class and President of Lewis Hall. The title of Most Dependable Boy went to Cadet Captain Warren Drinkard, Commander of Company Echo. Sharing this honor as the Most Dependable Girl is Nancy Cowart.

Cadet Lt. Colonel Charles Briethaupt, Commander of the Second Battle Group, received the honor of being the Friendliest Boy, while Jackie Lee was elected Friendliest Girl. Most Loyal Boy title went to Cadet Lt. Colonel Eddie Scholes, Commander of the First Battle Group. Terry Thomas was chosen the Most Loyal Girl.

Into the category of Most Versatile Boy was elected Lt. Colonel Gerald Lord, Executive Officer of the Brigade Staff. Chosen as Most Versatile Girl was Judy Fowler. Lieutenant Eddie Cobb, D. Company, was selected Most Athletic Boy, while Jessie Wilder was selected Most Athletic Girl. The title of Most Attractive Couple went to Robert Smith and Winifred Parris.

Among the Underclassmen, Tarver Averett and Pat Cannon were elected Most Outstanding Boy and Girl of the Junior Class. As Most Outstanding Boy and Girl of the Sophomore Class, the Student Body elected Cecil Chewning and Margaret Kennedy. Robert Jones and Linda Grant were named Outstanding Boy and Girl of Freshman Class.

Fellowship Activities

By Lynda Martin

Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians in Dahlonega all sponsor programs that link the NGC campus to the church.

The Baptist Student Union is made up of students who are members of the Sunday School, church, Training Union, or Young Women's Association. The B.S.U. meets each Friday at 1:00 p. m. in the Academic Building for program meetings. Every Thursday afternoon at 5:45 p. m. Vespers are held in the "Y" Lounge. October 28-30, fifteen members attended the Georgia Baptist Student Convention at the University of Georgia. The B.S.U. sponsors the annual Thanksgiving Sunrise Service, which was held on November 22. For a service program this year they will give a Christmas party for underprivileged children. Miss Sandra Fisher is president and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bryson are the advisors.

The Wesley Foundation is sponsored by the Methodist Church for the fellowship and enjoyment of all college students. Meetings are held each Sunday afternoon in the Wesley Foundation Student Center with a fellowship supper at 5:30 p. m. followed by an evening program. November 18-19, eighteen members attended the Georgia Methodist Student Movement at Emory University. Tarver Averett is president, Reverend Allen T. Newby is director of the foundation, and Art Holmes from Emory is assistant director.

Westminster Fellowship is the Presbyterian organization for students on college campus. Their meetings are held each Sunday at 5:30 p. m. with a free supper and evening program. David Boozer is president, Reverend Blake Brietenhirt, Jr., and Mr. Ben Sanders are the advisors.

New Students(?) On Campus

This fall quarter has brought with it many fine outstanding students. However, with the superior there always lies the digenerate. The particular ones referred to are an entirely new type of student at North Georgia College—dogs.

The curriculum of these animalls consists of roll over, boy; stand, boy; beg, boy; or shake, boy. Their classes are held in the college canteen, and snacks are served between lessons.

These canines have been controlling many of the activities here, especially the parades. It is amazing how quickly they have adjusted to military life. However, information has not been released as yet whether or not Dog Company has won any parades.

It may be interesting to note that Cdt. DFC. (Dog First Class) Foxy, most popular of these dumb animals, has been adopted and inoculated by Company Delta. Foxy was previously owned by Cadet Howard Floyd, a graduate of North Georgia College, 1960 class.

Sweethearts Line Up in Memorial Hall.

SWEETHEARTS PRESENTED AT BALL

On the evening of November 12, 1960, the Officers' Club sponsored its annual Sweetheart Ball at which the Sweethearts of the different companies were presented along with the Sweethearts of the staffs. Brigade Sweetheart was also announced.

Sweethearts are as follows: Miss Nancy Jordan, Brigade and Alpha Company; Miss Judy Fowler, Bravo Company; Miss Linda Grant, Charlie Company; Miss Angela Huggins, Delta Company; Miss Winifred Parris, Echo Company; Miss Linda Groover, Foxtrot Company; Miss Marjorie Gunn, Band Company; Miss Elva Bussy, First Battle Group; and Miss Glenda Selman, Second Battle Group.

The Sweetheart Ball marked two firsts. It was the first formal held in the new Memorial Hall and the first occasion for wearing the new Cadet Dress Whites. Couples danced to the music of "The Generals," a college orchestra making its debut at North Georgia.

Honorary Fraternities

North Georgia College has three honorary fraternities which require the acumen of the best students.

Alpha Psi Omega is a national honorary dramatic fraternity. To be a member, one must earn fifty points in the Dramatic Club through acting in plays, delivering speeches before an audience, or participating in productions of the Dramatic Club. Members are Hurley Daughtrey, Charlene Griffin and Lowell Mooney.

Nu Gamma is the highest scholastic honor awarded a student at North Georgia College. Seniors beginning their fall quarter with an average of not less than 2.45 in the upper 10% of their class are eligible. Juniors with an average of 2.7 are eligible in spring quarter.

Phi Alpha Theta is the National Honor Society in History. Purpose is to promote historical scholarship.

* * *

Elberta just plain talked too much
Of picture shows, boys, dates and such.
"Shut your trap," friends said at last,
And taped her mouth up good and fast.
But Elberta knew just what to do;
She wrote her gossip to Mr. Blew.

"THE GENERALS" DEBUT AT NORTH GEORGIA COLLEGE

A new organization, an orchestra, made its debut at North Georgia College on Saturday night, 12 November, when it provided music for the Sweetheart Ball.

The orchestra, organized and directed by Jack Wheeler, Senior, call themselves "The Generals."

"The Generals" consist of piano, Selwyn Hartley; drums, Don Diaz, Paul Smith; trombones, Joel Black, Cecil Chewning, Gwynne Floyd; trumpets, John Meyers, James Smith, Robert Kennedy; clarinet, Carl Naman; saxophones, Benjamin McDonald, Gary Robinson, Frank Barton; and vocalist, Jackie Lee.

States Mr. Wheeler, "We are proud of our progress and feel quite optimistic about future bookings. The orchestra has already received engagements for Christmas, New Year, and next spring."

THE N.G.C. THAT USED TO BE

Tall cotton or short man? Note the greenhouse in front of Price Memorial. This is North Georgia Agriculture College in 1907.

MINT

The old timer who declared "Thar's gold in them thar hills," was right. In 1828, gold was discovered in the hills of northeast Georgia, and the first gold rush in the history of the United States was underway.

Today there is still gold in these hills, but seldom is it mined. Some pleasure seekers and amateur geologists still pan small nuggets of the precious material, but the majority of Dahlonega's gold comes today from poultry farming, timber, and the pockets of the North Georgia College students.

Located in the midst of a gold mining area, Dahlonega became a site for a branch mint. Operations were begun at the Dahlonega mint in 1838 and were continued until February, 1861.

After the mint closed, the building remained unoccupied for several years. By an act of Congress, the structure in which the actual coining had been done was donated to the state of Georgia for educational purposes. The present administrative building for the college, Price Memorial Building, is located on the foundation which once supported the United States branch mint. With its gleaming tower of white, and newly renovated office area, Price Memorial is a splendid example of the transition from the NGC that used to be to the NGC which now we see.

SCHOOL OF MINES

In 1905, North Georgia Agriculture College established a School of Mines. As the school was situated in the heart of a mining section the students could gain firsthand experience visiting mines, dredges and power plants, and operated an assaying laboratory. In 1913 the college constructed a building "equipped in the most modern manner with mining, metallurgical, chemical and manual training apparatus."

Young man assaying in the North Georgia Agriculture College School of Mines in 1914.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

"At the head of all the sciences and arts, at the head of civilization and progress stands—not militarism, the science that kills, not commerce, the art which accumulates, but agriculture, the mother of all industry and the maintainer of human life." This statement appears in the bulletin of the North Georgia Agriculture College in 1919.

North Georgia College was first established as an agricultural college. The department of agriculture at the institute was therefore considered by many to be the most important, and consequently, was one of the best equipped.

Directly adjoining the campus was a forty acre farm and orchard which was cared for, along with an additional eighty acres of pastureland, by the students. The dormitory students farmed these forty acres and kept the school's dairy and beef cattle herds in order to partially defray their expenses.

Besides the actual acreage, the agricultural student had at his disposal, agricultural laboratories which were located in the West wing of the Industrial Building, which is now the Academic Building. In the basement of the same building, was a library and reading room for the agriculture department. In Bostwick Hall, on the site of our present library, was a dairy laboratory for the agriculture students.

Two separate courses of study in agriculture were offered. One was a four year course, while the other required only two years for completion. In addition to the normally required courses, agriculture students took subjects including Animal Husbandry, Poultry Husbandry, Horticulture, and Veterinary Science. In the two year course, agriculture courses were substituted for the normal math and English subjects. The two year course resulted in the student's receiving a Certificate in Agriculture from the institution, whereas the four year course merited the Bachelor of Science degree.

After the year 1927, when the name of the institute was changed to North Georgia College, it dropped the department of agriculture.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT

North Georgia Agricultural College's Military Department was organized early in the Spring quarter of 1877. The battalion of cadets was organized into two companies, A and B, which then, as now, were officered by cadets. Officers were chosen from the higher classes for their proficiency and skill in the various elements of drill. To those present-day cadets who perhaps have wondered what is the purpose of drill, the 1920 college bulletin had this to say:

> "We find that the drill gives to the students exercise which is absolutely essential to health of body and mind and which many students wouldn't get if they weren't required to drill."

The early students were furnished wool uniforms for wear during the school year and cotton uniforms for those who desired to attend summer camp. Any student who would enter the advanced course ROTC was given his rations free. How does that sound for contract pay?

THE LIGHT TOUCH

One down and two to go. Quarters that is. With only finals yet to come you can breathe a sigh of relief that you have almost finished that history course—or could it be that history has almost finished you? Studying and brass-polishing aside, there have been light moments in this quarter, too.

As always, confused freshmen have begun their college career with a number of interesting bloopers. One brand new rat puzzled for several minutes over the nature of those strange weapons some cadets were carrying onto the drill field. Then a brainstorm hit. "Those are instruments! They have a BAND!"

An eager "cadut regret" was observed beginning a flag salute at the five o'clock bell and continuing it throughout the first bugle, the cannon and the final bugle.

Upperclassmen have done several unconventional things too. Take the shout of one earnest first sergeant, "What's the best campany on compass?" A knowing platoon leader instructed his platoon sergeant, "Fall out and make mistakes!"

Latest "D" Company chant is, "Please Captain Whitehead, I don't wanna drill."

? ? ?

Dear Friendless Friend,

Because Monday came on Friday instead of Tuesday, you are invited to a Christmas Eve party the afternoon of Easter morning, March 24.

The party will begin at 12 below zero, providing the sun is hot. Dinner will be spaghetti at 10 cents a yard.

Admission is free to all children over 80 years old. Orphans are requested to bring their parents.

The boat will leave the airport at one o'clock P. M. in the morning. If you miss the boat start swimming for the train, as we don't charge admission for waiting.

When you reach the corner drug store in the middle of the block, you will know that you are at the wrong place. Our address is above, but we don't live there anymore.

Please be on time as we don't expect you at all, and we would like to be surprised. However, if you insist on coming, that will be okey because we won't be home.

Two shots will be fired at each guest. Anyone found dead will be tried and shot at sunrise as the sun goes down. Two legless men will run for the undertaker.

Now for the news around home from abroad. The sun has been shining all week, and things are beginning to get wet. Aunt Ruthie died last night, but she is fine now.

I'm sending you a coat by express. I cut the buttons off to make it lighter. They are in the pocket.

I had better close as it is getting early. If you don't get this letter, let me know and I'll send it to you.

Sincerely mine,
Somebody else.

P. S.: I would have sent the dime I owe you, but this letter was already sealed and mailed.

College Features Pupil Employment

Cigarettes, books, supplies, clothes, cokes, cleaning, dates—a little here, a little there and poof!—blown is next month' allowance from home. What to do? Jump off the Academic Building? Stick up Dahlonega National? Nope. There is hope.

North Georgia College offers students an opportunity to earn money through campus student employment in the canteen, the chow hall, the library, and the Cadet Command post. Students are also employed as movie operators, laboratory assistants, office workers, Lewis Hall monitors, and College publications editors. Salary for most of these jobs is 55 cents per hour.

Employment applications are now available in the Comptroller's Office and in the main business office. Each application is carefully considered by the Student Aid Committee which places the student in a job determined by his ability, his amount of free time, his grades, and his need of financial assistance. To obtain and maintain most of these jobs, a student must have a "C" average.

Yes, sir, I knew you was one of them North Georgia boys from the first time I laid eyes on ya!

CLUBS DISCLOSE OFFICERS, PLANS

Officers of the **Biology Club** are Jack Tippens, President; Eufaula Sosebee, Vice-President; Pat Cannon, Secretary-Treasurer; John Archer, Parliamentarian; and Dr. H. B. Forester, Faculty Advisor. Dr. Harry Orear, President of the Medical College of Georgia, has been invited to speak to the club in January.

Officers of the **Business Administration Club** are Jeff Grider, President; Lamar Cantrell, Vice-President; Jackie Lee, Secretary; and Sandra Fisher, Treasurer. A North Georgia graduate will be guest speaker at a meeting Winter Quarter.

Officers of the **Dramatics Club** are Rudolph Butler, President; Selwyn Hartley, first Vice-President; Bernice Parks, second Vice-President; Kay Gissendaner, Secretary; and Sulane Stone, Reporter. The Dramatics Club will sponsor three chapel programs this year and wil lalso bring **A Midsummer Night's Dream** to the campus.

Officers of the **Home Economics Club** are Sue Mills, President; Margie Gunn, Vice-President; Hilda Hammond, Secretary; June Brooks, Treasurer; and Mary Ann Feuchter, Reporter. All of the programs this year will be based on the White House Conference for Children and Youth. Miss Elizabeth Donavan, Director of Elementary Education at Emory University, who attended the conference, spoke at the November meeting of the club.

Officers of the **Physics Club** are James D. Hardy, President; Dan Harpold, Vice-President; and James D. Watson, Secretary-Treasurer. Several field trips were planned for the year and guest speakers presided at some of the meetings.

Officers of the **Radio Club** are James D. Hardy, President-Co-ordinator; and Dean F. Biskey, Secretary-Treasurer. Several field trips were made, among which was a visit to Radar Ridge.

Officers of the **Student N.E.A.** are Charles Cook, President; Mary K. Sheats, Vice-President; Bernice Parks, Secretary; Lucy Andrews, Treasurer; Dottie Harrison, Uublicity Chairman; Southard, advisors. The Used Book Store and the Faculty Children's Party are two chief projects of the club.

Officers of the **Y.W.C.A.** are Sharlene Griffin, President; Sulane Stone, Vice-President; Nancy Cowart, Treasurer; and Mrs. M. E. Hoag, advisor. **Y.M.C.A.** officers are Hurley Daughtry, President; Johnny Deen, Vice-President; Jack Tippens, Treasurer; and Dr. H. B. Forester, advisor. Y's have secured Rev. Frank Crawley of Decatur as guest speaker for Spiritual Week in February.

FASHION STEPS FROM BUTTON-UP SHOES TO FRUIT BOOTS

By Nancy Jordan

At approximately 7 o'clock on any weekday morning, the doors of Lewis Hall are flung open, and out comes a parade of coeds in various and sundry garbs, so thinks the cadet of NGC. It takes only a few minutes of blinking for the lids at half-mast to be opened, and for the comments and chuckles to begin. The cadet so trimly dressed in his uniform can hardly understand where in the world these coeds concocted such costumes as they are seen in each day. But the coeds have spent many hours of tiring shopping and planning to be certain of wearing only the "latest in fashion."

We take your cuts and smirks all in stride because we have a secret—it used to be worse, cadets! If you think we look like we just got out of a rummage sale here in 1960, you should have been around at the turn of the century.

After all, the only things you have to shoulder this day and time are fruit boots, "wheels" (to the less-informed, this is a sophistocated name for our tennis shoes), bulky knit sweaters flung over a pleated skirt, shoes with a toe like the point of a bayonet, and hair that looks like it was set with fire crackers.

In 1915, the dress was altogether different—(and I think you'll be glad)! For the classroom, the stunning young coed was clad in black stockings, button-up shoes, an ankle-length skirt, highlighted by a middy blouse and topped with a 12-inch bow in her hair.

Think about it, cadets, how would you like to look across the tennis net and see this costume staring you in the face? You might be glad the net was between you. Fashions have changed for the better, boys, you'll have to admit.

Boys Comment On Fashions

Since the motive behind these fashion changes is to please a masculine eye, we are printing some cadet opinions on coed dress.

Bo Thompson, Senior, "I don't like the squashed heels, but I like to see girls wear fruit boots. In general, their appearance is very good."

Barclay Cox, Senior, "I think they're sharp-especially the pointed toe shoes!"

Durwood Horn, Senior, "I doesn't know!"

Bill Royal, Junior, "I especially like the skirts and sweaters."

Bill Branch, Sophomore, "I think they're wonderful!"

Jim Garrett, Freshman, "Most of the girl's fashions have changed for the better, but I don't like some of the guady additions like tinted hose, green nail polish, and too bright eye-shadow.

Tennis anyone? Old fashion contends with the new, and it looks like quite a match. Left: Members of the 1907 college tennis club sport the playclothes of the smart Gibson Miss. Right: Barbara Cannon and Gay Rhodes in today's bermuda ensembles are game for any fashion contest.

Christmas

By Jane King

Christmas is a time of cold days, warm hearts, colored lights, friendly smiles and the celebration of the most wonderful event ever told. During the holidays we find many ways to show our love and trust in our fellow man.

Christmas is a twinkle in a child's eye, a time of spruce trees and holly wreaths that decorate many doors and city blocks, and of parades with bandsmen clad in their bright uniforms with instruments blending harmoniously in the familar carols. Christmas is the impression of a jolly old man drawn by a sleigh with eight reindeer; it is those mysterious gifts under the tree and the stockings hanging from the mantle.

It is also a time when people think of those less fortunate than they. It is a time of sharing and friendliness.

In the home Christmas is a merry time—from the baking of desserts to the trimming of the tree. Happy reunions and many surprises occur during this season.

At school the children are also celebrating Christmas. They have colorful bulletin boards and many art periods devoted to portraying their views of the season.

The ringing of bells beckons us to the church where people are kneeling to pay tribute to Him.

Christmas is more widely celebrated than any other holiday. It is welcomed joyfully by everyone because during this season the spirits of men are lifted.

THE EMANCIPATION

By Hurley Daughtrey

The rain which had been so heavy in the earlier afternoon had subsided to a drizzling mist. The grey of approaching night joined with the gentle veil of rain to give an impression of falling asleep. But he wasn't falling asleep; the numbness in his hand and arm was sliding away and would shortly be followed, he acknowledged rather absently, by unsubsiding pain. He began to clench his teeth to forestall his brutal awakening, though he knew it would come and he had nothing to stop it. He had stopped the bleeding with the very rags of his clothes ripped from his body by the shell burst. He gazed at the ground he lay on; the blood and rain formed small pink pools, and he thought, "Mother Nature I grant thee my body to add to thy landscape." Mother Nature thanked him with a jolt of fiery pain starting in his hand and going to his shoulder. He grasped and felt for a cigarette. Gratefully he closed his fingers around the limp and crumpled pack. He managed to light the small cylinder of preoccupation and thought, "Donna Nobis Pall Malls." He breathed a little easier.

When the shelling started he had been searching for the wounded. He had found one badly injured private and was trying without success to locate the ends of the major blood vessels of the stump that remained of his left leg. The man was already dead; he turned quickly to another who was holding his head and moaning softly and unintelligibly. He had started to determine the extent of the other's injury when the myriad whine-roars of shells enveloped him. He dropped to the ground without thinking. The man he had been caring for suddenly opened his eyes and stared wildly. He must have screamed but the all muffling WHUMPF of exploding shells drowned him out. He grasped the other convulsively and tightly. Then his eyelids slowly closed and his hands saged and fell away. The man twitched once and did not move again.

He had been through shelling before. It was nothing new; not in itself. But the fear was always new. And after it was over, the screams and whimpers, the anxious calls for Mother or Mary or Jesus could never be gotten used to. With each agonized tremor of the earth, the salty and clutching fear gained more control over his body. The absence of choice presented itself in obscene drama: to lie there was to die, to arise was to die, to live was to die. Without summoning his body, he found himself arising and his feet churning. Each concussion almost swept him off his feet. The blinding glare of each burst starkly illuminated the field of death before him. Each shell made its own heat and he felt that before he ever died, his blood would boil in his veins.

He ran blindly. His feet took him he knew not where. The only haven that existed for him lay in a nearly destroyed farm. With Resurrection Day fervor he pleaded in grunted tones to God to deliver him.

A small part of that deliverance came in the form of a dead enemy, whose body lay in his path. He stumbled and went sprawling. As he attempted to right himself, the whine-roar of a solitary shell announced itself superior, by proximity, and he realized vaguely that the old saying about not hearing the one that gets you was untrue. He did not really hear it explode; he was conscious only of being engulfed and swept aside by a living, gyrating combination of brilliance and force. There was no pain; when the tide of power and push had ebbed, he automatically searched his body for wounds, not even realizing he was still alive. He was temporarily blind, and he perceived that he had no left hand, but his right felt a warm and wet object formed alternately

Continued on Page 14

HELPLESS, BUT NOT HOPELESS

By Bill Morgan

The freshman members of North Georgia College's cadet corps don't stand a chance. Maybe you think that's a fatalist's point of view, but I'll bet you won't have any trouble finding freshman boys to back up my fatalistic beliefs. From the first Sunday afternoon when, after he's sure all the parents have left the building, the poor new cadet's first sergeant moves his recruits into the lobby and says, "Gentlemen, I'm your first sergeant," the recruit's life is one of discontent and sometimes utter misery. His physical body is tortured to the utmost by the monotonous counting of cadence to which his feet must endlessly pound the sod of the drill field; his mind is crowded with thoughts of what to do and what not to do, and a myriad of senseless names and numbers known as a "poop-sheet" to learn plus the omnipresent thoughts in the back of his mind like "What am I doin' here?" His temper is tested to the breaking point when some officer or N.C.O. gives him "down the country" for what he considers an insignificant detail, such as forgetting to make up his bed one morning or something similar. He is emotionally sound if after his indoctrination in the ways of military life and his first dust inspection he doesn't cry like a baby or cuss like a sailor.

But cheer up boys, the worst is yet to come. Seriously, however, don't let the military life get the best of you. Thousands of men have gone on before you and have lived through it. It can be done, and we're sure you'll do it. I guess. . . .

Faculty Poetry Shelf

OCTOBER—1932

By Ewell Pigg

The morning air breathes out an incense rare
Whoe haze seems hung o'er all the curtained hills
And somehow all the peaceful splendor there
Seems as an altar that some druid fills.
Yes, listen to his messangers on high
With magic call and slowly drifting flight
The wild geese float across the azure sky
The only moving objects seen in sight.
October, priest of rites at summer's death
So fair and quiet you make her ending seem
That even though we'll hoard as memory's wealth,
Her every hour, you soften and like dreams
Make these, her last hours, seem not half so sad
As we had feared when all her joys we had.

SEPTEMBER—1957

By Ewell Pigg

Dim in my memory are those childhood days
That might be likened to life's budding March.
Vivid and full of pain in many ways
Are my life's summer months of drought and parch.
Now fall is here for I am fifty-two
And I am glad for nature's fall to me
Has always brought those moods of deeper hue
And pangs of wonder that this world can be,
And I be part of it. Yet I fear not
The winter months to come for I have lain
Deep in the snow and felt my frigid cot
Not one whit cold, but warm and free from pain.

* * *

Phillagreen was a talented poet;
Wrote a verse and wanted to show it.
His friends all scoffed and didn't have time
To listen to his lovely rhyme.

Phillagreen's down in Who's Who now.
With generals and presidents he eats chow,
Because he once knew what to do.
He had sent that poem to Mr. Blew.

AUTUMN

By Susie M. Harris

My soul stands on the great threshold
Of God's bronzed earth which fall foretold.
My heart leaps up to view a tree
With arms outstretched to welcome me.
My soul sails forth beyond the blue
Adrift on clouds to worlds anew.
My soul flames forth within my breast
To view a sunset in the west.
My soul is bowed in fervent prayer
In thanks for nature's gentle care.
My soul serenely folds its wings
And waits for what the winter brings.

Emancipation—Con. from Page 11

of incredible softness and brutal sharpness. His left arm was strangely and pleasantly warm and otherwise numb. Realizing that he was wounded, he was drunkenly amazed that he could still walk, at least after a fashion. As his sight returned, he continued his flight, but slowly.

(Continued on Page 14)

Pass In Review

By Sandra Fisher

"Pass in review," calls the colonel.
Five hundred uniformed figures move forward.
Each confident in his leader, in himself,
To meet the world tomorrow.

Uniform outward appearance disguises many things.
Each cadet is here
To accomplish goals, dreams, and plans
Which will carry him forward many a year.

Around the campus stroll coeds,
The spice of the campus picture.
Sometimes helpful, sometimes not, always confusing,
Nevertheless a permanent fixture.

Next are the potters, the faculty,
Theirs is the responsibility of molding our minds.
Thus are they a link between present and past
For their duty, when done, may influence all mankind.

THE GOOD OLE DAYS

By Lee Bradley

Of all the tales that flow out of my father's carefree youth, there are three that are constantly on my mind.

The most hilarious of his childhood pranks is the escapade with the Negro's ice cream. On a hot, arid day in the spring of 1925, in Hawkinsville, Georgia, the little Negro Huelan was quietly strolling down the broad, oak-shaded street having the time of his life. His dirty, black, shoeless feet were stinging from the hot dirt; his faithful spotted dog tagged obediently by his side. Between the short strains of "Dixie" that he whistled, he licked the rapidly melting strawberry ice cream that he had just bought with his week's allowance. Around the corner, lying in mischevous ambush, was my father with his two older brothers. Patiently they waited; waited for just the right moment to jump the Negro and get his delicious ice cream.

Huelan, unaware of their presence, was quite surprised when my two uncles held him while my Dad finished the half-eaten cone. With a smile on his face, Dad swears it was the best ice cream he has ever eaten.

Another incident that is vivid in Dad's past is the one involving a new string of extra-loud firecrackers. When he was twelve, my father tells me, he was strongly encouraged to drop a string of firecrackers inside the privy occupied by their cook. On tiptoe he tacitly slipped up to the structure and crouched at the door. Suppressing a giggle, he inserted the lighted firecrackers into the crescent on the door. Before he could make his rapid escape, which must have been rather slow, the cook was on him, broom and all. Like the entire Sioux nation, she fought. With blood-chilling yells and a strong arm, she

(Continued on Page 14)

BRAVO COMPANY TAKES FOOTBALL

On Saturday, October 8, the first game of the 1960 football season opened with Echo Company playing Delta. James Yancey scored the lone touchdown of the game to make the final score Echo-6, Delta-0.

The second game saw Bravo's Gerald Lord break loose for sixty yards and the only touchdown in that game to put Bravo on top, 6-0, over Alfa.

The following Saturday, Gaillard Hall was in the spotlight as Alfa met Charlie. Ronnie Roper scored twice, and Lars Pierson booted a field goal and an extra point, as Charlie emerged the victor, 16-0.

After the Alfa-Charlie game, Delta and Foxtrot fought a stale-mate battle with neither team scoring. At the end of the game the penetration play off was put into effect, whereby each team was given four downs in which to move the ball. Foxtrot managed a 1-0 win on the penetration point.

The next football Saturday saw Bravo meeting Charlie for the First Battle Group Championship. This game was also shaping up to be a penetration playoff, but on the last play of the game Charlie attempted to kick from their own end zone. Amidst the confusion and excitement of the dwindling moments of a tight game, Charlie's kicker stepped back out of the end zone to take the snap from center, scoring an automatic safety for Bravo to make the final score Bravo 2, Charlie 0.

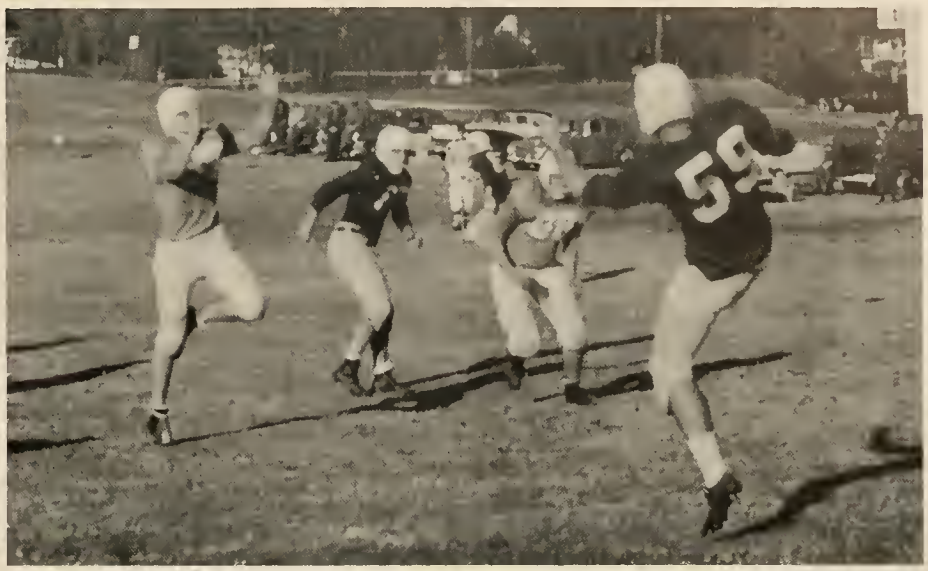
Bravo's Nelson and Lord intercept Charlie pass as the gold and white leap for the ball.

The penetration playoff again put in an appearance in the Second Battle Group playoff as Joe Satterfield scored for Foxtrot and James Yancey scored for Echo to produce another tie. This time Foxtrot lost the penetration playoff as Echo won, 1-0.

The following Friday saw Delta take 5th place over Alfa as Allen Gattis scored once, Buddy Melton intercepted an Alfa pass and lateraled to James Bowden who scored, and Buddy Hopkins kicked one extra point. The score was 13-0.

On Saturday Foxtrot played Charlie for third place. For the third time Foxtrot found themselves in a penetration playoff. This time Charlie made more penetration yardage to win, 1-0.

In the final game of the season, Bravo met Echo for the championship. Randy Nelson scored early for Bravo with Pete Turner adding the extra point. Gerald Lord scored again for Bravo late in the fourth quarter. Thus, Bravo took first place with a 13-0 victory over Echo to close out the 1960 football season.



Stone punts Echo out of danger as Hanson and teammate attempt a block for Foxtrot.

BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS

The North Georgia College Cadets, under the direction of Coach Rufus Hackney, opened their basketball season November 30 in a contest with Berry College. It was the first game played in the new Memorial Hall. Scores from this game and those with Mercer and Georgia State were not available at this printing. Tomorrow night the Cadets meet West Georgia College on the court.

Returning lettermen from last year are Jimmy Carter, Cecil Chewning, Jackie Ragsdale, Mike Clark, and Robin Miller. Other home games are as follows:

December 9	**West Georgia**
December 10	**Berry**
January 11	**Piedmont**
January 14	**LaGrange**
January 27	**Valdosta State**
January 28	**College of Charleston**
February 11	**College of Charleston**
February 15	**Piedmont**
February 17	**Shorter**

RIFLE TEAM SHOOTS FOR TOP HONORS

Beginning the year with a bang, the North Georgia College rifle team won the first three out of four matches. In a triple match with Tech, the University of Tennessee, and North Georgia, the cadets lost by a small margin to Tennessee, one of the top teams in the nation. Shooting 285, Nick Johnston led cadet scoring in this match. Both the University of Georgia and Jacksonville fell before the North Georgia firing squad with Bill Surls shooting high both times, 291 and 289.

Scores from other rifle matches were not available at this printing.

The December schedule includes a match with Notre Dame on the tenth and the Hearst Trophy Match to be fired against teams throughout the nation. Exact date for this match has not been posted. Last year North Georgia College placed third in the Third Army. In January the cadets will contend in the Army Area Intercollegiate Match.

Returning rifle team members this year are Warren Williams, captain; Nick Johnston, co-captain; Bill Surls; Bill Brown; James Carlile; and Larry Marchesseau. Tommy Terrell is team manager. New firers are Doug Davy, John Adams, John Spotts, Victor Brown, and Robert Ellis. Team coach is Sfc. Wilkins; team advisor, Captain Jules C. Trepagnier.

PHYSICAL ELUCATION SCHEDULE RELEASED

The women's physical education department, headed by Miss Joyce Fowler, has released the winter sports schedule for freshman and sophomore girls. Freshman girls will "battle it out" in volleyball classes this winter quarter and will learn such folk and square dances as the Danish Schottisch, Green Sleeves, Gustav's Skold, and Left-Hand Lady Under.

On the agenda for sophomore girls is a swimming course designed for beginning, intermediate, and advanced swimmers. The latter part of the quarter is devoted to basketball fundamentals.

The physical education department offers specialized courses for elementary and secondary education majors and for physical education majors. The former learn children's recreational activities, while the latter gain firsthand experience by assisting Miss Fowler.

(Emancipation—Con. from Page 12)

His fear had vanished, and only the small whisper of getting to the farmhouse remained as any consciousness. The fire and fury of the hell behind were as stones on the road, to be dodged, since they could possibly delay, but otherwise quite harmless. He crossed over a hill and at length became aware of the driving rain and hard wind. The path he had been following gradually widened into a kind of road and he stayed clear of the wheel tracks, especially those of the caissons, for they were steeped in mud. He was deathly tired now, but the walking seemed to require no effort. The farmhouse now appeared down the road, and he felt a sort of tacit triumph in having seen the beautiful, lovely shambles of a spoil of war.

(To be continued next issue)

Volleyball Introduces New Setup

Volleyball, which begins the athletic competition between the four Rec clubs at North Georgia College each year, has been underway since the first of November. The games started November fifteenth, but the results were not available at the time of this writing.

In order to pick their teams, each Rec club held seven practice matches. To qualify for the team, a girl had to attend at least four of the seven practice games and know the fundamentals of the game.

This year each Rec club has two teams. One team is in the Blue League, the other is in the White League. In this way more girls are able to participate in the games. Each Blue League team plays two matches against the others; the White League follows the same procedure. The winner of each match is the team which wins two games out of three. Finally, the champion Blue team plays the champion White team to determine who will play against the All-Stars for the trophy. The All-Star team is composed of the best players from each of the other teams.

This year the teams are composed of six girls instead of eight, as they were last year. The teams play on the official size court of the new gym. Referees for each game are chosen by the teams from the other two Rec clubs.

By participating in volleyball, girls earn points toward the sports award emblem and a sweater. Three hundred points are needed for an emblem, and six hundred points are needed for a sweater.

(Ole Days—Con. from Page 12)

quickly obtained her revenge. This seems to have taught Dad a lesson, for he declares it was the last time he ever pulled a trick like that.

My Dad was continually on the alert for opportunities to display his mischevous talents. Halloween always presented the best. One year, the entire main street of Jesup was "decorated" with about one hundred fifty discarded, broken-down toilets. The inspiration for this artistic streak of exterior decoration was first received in the city junk yard. Practically all the citizens of Jesup had refurnished their bathrooms during Home Improvement Month. One old toilet, bearing the sign

—HAPPY BIRTHDAY—

was deposited in front of each business establishment in town. With the aid of three of his friends and after five hours' work, Dad had given the town "that new, modern, self-expressive look."

Experiences like these, unheard of today, were integral parts of Dad's youth and must have made his youth twice as exciting as mine.

Physical education classes have indeed changed over the years. At one time North Georgia coeds even worked out with dumbbells. Here a 1906 physical culture class prepares for hoop drill.

Rats Describe Ordeal

By Ann Konigsmark and Jenni McMillan

On Monday, October 10, we, the rats, endured perhaps one of the most humiliating, exasperating, embarrassing experiences of our lives.

The day began at 4:00 A. M. when a small platoon of us did a few cadences around Gaillard and Barnes Halls. However, we were quick to retreat when the invectives began to burst like steam from within those fair portals. At 6:00 A. M., under the leadership of club officers, the freshman girls were drilled innumerable times around the field. With hoarse voices and raw feet, we dragged to breakfast where we were directed to eat a square meal. While we tried to get much needed strength, the boys emptied the book-filled laundry bogs on the drill field. Having eaten breakfast, we stumbled from the dining hall and found a mountain of books on the wet drill field.

Every free period, the rats were put through excruciating ordeals in the canteen. The upperclassmen girls outdid themselves creating embarrassing tasks for the victims. Since the recollection of this strikes terror in our souls, we will not elaborate further.

The ordeal was climaxed by Rat Court in the auditorium at 7:30 P. M. Dressed in our oldest clothes, we rats waited to be called individually into the darkened auditorium. Throbbing drums and screams created the atmosphere of the "court." Here the blindfolded, barefoot rats dan down a balloon-infested aisle. The victims' faces were pushed into peanut butter, syrup, and spaghetti. Later each of us was assigned a punishment and given "refreshments." By 10:00 P. M. everyone had been initiated, and the rats of 1960 were no more.

Distinguished Military Students are from left to right: First row, J. R. Adams, III, Gerald Lord, W. M. Winn, G. M. Lovelace, O. E. Melton, J. R. Davis, R. W. Sheffield, C. L. Cantrell; Second row, P. S. Sumpter, B. E. Cox, C. E. Hopkins, C. C. Breithaupt, J. R. Carlile, J. K. Tippens, M. P. Johnson, L. T. Mooney; Third row, R, W. Turner, L. L. Couch, E. E. Scholes, L. W. Drinkard, R. W. Garth, J. D. Whitehead, R. J. Grider.

D. M. S. ANNOUNCED

To become a Distinguished Military Student, cadets must meet certain standards. First, they must have outstanding qualities of leadership. Second, they must be of high moral character. Third, these men must show a definite aptitude for military service. These first three characteristics are prerequisite and are supplemented by an academic standing in the upper half or top ten percent of their graduating class.

If the students' academic grades are not in the upper half of this class but his military grades place him in the top ten percent, his academic standing is waived.

An apparent ability to lead, demonstrated in campus activities, enable those chosen to become Distinguished Military Students and to be able to apply for Regular Army Commissions upon graduation, through the Distinguished Military Graduate program of the Army.

Those students thought most fit to become Distinguished Military Students by the Military Department with concurrence of Dean Young and General Hoag are so designated prior to going to Summer Camp.

At Summer Camp these "tentative" Distinguished Military Students are closely observed by the Camp Cadre to see if they meet the standards designed by the Army. They are checked by thorough and continuous observation through all phases of training received. If found acceptable by the Qualified Army Instructors the students receive their Distinguished Military Students' rating.

* * *

A paratrooper dropped in one day.
Felt let down, he wanted to say.
Telling folks was quite a task—
Couldn't get through his oxygen mask.
Then his complaint was known by all
When he wrote Mr. Blew about his fall.

Scabbard and Blade Elects New Members

Scabbard and Blade company officers are J. D. Whitehead, Captain; Gerald Lord, First Lieutenant; L. W. Drinkard, Second Lieutenant; and J. D. Watson, First Sergeant. Other members are: Banks, L. G.; Breithaupt, C. C.; Davis, J. R.; Garth, R. W.; Melton, O. H.; Scholes, E. E.; Sumpter, P. S.; Winn W. M.

Nine new members, commonly known as DUMBSQUATS, were initiated in November. Each of the following met the qualifications for entrance: Blount H. P.; Cox, B. E.; Hoover, J. C.; Hopkins, C. E.; Horne, F. D.; Johnson, M. P.; Mooney, L. T.; Sheffield, R. W.; Turner, R. W.

Membership in Scabbard and Blade is one of highest attainments that a cadet can obtain at North Georgia College.

Candidacy for membership in the Scabbard and Blade is by election only, and a candidate's fitness is determined by his character, proficiency in military science and tactics, outstanding leadership abilities, and academic standing.

Purpose of this organization is to supplement the training program of the military department in order that the junior class be better prepared for the summer field training at Fort Benning next year.

New Officers Join Military Department

North Georgia College has two new officers on its military staff this year, Captain Albert B. Kitchen, Jr. and Captain Jules C. Trepagnier.

Captain Kitchen, born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1927, graduated from Clemson College in 1949, where he was battalion commander. He received a Regular Army Commission in the Infantry and served in six campaigns in Korea with the 24th Division, earning such awards as the Silver Star, Bronze Star, Purple Heart, and others. After returning to the United States in December, 1951, Captain Kitchen attended the Army Language School and mastered the Russian language. He was transferred to Europe in 1954, and was assigned to the 529th Military Intelligence where he studied German and was promoted to Captain in 1957. He returned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, as Assistant S-3 of the 519th Military Intelligence Battalion. From here, he was assigned to North Georgia College.

Captain Kitchen is married to the former Miss Miriam Patterson of Augusta. They have two children, Karen, seven, and "Kit," five.

Captain Jules C. Trepagnier was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1929. He graduated from North Georgia College in 1952 as a Distinguished Military Graduate and was commissioned a Regular Army Officer in the Infantry. Between 1952 and 1956, he served as an instructor in the Infantry School and as Company Executive Officer. He also completed his Associate Company Officers Course, Airborne Course, and Ranger Course.

Captain Trepagnier went to Germany in 1956 as an Infantry Company Commander, where he received the Expert Infantryman's Badge and Commendation Ribbon, with a medal pendant for meritorious service. He returned to the states in 1959 and attended Infantry Officer Course at Fort Benning, Georgia. He received his North Georgia College assignment from there.

He is married to the former Miss Barbara Harrison of Winder, Georgia. They have two children, Karl David, four, and Jennifer Madge, two.

OFFICERS' CLUB PICKS OFFICERS

The Corp of Cadet's officers elected the following officers for the year: President, Charles Breithaupt; Vice President, Milo Johnson; Secretary, Gerald Lord; Treasurer, Lowell Mooney; Chaplin, Hurley Daughtery. The faculty advisor is Captain Kitchen, who was transfered here this year.

Some of the projects which the club is responsible for are the Sweetheart Ball, Officers Club Movies, and the individual address booklets.

Additions In Rank System Explained

During a cadet's first year at N.G.C., the fourth classman is not only trying to develop a military form of life, but is trying to distinguish himself within the Corps of Cadets. In his first year, there will be a few of his classmates outstanding enough to wear one stripe which signifies the rank of P.F.C. If the cadet earns his stripe, he will have a key position within his company or will be a member of the Blue Ridge Rifles, the N.G.C. Drill Platoon. This rank is earned by a select few.

As the cadet begins his sophomore year, the highest rank he can obtain is Cadet Staff Sergeant which is signified by three stripes and one "rocker." This rank is worn by the Brigade Clerk and the squad leaders of the Drill Platoon. Only three stripes are worn by squad leaders in the companies.

In his junior year the cadet is looked upon as a key figure in the Corps of Cadets. For a second classman, the highest rank possible to achieve is the rank of Cadet Master Sergeant which is made up of three stripes and three rockers. There may be a diamond in the center of the chevron signifying the position of Cadet First Sergeant, or there may be a star in the center signifying the position of Cadet Sergeant Major. In each company the Cadet Sergeant First Class, which has three stripes and two rockers, has the position of platoon sergeant.

After completing three years of military life and six weeks of summer camp, a cadet finally reaches his senior year. After an appointment as Cadet Officer, his position in the Corps is determined by his character, leadership ability, and military aptitude. Upon completion of four years of the R.O.T.C. program and a B.S. or B.A. Degree, the cadet goes into the United States Army either as a Regular Army Officer or a Reserve Army Officer.

NCO OFFICERS ELECTED

The N.C.O. Club of 1960-'61 resolved in its first meeting to uphold the standard set by the club in 1959-'60. Officers are as follows: Ralph P. Quigley, president; Warren B. Williams, vice president; Charles H. Whelchel, secretary; Randall C. Jackson, treasurer; Fred W. Ashcraft, sergeant-at-arms; James L. Delay, chaplain. Three standing committees have been appointed: Social Committee, David M. Kilgore, Chairman; Program Committee, Richard K. Phillips, Chairman; Policy Committee, Edward T. Averett, Chairman. N.C.O. sweetheart is Angela Huggins.

You'll wonder where the yellow went when you brush your floors with Pepsodent. Among other things, summer camp trains the men to shine a floor clean as a hound's tooth. Actually, more conventional materials are usually used. Center man is H. V. Smith.

CADETS EXCEL AT SUMMER CAMP

During this past Summer, North Georgia College had a contingent of 75 cadets who attended the General Military Science summer camp at Fort Benning, Georgia. The summer camp is an integral part of the ROTC curriculum and is normally attended by a cadet between his junior and senior year. The basic purpose of the encampment is practical application of Military Science subjects previously learned at college, and presentation of certain training which can be covered more logically in the field than in the classroom situation.

North Georgia College representatives made an outstanding and enviable record, as has been the case in years past. There were three occasions when the entire corps performed as one group; in two of these cases, at opening camp ceremony and at final formal review held on the main post, NGC cadets were in command of the brigade.

Final camp evaluation revealed that 3 of the 8 companies had a cadet from this institution ranked as number one. They were Blount, H. P. (Co. H); Davis, J. R. (Co. F); and Melton, O. H., Jr. (Co. A). This was the only college to have more than one "Outstanding Cadet." It is also interesting to note that in one company, NGC cadets took 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place.

Some of the areas in which our cadets excelled are as follows: Cadet Leadership (rating by other cadets): First of 37 colleges and universities; Job Performance: also first; Total Camp Leadership, another first; Field Problems Test, third out of 37. The final overall camp grade by institutions again found NGC in first place.

Lt. Col. Hatcher, PMS: "It is my feeling that this Summer Camp was highly successful, and that our cadets will benefit appreciably by having attended. To see first hand our cadets in direct competition with those from other colleges, to observe their outstanding manner of performance, and to hear the words of praise for them during the camp period, made me very proud to be a part of North Georgia College."

New Whites Contrast With Past Uniforms

North Georgia College Corps of Cadets has acquired a new uniform this year. Featured on the cover of this issue, the Cadets White is neat, practical, comfortable, and may be used after one has received his commission.

The uniform style limits its wear to formal dances and similar occasions. To avoid unnecessary contrast patches are unauthorized, but wearing of insignia of rank and medals and decorations remains the same as on the Greens. Use of shoulder boards to depict rank is under consideration and may be introduced next year.

At present only First, Second, and Third Classmen may wear the new Cadet Whites. However, this restriction may be tightened, making only First and Second Classmen eligible.

The newest uniform offers quite a contract to that of 1877 when the college military department was organized. Only one uniform was required. States the bulletin, "Quality of cloth is not considered, but color must be of the uniform color of Cadet grey. Average price is 15 dollars."

1914 dress uniform, pictured on the cover, consisted of a dark blue cap, army pattern; dark blue broadcloth blouse; and cadet grey trousers.

THROUGH THESE GATES WITH N.G.C. ALUMNI

SPOTLIGHT ON THE ALUMNI

Dear Alumni,

This is your column. We offer you through **The Cadet Bugler** an opportunity, not only to keep up with what we are doing on the campus today, but also to extend and renew contacts with friends you may not have seen since graduation.

We need more alumni news and pictures for our winter issue, so why not write us a thumbnail sketch of your life since you left N.G.C.? If you have any information about your fellow classmates, let us know. Your friends would like to see what you look like, so if you have a snapshot of yourself and your family, send it along. It will be returned to you.

Remember, we're interested! . . . and your former classmates will enjoy hearing about you.

Sincerely,
Peggy Ivey
Alumni Editor
The Cadet Bugler
Box 5175, N.G.C.
Dahlonega, Georgia

Our spotlight this issue falls on some members of the Senior Class of 1960.

James D. Evans is now living at 27 W. Hillcrest Drive in Greenville, South Carolina. He is the management trainee of Judson Mills in Greenville. On March 6, 1961, James will enter the infantry at Ft. Benning for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bennett Parker, (She is the former Patricia Fincher) are now living at Apartment 8-B, Battle Park, Ft. Benning, Georgia.

February, 1961, they will go to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma for twenty-two weeks. Patty says that she is enjoying army life very much and that they miss everyone at North Georgia.

James Linton Higginbotham is now living at 504 Vernon Street, Gaffney, South Carolina. James is the management trainee of the Gaffney Manufacturing Company. He married the former Martha Tatum of Pelham, Georgia. They are going into active army duty on May 15, 1961 at Ft. Benning, Georgia.

Miss Betty Ann Guest is now living at 674 East College Street in Griffin, Georgia where she is teaching the third grade. When school is out, she will return to her home at 679 Crestview Terrace, N.W. in Gainesville, Georgia.

Douglas J. Brown, living at 1077 Parkhill Drive N.E. in Gainesville, Georgia, is management trainee for the Pacolet Manufacturing Company in New Holland, Georgia. He plans to report to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, on January 9, 1961.

2/1t. James A. Guest is now at 44th Company, 4th Sta. Bn. FSB, Fort Benning, Georgia. He is with the 101st Airborne Division and plans a career in the Army.

Melvin and Wanda Capps (she is the former Wanda C. Smith) are now living at 3436 on the Old Jonesboro Road in Hapeville, Georgia. Melvin is the graduate research assistant at the Georgia Tech Research Station. He plans to obtain a master's degree in physics and then serve his obligation in the Army.

2/lt. Douglas L. Grindle is at the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. He is a student at the Guided Missile School and plans to remain there for three years.

Bill Bowen is now living at 1306 Troupe Street in Augusta, Georgia, where he is a freshman at the Medical College of Georgia. Bill and Joyce Green were married November 26, 1960.

OTHER ALUMNI

Billy C. DuRant, class of 1949, is a Captain in the U.S. Army, stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky. He and Mrs. DuRant, the former Miriam Brown of Hartwell, Georgia, live at 5554-B Folger Street. They have two children—Donald age 8; and Brian, age 2½. Captain DuRant plans to continue his career in the Army. He states that there are several N.G.C. Alumni stationed at Fort Knox.

Harold T. Babb, North Georgia graduate of 1950, resigned his army commission in 1955 and joined the E.I. DuPont Company, Savannah River Plant, Aiken, South Carolina, as an intrument engineer. He is married to Peggy Watson, who attended N.G.C. 1950-52. They have one child, Karen, 7 years old.

Charles H. Nicholas, Jr., pastor of the Cumming Methodist Circuit, is one of two students at the Emory University Candler School of Theology to participate in the sixth National Methodist Scholarship Travel Seminar. The purpose of the siminar is to acquaint the potential future leaders of the Methodist Church with the programs and personnel of the general boards and agencies that serve the church. Mr. Nicholas, his wife, and two children reside on route one near Cumming. Mr. Nicholas graduated from North Georgia College with an excellent academic record.

Joe K. Stephenson, P.O. Box 286, Summerville, Georgia, is now associated with Georgia Rug Mill as production control manager. Joe, a 1951 graduate of NGC, is married to the former Betty Jean Mitchell, NGC Class of 1950. They have two children, Laura and Lynn.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie M. Reins, Jr. are living at 1452 Patten Drive, N.W., Gainesville, Georgia. Mr. Reins, class of 1953, is associated with the Gainesville Milling Company, where he is plant superintendent. He is married to the former Elizabeth Stringer, and they have two children, Beth and Mike. The Reins have just moved back to Gainesville from Orlando, Florida.

Thomas C. Davis, of Covington, Georgia, has been awarded the Ethyl Corporation graduate research fellowship in chemistry at Florida State University for the 1960-1961 academic year. He will receive a stipend of $1,900 for living expenses, plus an allowance for tuition and fess. In addition, the chemistry department at the unversity will receive $600 from Ethyl for expenses in connection with Davis' research work. Mr. Davis received his B.S. in chemistry from North Georgia College in 1954.

Charles R. Palmer, Class of 1956, is a 1st. Lt. in the U.S. Army (Box 45, Howard Air Force Base), Panama Canal Zone, where he is an Army aviator. Lt. Palmer is married to the former Carol Ann Smith. They have one child, Charles David, born March 27, 1960. The Palmers plan to be stationed in the Canal Zone until 1963.

Dr. Thomas F. Staton, former senior educational advisor at Air University's Command and Staff College has received the Federal government's fourth highest award for civil servants. Maj. Gen. Leo P. Dahl, college commandant, presented the Meritorious Civilian Service award to Staton Tuesday, Sept. 27, at Maxwell Air Force Base. Dr. Staton, who has served with Air University for the past 14 years, earned the honorary award on the basis of his service at CSC, the intermediate level professional school for career Air Force officers. On Sept. 19, folllowing 14 years of service with the Air Force, Dr. Staton joined Huntingdon College in Montgomery as head of the psychology department. General Dahl in presenting the award said, "I know of no single individual who so richly deserves this token of Air Force esteem. I trust that you will continue to contribute to our mutual educational effort by honoring us, from time to time, as a guest lecturer." Dr. Staton, a native of Hall County, Georgia, attended N.G.C. in 1932-34. He is a nationally known author, lecturer, and psychologist.

Lt. and Mrs. William A. Greer, Jr., (she is the former Lee Wall) are living at 140 Byrd Street, Junction City, Kansas. They are stationed at Fort Riley, where Lt. Greer is troop commander. They have one child, Vic. The Greers plan to remain with the Army. They are graduates of the Class of 1958.

Warren L. Camp, who received his B.S. degree from North Georgia in 1957, has been appointed to Warner Robins Air Material Area, Robins Air Force Base. There he will be a Management Analyst.

Nancy Smith Rachels and Ray H. Rachels are living in Kaiserslautern, Germany (83rd. Trans. Co., A.P.O. 227, N.Y.) Ray is a 1st. Lt. in the U.S. Army. The Rachels are 1957 and 1958 graduates of NGC. They have one child, Susan Heather.

---

709 West First Street
Junction City, Kansas
September 27, 1960

Dear Peggy,

Thank you so much for your letter.

Reuben and I have been here at Fort Riley, Kansas, since September, 1958. We came here just after Reuben finished flight school. Reuben is assigned to the 18th. Aviation Company as a pilot of the UIA Otter, a fixed-winged, light transport aircraft. We will be at Fort Riley until January, 1961, at which time Reuben will return to civilian life.

Reuben and I both are graduates of North Georgia College, he in 1957 and I in 1959. We have two daughters, Kathy aged 2½ years and Patti aged one year.

We enjoy reading about our N.G.C. friends in the "Cadet Bugler" and would like to be placed on your mailing list. We are looking forward to receiving our alumni issue.

Sincerely,
Margie Pinson Black.

---

98 Tsutsumi Dori
Sendai, Japan
July 14, 1960.

Dear Friends,

By the time you receive this, the Lord willing, we will have begun our mission work in Sendai, Japan! And it's hard to realize the time has come for us to go to our 'permanant' field of service.

As we face the tremendous challenges of this area, we covet your continued prayers, for without that strength and power we cannot begin to accomplish anything for our Master.

Sendai, 220 miles north of Tokyo, has about half a million people, and is one of Japan's leading university cities, where there are over 50,000 students! It is a modern city with conveniences, and new buildings are continually going up. We have only one little Baptist Church in Sendai, and Bob will not only be ministering there to work with the pastor, but will also be going out into several surrounding prefectures to help other missions, and of course we trust other new work will be started as the Lord leads. I am looking forward to serving as a witness as a Christian home-maker and mother, also doing W. M. U. work, and in whatever other channels I can be used. We have felt God's leadership and knowing He has led us to Sendai, we know His guidance will continue and His strength will be sufficient for the opportunities that face us. There are several other denominations working in Sendai, but we will be the only Southern Baptist Missionaries in three prefectures (like our states) of that area.

The children are excited about their new home, and being near the beach—about 40 minutes drive. Mary Linda will attend a small (about 15 pupils in all) but good school run by Overseas Mission Society and David will perhaps attend our church kindergarten. Judy Beth will find life most exciting there, as she does everywhere! This summer has brought another birthday to each of our fast-growing children; they have been so blest and happy.

As we leave, our beloved Nakano Church here will be left without any missionary help. Please remember them that they might be strengthened and grow as a witness in this metropolis.

In faith, we look forward to great things happening to bring Japan to Christ. All the recent upstir and unrest shows there are many, many problems here. But in spite of this we believe more and more that true Revival is near. Great doors of witness have been opened, and anticipation of Billy Graham's coming for a City Wide Revival in 1963 thrills our hearts, and as we daily serve and pray, won't you join us in devoted, definite prayer for God's Holy Spirit to visit this great land to bring these multitudes to a saving knowledge of the Master?

Thank you for your many gestures of love to us, and for your concern for Missions and God's Kingdom work here.

Lovingly,
Betty, Faith, Bob, and
Children
(Mr. and Mrs. Bob Boatwright)

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The Cadet

BUGLER

DR. CORBETT THIGPEN, CO-AUTHOR OF "THREE FACES OF EVE" HAULED WOOD TO WORK OFF DEMERITS

SEE PAGE FIVE

VOLUME NO. X WINTER 1961 NUMBER 2

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The Cadet BUGLER

"VOICE OF NORTH GEORGIA COLLEGE"

IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIALS

Page

Leditors 4
Let's Keep the Library Open—Diana Capps 4
Rec Constitution Needs Revising—Claudia Kelly 15
Basketball Players Deserve Privileges—Richard Pilcher 16

ALUMNI

Dr. Corbett Thigpen Recalls College Days 5
Byron H. Reece Attended N.G.C. 5
Around the World with the Alumni 20
Ford Motor Executive, N.G.C. Alumnus 19
Kennedy Nominates Alumnus Ash as Brigadier General 19
Dr. Bloodworth Graduated from North Ga. Junior College 19
Alumnus Doster Receives Promotion 22

NEWS

Library Nears Completion 6
Dramatics Club Acts the Part 7
Church Activities Reported 22
Clubs List Plans 9

FEATURES

The Final Test 8
The Light Touch—Sue Mills 9

LITERARY

The Emancipation—second part of three—Hurley Daughtrey 10
The Latrine Mop—Paul Tippens 11
The Flaw—"J" 11
Descent from Mars—Jon Tracy 12
Faculty Poetry Shelf 13
Peeping Tom—Remington Foss 13

SPORTS

WOMEN'S SPORTS
Girls Shoot for Goal: Top Basketball Rating 14
Pool Now Open to All Students 14
MEN'S SPORTS
Future Promises New Athletic Fields 15
Tennis Team to Court Victories 15
Rifle Team Marks 8-3 Record 16
Baseball Season Swings In 16
Basketball Future Bright 16
Bravo Takes Court Crown 17

MILITARY

Branch Assginments, RA Commission Here 18
New Assistant PMS Introduced 18
Corps Reorganizes 18
'Copter Lands After Parade 18

ABOUT THE COVER

The cover for this quarter's edition of the BUGLER is artist Peter Hudson's conception of an assemblage of figures representing the phases of life which our alumni have entered.

Doctors, business men, secretaries, teachers, scientists, technicians, journalists, homemakers, coaches, and men in the service of our country are among those who have stepped through the gates of North Georgia College.

With due thought to your remaining days here and your life following graduation, but especially with due thought to those who make up North Georgia's alumni, join us inside in our . . .

SALUTE TO THE ALUMNI

LEDITORS

Editor's Note:

Response to this column has been so great that it is impossible to print all of the letters received. Therefore, **The Bugler** is publishing letters that pertain to the issues most represented in the notes to Mr. Blew.

Dear Editor:

The Bugler's Fall issue proudly featured renovations and additions under way at our college. Some of these improvements were in the form of recreational facilities including a beautiful new gym, a heated, indoor pool, and an extended supply of sports eqpipment. An expensive undertaking indeed. Yet, what benefit are we, the students, receiving? The only people privileged to use the new facilities are those in physical education classes and those on sports teams.

What is there to do on the campus? What is there to do in Dahlonega? For the average student the answer can be summed up with the three "S's"—sleep, study, and sex. Will the day come when a group of bored cadets can pass a Saturday afternoon in the gym with a round of basketball or a try at boxing? Will the day come when the summer's heat can be splashed away in the new pool? What a shame if it doesn't!

Editor's Note:

The Physical Education Department recently set up a recreational swimming program for all students. For more information about this, see Page 15.

Dear Editor:

What happened to the showers in Gaillard Hall? We haven't been able to take a decent shower in weeks. Even the Romans had running water.

When we do get water, it is never regulated. One second it will be boiling hot and the next it is like ice.

Do something!

A half frozen and half boiled Cadet.

Dear Medium Rare:

Something is being done. In fact, improvements may be in progress at the time of this publication. Restoration of the showers involves great expense and may necessitate tearing down dormitory walls. Therefore, improvements must wait until cadets can be evacuated into the new Gaillard wing where showers are in satisfactory conditions.

The Editors.

Dear Editor:

Why doesn't N.G.C. get more publicity than it does? The college's high military rating should be known. Why do people always ask, "Where is N.G.C.?"

Mr. Concerned.

Editor's Note:

Contrary to popular opinion, military ratings are given only as satisfactory or unsatisfactory.

Dear Editor:

A letter in **The Cadet Bugler** asked, "Is cadet chivalry dead?" No, cadet chivalry is not dead. I do not deny that our chivalry might be somewhat weak, but can we be nice to someone who doesn't appreciate it, who never says thank you, who pushes and shoves even when we try to be courteous, and who then complains about not being treated like a queen? One has to act like a queen if she expects to be treated as such. If our manners need improving, why not at the same time give the girls a course in "Words of Appreciation"?

Mr. Common Courtesy

Editor and Staff:

Congratulations on the best **Bugler** I have seen at N.G.C. I especially liked the part on the history of the school—something that we are all short on.

There are a number of **Cadet Buglers** in the library that date back as far as 1930. Some excerpts from these would make your next issue interesting.

Guy Lovelace.

Thank you for the suggestion. We are considering a "30 Years Ago in **The Bugler**" column to begin in the Spring issue.

Bugler Notes

COLLEGE NEEDS OPEN LIBRARY

By Diana Capps, Editor

As the story goes, an old woman asked her grocer for a pack of yeast. "None of that," was the evasive reply, "but we have pickles, cheese, chocolate, apples, soup . . ."

"And how well would they make my bread rise?" retorted the woman as she stepped out the door.

According to a student body survey, the old woman's plight is shared by many students. The reserved book section of the library lists 29 courses which require assignments, some as many as three a week, in reserved books. Many courses not listed occasionally give such assignments. Too often these books are not available. Certainly there may be other books in the library that cover the same material, but they do not contain the assigned terms. How well would they make the grade rise?

The number of books reserved for a given course averages from six to eight, although 25 supply one course. In many cases 50 pupils must compete for fewer than five books. If a student succeeds in geting a book, he hardly has time to finish his assignment. He may keep the book while in the library, but the library is open no more than four hours at a time. Books in greatest demand may be taken out only for the time between opening and closing of the library.

How can supply be made to balance demand? Increase reserved book stack? This might prove costly and impractical. Many courses which call for these books are taught only once yearly. Then too, teachers often abandon one publication in favor of a new issue. Lengthen the time in which a student might keep a reserved book? Even fewer would have access to it.

Realizing that other courses, too, require library work, teachers might relieve the pressure by giving advanced notice of such assignments..

The solution rests in keeping the library open more hours, especially Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons. This would not only afford more opportunity to do library assignments, but would also offer a quiet refuge in which to read and study. On Saturday night in the dorm, what diligent student can bury his nose in an analysis of Hamlet's procrastination while Dave Gardnear suggests "Rejoice Dear Hearts" at lung peak next door and a cut session rages full force down the hall? He might retreat to the canteen. But just as Hamlet draws his dagger on the praying king, Mat Dillon, in living color, blasts our student from his chair. Or who can concentrate on calculus Sunday afternoon when Aunt Effie, Uncle George and all the cousins drop in to see Roommate?

This which we ask cannot be accomplished overnight. The librarians already bear a taxing load. Conscientious about student needs, they have kept the building open as late as 10:30 p. m. Yes, there are stumbling blocks, but difficulty in accomplishing a task does not reduce the need for its being accomplished.

ALUMNUS THIGPIN HAULED WOOD FOR NGC FURNACE

Editor's note: Dr. Corbett H. Thigpen, M.D., of Augusta, Georgia, is Associate Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the Medical College of Georgia and maintains a private practice of psychiatry. Dr. Thigpen attended North Georgia 1937-1940. *He is married to the former Louise Chambers, also a graduate of N.G.C.* (1940). *They have two children, Wayne and Mark. Among his many notable achievements is the book, "The Three Faces of Eve," which he wrote with Harvey Cleckley, M.D. In the following article, an exclusive to the CADET BUGLER, Dr. Thigpen tells of the North Georgia College he remembers.*

DR. CORBETT THIGPEN

There are so many things about North Georgia College that I remember with great pleasure! When I was there, the dining hall was in the basement of the barracks. Of course, this was convenient to A Company and B Company cadets who lived in the barracks. I was a member of B Company. The barracks at that time were heated by a steam furnace that used cords of wood. Those of us who occasionally "got stuck" were required to haul the wood in for the furnace. I remember a number of those occasions.

Barnes Hall was new and Sanford Hall was the girls' dormitory. I well remember the hikes the boys and girls took together —well-chaperoned, of course—to visit the old mines on Crown Mountain. These trips indeed were larks! I remember the wonderful snows that we had. The biggest was fourteen inches deep and the temperature was around six above zero. The next morning there was very little school. The girls dressed up in the boys' clothes and we all went up on the hill where the President's mansion now stands, with sheets of tin for sleds; away we went down to the drill field. Of course we had tremendous snowball fights between companies, the girls often joining in for their favorite company or cadet. Who can forget the wonderful dances and how lovely the girls were? My wife, and sweetheart at the time, was one of the loveliest, I thought, and was one of the best dancers.

At that time the freshmen in all of the companies were required to box. Well do I remember many a bloody nose and black eye. I think all freshmen were relieved when this was over. Hazing had been "abolished" the year before I went to North Georgia, but somehow that had escaped the notice of the sophomores. It was very difficult to stand on one's tiptoes keeping one's nose in a circle on the wall and recite all of the material on the monument in front of the Administration Building. Brooms were very handy things for paddles, too. It is amazing the impression that a few straws will make.

How well I remember "Sarge" McConnell! "Sarge" was a tremendous man with a tremendous girth, a tremendous voice, and with tremendous ability. Shortly after World War II commenced, he was made a full Colonel. Surely he was one of the best officers in the whole Army. He literally was the only man I have ever seen in my life who could stand in one spot, drill a whole battalion, pick out errors, cuss you out, and continue drill orders without missing a count.

Then there was "Prof" Hutch—calm and dignified, kindly and stern, a real figure of justice and one who commanded the respect of all. Anyone who was ever fortunate enough to take a course under Daddy Barnes will never forget him. He was a giant of a man and the most sagacious I have ever known. Beneath his homespun philosophy lay a tremendous intelligence. When the big gold strike occurred at the Calhoun Mines and he was asked about it, he sort of smiled and said, "Well, the best way to ruin a good gold mine is to mine it." He was right!

Unlike some of the fellows, I stayed in constant hot water with the military. I hugely enjoyed it though I was in rebellion against many of the cadet officers who I felt were building their own egos over the bodies of many of the cadets. Of course I am sure all that has changed now. I must admit, though, a secret thrill of pleasure at some of the conquests I felt I made over them. Few things give one more satisfaction than causing frustration in a tyrannical system.

Our unit was superb, with a high esprit de corps. How well did such training serve our country! A very high percentage of my class and the class that followed served and many died in defense of our country in the war that was soon to follow. Military is an absolutely necessary evil with its attendant injustices and inadequacies. Despite some negative aspects of the military I am proud to have been a member of the cadet corps at North Georgia College for its positive qualities far outweigh its negative ones.

Best of all, however, were the very wonderful friendships that I made both in the cadet corps and in the faculty. North Georgia College is to me my real alma mater, despite the fact that I have graduated since from two other schools. I am deeply indebted to the college. Though North Georgia College is a relatively small school its faculty is second to none. As much can be learned there in the same subjects as can be learned in the great Eastern schools.

BYRON REECE ATTENDED CLASS HERE

Among the many distinguished names which dot the rosters of former classes at N.G.C., one often overlooked is that of the Georgia-born, nationally famous poet and novelist, the late Byron Herbert Reece. Mr. Reece attended Saturday classes here in th Spring quarter of 1952. While he was at N.G.C., Mr. Reece was enrolled in the Conservation and Children's Literature classes. Two members of our present faculty, Dr. Southard and Mrs. Bouffard, were his instructors in these courses. His project for Children's Literature was a collection of poems for children, some of which had already been copyrighted and printed and some of which he wrote specifically for the project.

Byron Reece was born in Choestoe, Georgia, in 1917, and published his first poem, "House of Clay," while he was a student at Union County High School. He completed two years of college work at neighboring Young Harris College and, for two years following, taught at an elementary school in Union County, Georgia. Mr. Reece published his most famous work, **Ballad of the Bones,** in 1945. This is a collection of his ballads and lyric poems.

During the summer of 1950, Mr. Reece served in the capacity of visiting lecturer at U.C.L.A., where he taught courses in creative verse and short-story writing.

Mr. Reece stated, while in attendance here, that many of his ideas for poetry were found during his classwork at this college. It is interesting to note that he defrayed a part of the cost of his course work here by selling some of these same poems.

LIBRARY NEARS COMPLETION

ONE OF FINEST IN SMALL COLLEGES

There's gold in them there hills! But at North Georgia College the gold of the celebrated Rush days has been replaced by a new wealth—a modern 80,000-book library that ranks at the top in its class.

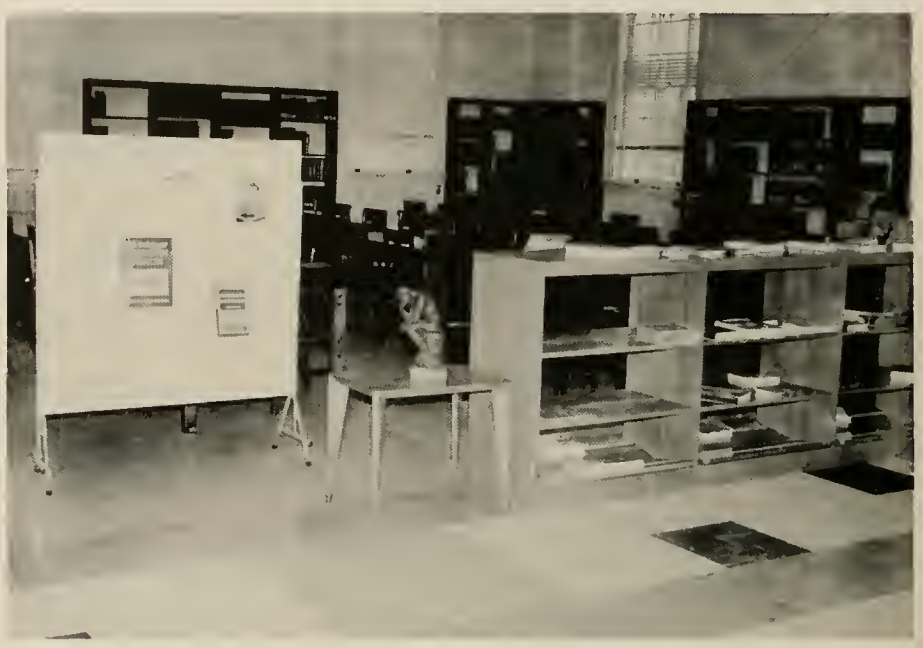
AVAILABLE TO STUDENTS

Much of the new equipment provided in the library is available to all students. Included in these additions are four new card catalogues, a large display case, two smaller display cases, and two display stands. An atlas case and two double-height index tables have also been added. For private study, carrels have been furnished with special lights, book cases, and tables. Provisions are being made for 74 typewriters which will be available to any student who wishes to use them. There are five browsing areas where students can relax, read, and study more efficiently. With the expansion of the present building, the library now has a seating capacity for 300 students and shelving space for 80,000 books.

SPECIAL AIDS

The library has installed much special equipment and many teaching aids. The audio-visual room, located in the annex, is equipped with a screen, a new motion picture projector, and an opaque projector. This versatile room also features a kitchenette, listening booths, and a television which is to be used in the new state educational television service. The kitchenette will be used for making coffee or snacks when teachers or students have long meetings. The listening labs will be completed with record players in the near future.

Carl Naman admires tropical fish collection.



Main reading room provides attractive study atmosphere. New draperies will soon will soon grace the windows.

Atlanta Alumni Association of North Georgia College is planning to purchase recordings and military books for the library. The Association meets today for consideration of the project.

COLLECTIONS

As a land grant college, North Georgia is a government document depository and receives valuable materials for student use. Rare literary pieces, stored in a fire-proof vault, include such first editions as William Gilmore Sim's **Gay Rivers;** Augustus Longstreet's **Georgia Scenes;** and Yeate's **Gold Deposits in Georgia.**

Mr. and Mrs. Moore recently donated to the college several Kennedy inauguration issues of the Washington **Evening Star** to be preserved in the rare book collection. The college library contains an original copy of the Samuel Johnson **Dictionary** as well as an old Confederate Bond. Donated by Dean Sirmons is the Dean Sirmons Library, a collection of 200 books from his personal library, given to begin the school library. Hoyt Lock, Atlantian, and North Georgia Alumnus, has donated many medical books. The Georgia Room, dedicated to outstanding Georgians, features numerous famous books by Georgia authors.

Other features are a collection of portraits of past presidents, deans, and faculty members of North Georgia College, and a coin collection including gold pieces dug from Lumpkin County mountains and minted at the very site where the Price Memorial Building now stands.

Trophies and valuable plaques are exhibited in a display case, gift of the 1950 graduating class.

On exhibit at all times is a collection of tropical fish and an aquarium donated to the library by the Senior Class of 1960.

ATTRACTIVE INTERIOR

To create pleasant, attractive, airy surroundings in which to read and study, the library interior is being redecorated and modernized. Already installed are colored panel partitions and six planters with some greenery reaching almost ceiling high. The library is building a collection of 50 paintings to be used in a rotating art gallery. At present, eight prints are hung in the main reading room. Michaelangelo's statue "David," and Roden's "Thinker," are also on display. The senior class of 1960 donated a collection of tropical fish which is on display in one reading room.

Included in the future plans of re-decoration are new furnishings for the librarians' office and the seminar rooms. Among the furniture added to these rooms will be sofas, chairs, tables, and lamps. A hi-fi set will also be made available for the convenience of small groups. In the seminar room, draperies will extend along the east wall from the ceiling to the floor.

The main reading room will also feature new draperies; additional tables and chairs will be added to the browsing area. Die-cuts with a compass design will be incorporated in the floor pattern.

"Where are your jewels?" demands Stevens (Selwyn Hartley) of penniless Toby Cartwrights (Hurley Daughtrey and Sandra Brown). The play, "WAYS AND MEANS," is by Noel Coward.

Lowell Mooney as Judas Iscariot, the tramp, tells Peter Steele, played by Key Dismukes, not to sell his soul. The play is "DUST OF THE ROAD," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman.

DRAMATIC CLUB ACTS THE PART

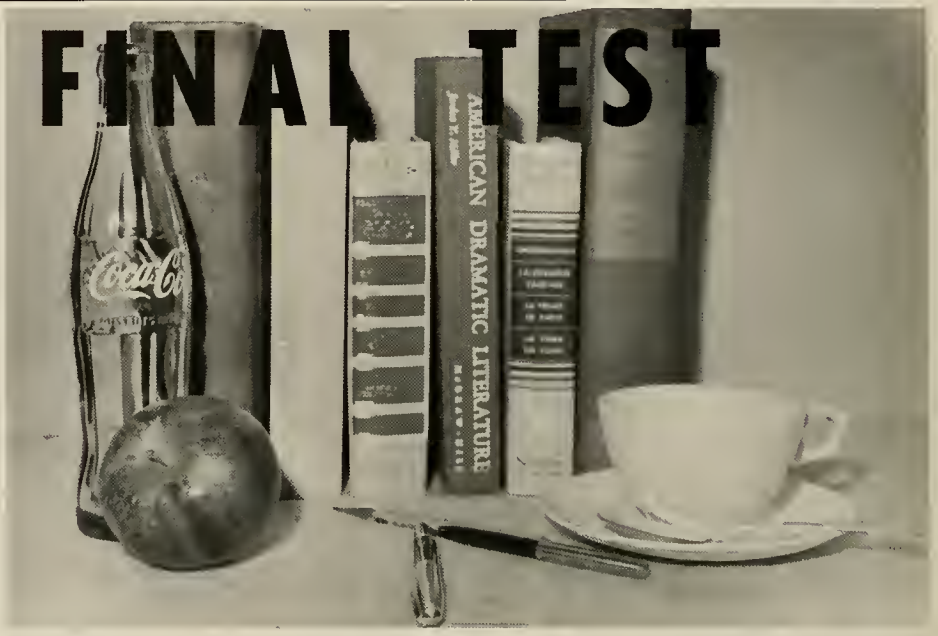
In Thornton Wilder's "OUR TOWN," George Gibbs and Emily Webb, played by Gary Robinson and Elizabeth Little, enjoy sodas as stage manager Tom Freeman, offers the refreshments.

On January 31, more than 100 people visited the Floyd Ransoms' house on the Cote d'Azur and wondered with Stella and Toby Cartwright where the next penny might come from. After the dilemma had been solved, though by slightly shady means, our guests moved on to the living room of a prosperous Middle Western farmer. Here, at about one o'clock on a Sunday morning, they gazed in wonder as a bloody tramp accused Peter Steele of selling his soul. Finally, the Middle West was replaced by Our Town, Grover's Corner, New Hampshire, where our guests were carried into the homes of the Gibbs and the Webb families to experience life, love, and death.

The above visits were presented in three one-act plays by the North Georgia College Dramatics Club, under the direction of Mr. John Simpson. Noel Coward's "Ways and Means" starred Sandra Brown and Hurley Daughtry; Kenneth Sawyer Goodman's "Dust of the Road" starred Key Dismukes, Lucia Ramey, and Lowell Mooney; and Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" starred Elizabeth Little, Gary Robinson, and Tom Freeman.

Other actors were Lee Hanson, Trenton Hooks, Sandra Fisher, Thelma Cheek, Cassandra Durham, Remington Foss, Hal Pritchett, William A. Branch, Lee Bradley, Susan Cown, Libby Gilbert, Bernice Parks, Selwyn Hartley, and Rudolph Butler.

THE FINAL TEST



OBJECTABLE TESTS

Teacher, Teacher, I've been thinking:
What an ogre you must be,
When you put a simple student
Through this torrid third degree.

Does Planaria have a coelom?
Does a tapeworm have a mouth?
Are the uropods of Crayfish
On the north side or the south?

What mysterious process makes the
Tail of tadpole disappear?
Is the gene for epilepsy
Linked with that for drinking beer?

Leeuwenhoek, the mighty searcher,
Can you tell if he did see
In the depths of dank dish-water
Tiny animalcule?

Who invented evolution?
Planted phylogenetic trees?
Are diseases caused by germ cells?
How did Mendel cook those peas?

Indicate by plus or minus:
Bedbugs breed bubonic plague
Tsetse carries sleeping sickness
On the tarsus of its leg.

Cysticercus lurks in liver.
Fruit flies furnish food for fish.
Tricky Trichinella's toxic.
Eat smoked sausage if you wish.

Corti cooked up protoplasm.
Weismann's theme goes on and on.
Robert Hooke discovered hookworm.
What did Schleiden say to Schwann?

Socrates had lively pupils
Who enjoyed their little jests.
They gave hemlock to their teacher
For inventing true-false tests.

Fellow students, we must always
Greek tradition emulate
Givers of objective quizzes
Should expect a martyr's fate.

THE LAST LAUGH

Friend: "What is your son going to be when he passes his finals?"

Father: "An old man."

* * * * * *

Mr. Sanders: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Hanson: "No wonder so many of us flunked the exam!"

* * * * * *

A big state unversity abolished the honor system during final examination. The chairman of the board of trustees felt called upon to give an explanation. "We realized to our regret," he admitted," that the professors had the honor and the students had the system."

* * * * * *

Heard during finals: "How far were you from the correct answer?"

"Two seats."

* * * * * *

Richard: "What's the hurry?"

George: "Just bought a textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

FACULTY REVEALS ART OF STUDYING

By Nancy Jordan

What to do? Finals begin in five days and suddenly you realize you don't know how to begin.

Perhaps the wisest way in which to learn to study is to take the advice of some people who have already completed what we are striving to attain.

Miss A. D. tells us that the most important thing is to know the essentials which are conducive to study. These include a desirable study place with comfortable equipment, the necessary materials, good lighting, ventilation and an uncluttered desk. Next, the person should be rested before studying so as to have a receptive mind. He must also have the desire to learn, plus an interest in his subject.

Mr. Sander's advice is as follows: First, cultivate concentration. Second, the general plan is to read the material through rapidly, then go back and reread, studying the matter. Third, look up words you don't understand and learn to outline, restudying the weak points.

Dr. Simms says studying is a skill and must be practiced as learning to play a violin. First, learn the title of the assignment. Second, read the chapter rapidly, looking for key points; then reread deliberately and slowly. Apply what you learn. Then, review briefly just before class or an exam.

Miss Freeman gives us the following pointers: Learn to budget your time, first and formost. Learn to take notes in class and from reading. Use the library and additional aids such as the dictionary. Learn to pick key sentences and outline. Do outside readings and research.

NO TIME TO WRITE? CLIP THIS

By Helen Bennett

Dear Mom and Dad,
I know you're glad
That I am here in college;
But you must know
It takes much dough
To get a little knowledge.

So now you know
I need some dough,
So please send me some money;
'Cause, my dear folks,
I am so broke,
It really isn't funny.

Dear Mom and Dad,
Things are so bad
I really couldn't write.
I've had the flu,
Pneumonia, too . . .
I study day and night.

I stay up late,
Get up at eight—
Eight after five, that is.
For sleep I yearn,
But I must learn
Enough to pass the quiz.

Clubs List Activities

YMCA and YWCA

During Spiritual Emphasis Week, sponsored by the YMCA and YWCA, Rev. R. Frank Crawley spoke to the student body. His talks indicated some of the typical problems of young people today and emphasized the need for more spiritual values. Rev. Crawley also gave personal counsel to students desiring to talk to him privately. Faculty sponsor to both clubs is Dr. H. B. Forrester, and presidents of the Y Clubs are Sharlene Griffin and Hurley Daughtrey.

BIOLOGY CLUB

During the spring quarter the Biology Club will visit the Atlanta Crime Laboratory and the Mill Creek Fish Hatchery. Other future plans include a talk by Dr. McGee of the Biology Department of the University of Georgia, on opportunities in graduate school. Dr. Janet King Johnson, Gainesville pediatrician, spoke to the club in January. Dr. H G. Forrester advises the club, and Jack Tippins serves as president.

DRAMATICS CLUB

Three short plays were presented to the student body by the NGC Dramatics Club under the direction of Mr. John Simpson. "Ways and Means,' by Noel Coward, starred Hurley Daughtrey and Sandra Brown; "Dust of the Road," with a religious theme, starred Lowell Mooney, Lucia Ramey, Key Dismukes, and Rudy Butler; and Betty Little and Gary Robinson took the leads in "Our Town." "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one of Shakespeare's comedies, will be brought to the campus by the club.

THE RADIO CLUB

Participating in the annual A. R. R. L. V. H. F. contest from atop Black Mountain, NGC Radio Club station ranked second in the southeastern district. 102 stations were contacted in the event which took place January 17th. James O. Hardy is president of the club, and Mr. Pigg advisor.

THE PHYSICS CLUB

A trip to Huntsville, Alabama, including a tour of the George Marshall Space and Missile Facility and the Redstone U. S. Army Ordnance Arsenal, is planned by the Physics Club. The tentative dates set for the trip are April 4th and 5th. Don Painter, 1955 NGC graduate, visited the club and talked about job opportunities for Physics majors. James D. Hardy serves as president of the club, and Mr. Yager is its advisor.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION CLUB

An industrial tour of Atlanta, which will include such points of interest as Sears, Roebuck Automatic Merchandising Center for its department stores throughout the nation, and Lenox Square, is being planned for April by the Business Administra-

(Continued on Page 22)

THE LIGHT TOUCH

By SUE MILLS, Feature Editor

We come to the end of the winter quarter feeling as if we have passed through four seasons in that time. The weather has been a good topic of conversation, to say the least. One week, the girls from swimming classes were plowing back to the dorm through the snow, with icicles forming in their hair and lashes, and the next week the same girls were sunbathing behind Lewis Hall.

Sue Hooker, a well-established sophomore, was overheard saying, "Things sure are different this year. Last year I was afraid to breathe for fear I'd get some of the seniors' oxygen."

David Boozer got caught! As he was voicing a "good morning" in mocked Engerrand French accent, Dr. Engerrand appeared and echoed him, much to David's embarrassment.

Tony Tankersley found himself tied to a stretcher by several of his classmates and placed on staff hall for treatment for the fever he developed as a result of his vaccination.

Who says Aunt Sarah doesn't have a jolly streak? She danced a lively Charleston when she heard that Col. Hatcher's vaccination finally "took."

Unknown to the audience, there were quite a number of substitutions made in the props for the Dramatics' Club plays. For instance, Hurley Daughtry forgot his toothbrush and had to use a comb instead.

Lewis Hall is much brighter these days due to a galaxy of diamond rings received during Christmas Holidays by some very lucky coeds. Those who became engaged during Christmas are Glenda Selman, Alberta Hoff, Ginny Dean, Jane King, Jo Nan Freeman, Margie Gunn.

"I hate to see good potential go to waste, Smith"

The Emancipation

By HURLEY DAUGHTREY

SYNOPSIS OF PART I

The man was medical and in the service of his country in war. He had lost his left hand during the shelling, and he had withdrawn from the battle, for the body has no defense against hot shrapnel. The relief he sought lay in a shelled building, where he has seen another person.

A figure in white approached him.

PART 2

The noise of the shelling had ceased apparently, and only the ringing in his ears remained with the deterrent sound of the rain. His training reasserted itself, and he knew that he must bind his wounds or the blast would have conquered after all. He knelt down on the brown-gray earth and wrapped the remnants of his pant leg around his hand and leg. He felt no nausea at his own blood, and he knew that he was in shock and that he must rest and be warm and have food and replenish the liquids lost from his body, or again he would not really have triumphed. But the attraction of the soft mud, the gentle bed of earth, was too great. The great weariness would have to be satisfied, and he lay down, almost surrendered, when the shrill voice of some obscure medical professor reminded him sharply that he would never arise if he gave in. He sighed and propped himself up on his good arm and tried to think.

He lay quite close to the farm house. He decided that he must first try to make a fire and then secure food and something to drink. The shock was wearing off now, and he was feeling the stiffness and sharpness of the wounds. With his teeth clenched, he awkwardly arose and limped toward the assemblage of brick and timber. He noted with relief that two walls and part of the roof of one room still remained intact. He looked around for some sort of entrance. He started to pull away some of the shattered timber, when he glanced around and was startled to see a figure in white approaching him.

It was almost completely dark now, and he could detect only that the person was clad in white. His mind raced to cope with the problem of a possible enemy or angel or Lord knew whatever. He carried no arms and could fight only with his right hand. If it were an angel, then the burden of the initiative would necessarily lie on the divine side and he would speculate. So he released the fragment of wood and stood still.

"Who are you?" called the figure, and in his language.

He knew that in all events he could not flee far, so he decided to answer.

"I'm friendly. I have been wounded and I am trying to find some sort of shelter. Who are you?"

The figure did not answer, but approached him until they stood face to face. He could dimly tell that she was a girl or woman, apparently a nurse.

"How badly are you wounded are you?" she asked. He sighed with relief to himself. He was very happy to see another human being.

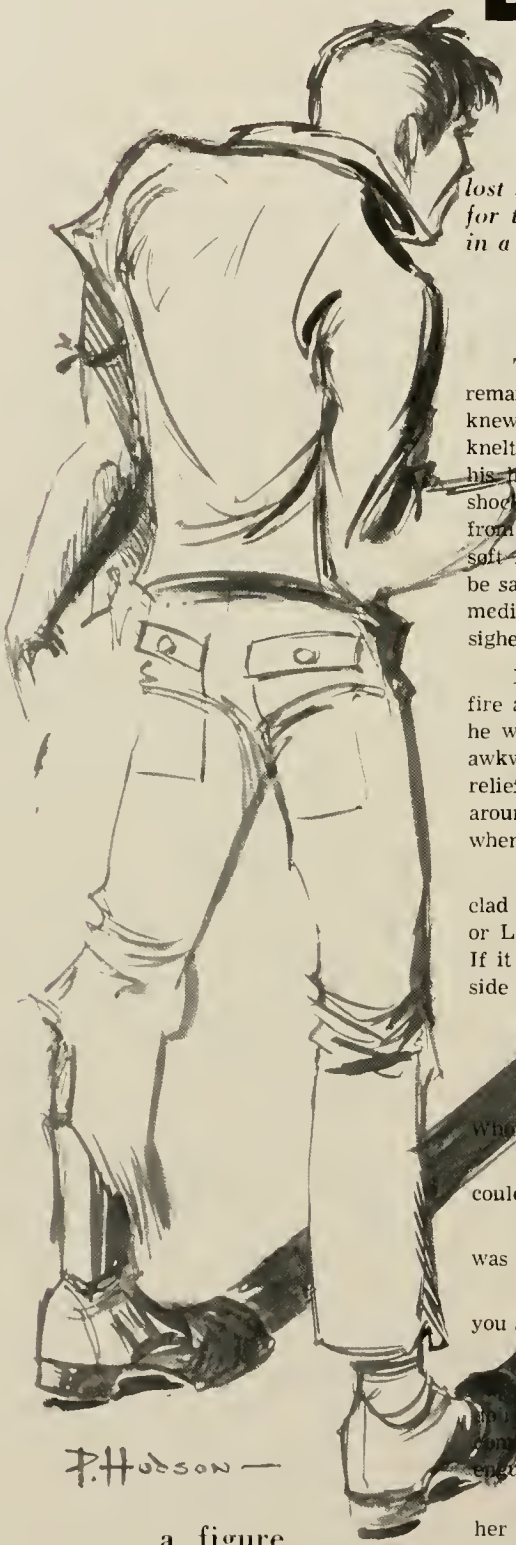
"Left hand and leg. I have the bleeding under control, but I'm very tired now. Are you a n[urse]?"

"How did you manage to make it to here?" He could not see her very well, but fatiguely guessed at the surprised look in her eyes. But what, indeed, was she doing here? Nurses were not supposd to be so close to the line. "Come with me," she commanded shortly. He supposed that he might as well, for fatigue was beginning to engulf him.

"Here, give me your hand," she said, "it's getting very hard to see." As he took her hand and she began to lead him around the building, he became acutely conscious of how cold he had been. Her hand was warm and smooth, and he impulsively squeezed it. She did not seem to notice.

She led him through the remnants of a door, down a flight of stairs into the cellar. A single candle flickered in the large stone-lined room, casting large moving shadows on the walls.

(Continued on Page 11)



a figure in white approached him

PAUL TIPPENS

THE LATRINE MOP

It was early in the morning
And late in the night.
The sun had not brought us
Its early, piercing light.

In my bed I still lay sleeping
Dreaming never to stop.
When, out of the night, a voice I heard,
"Who's got the latrine mop?"

This in my slumber came to me
As a boisterous blow,
But even louder came the answer,
"I doesn't know!"

What manner of English is this
That deafens my ears?
When I use such words in class,
A "F" on my theme appears.

I rolled over in my bed
And reached for the clock.
When again the voice rang out,
"Who's got the latrine mop?"

In its pitch and loudness
The voice did grow.
Again I awaited the answer,
"I doesn't know!"

I jumped up quickly
And rolled out of bed,
I'll put a stop to this
To myself I said.

I ran down the hall
And into the latrine
To find the culprit
There on the scene.

I surveyed him closely
From bottom to top.
Then he asked me cautiously,
"Sir, have you the mop?"

Now, I'm a man of reason
And respect the law,
But you'll have to admit,
That was the last straw.

Still walking somewhere
On a triangular path,
You will see the results
Of my terrible wrath.

As for the latrine mop
Which caused his woe,
I can only say . . . .
"I doesn't know!"

THE FLAW

BY J

The Lord knoweth all. The Lord has a machine which is like unto the clock, but this clock does not tell the time and day to the Lord; it telleth Him all things, and the Lord readeth all the faces of the clock as a single thing. And the clock is called Universe. And the workings of this vast machine are too complex to behold or know by any except the Maker. And in this infinity of synchronization, there is a cog which is small beyond comprehension. And this cog is named Earth, and in the socket wherein this cog pivots, there is an infinitesimal flaw, which is called man. And the flaw is the hindrance to the complete perfection of the clock of the Lord. And the Lord has turned Repairman, and has placed a quantity of oil in the socket, and for forty days it covered the flaw, but the oil receded. And the Lord has turned Handworker, and has sent Himself with a File to remove the source of the flaw, but the File was too fine. And the Lord must turn Blacksmith and place the imperfect socket in a forge, to melt and remold the fault, and the forge will consume the base metal of the flaw, and the Lord will be satisfied, and All Things will be Perfect.

There are about the campii green,
At every school and college,
Surroundings which, we hope, will always be seen,
On the slate of our memories' best knowledge.

Before the day's dawn, our bugles are blown,
And conjure up ghastly inspections.
The first of the sun's rays are scarce in the cloud waves,
As we eagerly march on to breakfast.

The sky is a hallowed, rosy, pink,
With tints beyond description,
E'en the most jaded must stop and gaze
In awe upon God's new creation.

However, it is that when rapture is great,
And our lowly life seems enchanted,
A sob'ring influence must always come straight
And tear down the castles we're building.

The blackness of hills and the blueness of sky,
Which at morn, mold the viewer's horizon,
Would at our institution be grand
nature's own,
Were it not for a man-made intrusion.

Between the thin night and the morning so bright,
In the time when bold buildings are shapeless,
Forbidden are we, even then to be free,
In pretense that the morning are spotless.

For, pressing the blight on our search for His light,
Stands a gauntly-framed, squat, steel construction,
That with grey, spindly legs, and reservoir's dregs,
Aids the human's new God-fabrication.

Though sweetly roll the mountain peaks
And brightly blush the days' fair faces
We seek all in vain, some seek in sad pain,
A spot still secure from man's greed, or his "graces."

(Emancipation—Con. from Page 10)

"Sit down there," she said, pointing to a large overstuffed chair. He sat, and exulted in the deliciousness of the softness of the chair. He sighed deeply and would have slept instantly but for the growing pain in his hand. He arose and hobbled over to the candle.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

"I'd love one. I haven't had one in two days," she replied. "Just a moment."

He lit two and watched her. She was at what appeared to be a kerosene burner. She turned, and though she looked exhausted, she smiled briefly. She placed a cup of coffee, or tea, he couldn't tell

(Continued on Page 17)

DESCENT FROM MARS

Ares comes down to the college level

by jon tracy

My name is Sam Ares and my residence is the planet Mars. I have four sons, all of whom willl be ready for higher education in the near future. This report concerns a typical Earth college which I visited.

I arrived at a little school called North Georgia College just two weeks prior to Christmas vacation. My landing was on a large open field which the inhabitants used for drill. There were no holes in the field, however, so they must not have done much drilling. My first impression was one of wonder and amazement.

The inhabitants of this place fall into two groups: students and teachers. The teachers I found to be a queer lot indeed. The average example was a very wild and disheveled looking specimen who talked for hours on end in a very incoherent manner.

The students here are an odd lot also. The men all wear green suits and closely resemble the vegetable life of my planet Mars. The silly hats that they wear do not make good earmuffs at all, although most of them are so 'saddled" that they might pass for earmuffs. Shoes also pose a problem for these men. Hours at a time are spent oiling them so that they will be good to walk in. However, when someone walks on them, the wearer immediately bursts into a violent fit. There is one other odd custom among the men. The men are divided into two classes-officers and N.C.O.'s. Each officer wears a gold band on his cap. This gold band never fails to excite an N.C.O. who sees it because he immediately gets the itch and tries to scratch his head. This custom they call saluting.

The women are really a group apart in this place. They dress to their own tastes and follow no patterns of conformity. They are lazy and sleep until nearly daylight every morning. They are even more untidy than the men, a fact which seems to violate the customs of the world around them. Called "pigs" by the men, these women reside in a structure known as a barn. As you can see this is very contrary to our Martian civilization in which pigs live in a pen. Earthlings must place great value on these pigs to take such good care of them.

The customs and daily living habits of the men are something to behold. I found them most amusing by our standards, but not very practical. Their life is almost like a game.

A typical day here starts several hours before daylight. The men hustle and bustle around, trimming hair off of their face and sweeping dirt into little flat trays. This seems to do very little good, however, because no one is ever satisfied. Soon someone checks each room and the hustle and bustle is over.

After inspection, which is their name for the mad rush mentioned above, everyone runs outside and gets in three long lines of three groups each. Then one man steps to the front and tells everyone how ugly and sloppy he is and if he doesn't straighten up someone's going to be sorry.

Now comes the games. The funniest seems to simply be follow the leader. They all walk off together in the three lines mentioned earlier, and at the command of an officer everyone tries to do the same thing at the same time without getting out of line. This makes for bad feelings because people are always yelling at one another.

Classes seem to be the tamest activity these people engage in. Mass confusion, however, remains the rule rather than the exception.

Just before lunch all the men assemble on the drill field with their outdated weapons. This they call drill. They again form the three long lines, and everyone stands in place like a stick. When each man is approached by an officer, he immediately snatches up his weapon and tries to knock a hole in it so that the officer may examine what is inside. The poor officer is usually not very pleased. Sometimes when the hole is opened, all of the insides fly out.

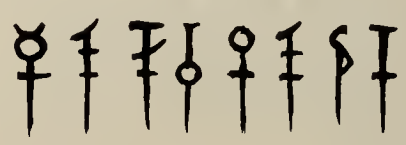
The closest that they come to actually drilling is when they stack all of these weapons at one man's feet to make a derrick. Even then they accomplish little more than denting the surface of the earth.

The last act of the day is called quarters. Here everyone is supposed to remain inside his room and read his girly magazines. Most of these poor misguided souls, however, choose to run up and down the halls, a practice frowned upon by the duty N.C.O.

My conclusions with respect to these people leave them with much to be desired. They let one person called the Brigade Commander tell them all that they can and cannot do. They absolutely refuse to think for themselves.

In short these people are just plain crazy. How else can one account for the senseless things they do and the way they act?

Respectfully submitted,



Sam Ares
Chairman of Supreme Council
Department of Education.
Planet Mars.

Faculty Poetry Shelf

"ABASHED PRESUMPTION"

By Desmond Booth

Ah, God, to think upon the fact
That Thou hast ordered all
To be just thus and so
Makes man a bit ashamed
That he would have his spring in fall,
His fall is spring.

TRAPPED

By Desmond Booth

A sudden noise
By little boys
Upsets my poise.
But
The thing that twirls
My nerves like squirrels
Is little girls!

(Emancipation—Con. from Page 10)

which, on the table. He handed her the cigarette.

"Drink it," she ordered; "thank you for the cigarette. Now let me look at your hand and leg. What was it? Shrapnel? And how long ago?"

He hobbled back to the chair and sat down again. She brought the candle and a small rolling table. She first examined his hand, peering quizzically at it. She removed a small probe from the table and began deftly to pick at the hand. With every touch, he felt burning ache in his whole arm and shoulder. He involuntarily moaned once. She looked up at him, arose; she returned shortly with a bottle of clear liquid.

"Drink this. It's medicinal alcohol. Better than brandy."

Normally, he never drank; it made him sick. But he knew dimly that to wince with shrapnel and probe in his hand might sever a nerve or blood vessel. So he turned the bottle up and drank deeply, feeling the white-hot ball explode in his chest and move slowly down to his stomach. As the burning subsided and warmth spread throughout his body, he felt the probe lose some of its incandescence. He relaxed a little and listened to the occasional clink of metal hitting a small basin. The pain remained steady, but did not occupy his awareness totally.

"We've run out of morphine," he heard her say. "I'm sorry." Presently she straightened up and smiled, wanly, at him. "I think you've cut a few nerves in your leg. It's not too bad, because you can still walk. But there won't be any sensation there, for awhile, after it heals." She pauserd. "You're a medical corpsman, are n't you?"

Mr. Essary requests that the Bugler make clear that the following poem was written when he was a high school student.

WOEBEGONE WORDS ON A WOMAN

She shivers and shakes, she quivers and quakes,
She fumes, and she fusses and frets;
She wantonly wastes. uses terrible taste,
And regards the results with regrets.

She fearfully flees from the earsplitting ee's.
Of a monstrous and man-eating mouse
She takes all her time without reason or rhyme
To ceaselessly seek for a spouse.

She makes up her mind for the twentieth time
But change it she certainly can;
Her ventures are vain, her purpose is plain—
To marry a moneyfied man.

"Yes, but how can you tell?" Then he realized the foolishness of the question; in the same army, recognition was almost instantaneous. Then coldly and sharply he wondered why she had asked. Surely she would recognize the insignia on his collar. If she were in his army. His eyes narrowed and he noted with sickening clarity the markings she bore. She was an enemy.

"By the Medical Insignia of your army. I know you are the enemy. But you were wounded and I treated you." She gazed at him with quiet defiance in her eyes. "I suppose," she said levelly, "that you are my prisoner, for the time being, and before you feel too heroic, I remind you that you are wounded and unarmed. And you are my enemy." But she suddenly dropped her militant gaze, and he guessed that, however extraordinary the circumstances, she was alone, or nearly so, and however incongruously, quite helpless.

In spite of his discomfort he laughed quietly. "Depending on how you look at it," he said, 'you are also my prisoner." He detected a trace of fear creep into her eyes. "But as you apparently mean me no harm, I will admit that I could not escape or fight if I had to. I feel very weak. The time will come when we will have to do something, but not now. I believe you to be unarmed; I have heard that your country does subscribe that much to the Geneva Convention."

"More than does your country," she said, her eyes flaring.

Ode to My First Sergeant

By G. B. Collins

- - - - - - - is my first sergeant;
I shall not rest.
He drilleth me o'er the hills of North Georgia;
He leadeth me to chow each morning.

He maketh me to sing cadences until I become hoarse.
Yea, though I walk softly through the halls during quarters,
He heareth me, for he is listening.

His staff and his holster, they scare me.
He cheweth not in the presence of my squad;
My demerit total runneth over.

Surely lack of sleep and misery shall follow me
All my days at North Georgia,
And I shall dwell on the triangle forever.

By Remington Foss

Rufus Cates is a mighty fine man,
But, he loves to play the ponies.
Many's the day I've seen him at the track;
Him and his gambling cronies.
He'd be the grandest man on earth, he would,
If it weren't for that onc little sin.

Now you take this here Herbie Nash,
A real fine gent is he.
Except that those darn fool drinks he drinks
Make him kind 'a dizzy.
And from me he won't take no advice,
He continues to have this little vice.

While across the street there's Jimmy Towne,
He really should put down his deck.
But, I'll have to admit he's good all right.
He can beat me all to heck.
Why, as I told Mable (she's my wife),
I think Jim is wasting his life.

Of all my many friends however,
The one I pity most
Is my next door neighbor, Charlie Jones
To many women he's been Host.
Even now he's chasing a gal 'round his kitchen table.
I can see it plain as day with binocks.
Why, Great God, it's Mable!

Girls Shoot for Goal: Top Basketball Rating

The Rec Club has been booming with basketball since the beginning of winter quarter. The team of each club is composed of the girls who qualify at the end of practice sessions. The practice period for basketball is always longer than the one for volleyball or softball so that freshman girls may become accustomed to the difference in rules of high school and college basketball. The two major differences are adaptions of the limited dribble and the length of possession of the ball by any one player. In women's college basketball a player may dribble only twice and hold the ball in bounds for three seconds, and out of bounds for five seconds.

Rules for women's basketball have changed since 1960. This year a jump ball is called if two players place one or both hands on the ball at the same time. This applies to a ball on the floor, in an opponent's hand, or in the air.

Each Rec team played the other three teams twice during the actual game session. At the end of this period the winning team played an all star team. This team was composed of best players from the other three teams, and was selected by the Rec council.

Pool New Open To All Students

Now that freshmen and sophomore girls have completed swimming instructions, the physical education department is offering recreational swimming to all students. Student lifeguards are qualified Red Cross Life Savers and have been checked on skills by physical education instructors. The schedule for spring quarter will be released soon.

Regulations governing the use of the pool are as follows:

1. Swimmers must enter pool through shower room.
2. Swimmers must shower before entering water. Men must wash head. Women must wear bathing cap.
3. Bathers must not enter spectator gallery and spectators do not enter pool area.
4. Only one bounce on diving boards.
5. No rough play in or out of water.
6. No running around pool area.
7. No chewing gum in pool area.
8. Bandages of any kind will not be permitted (Person may check with instructor in charge.)
9. Each co-rec swim limited to first 50.
10. Prescribed swim suit worn at all times.
11. Three guards and a faculty member on duty at each segregated swim.

REC CLUB NEEDS NEW CONSTITUTION

By CLAUDIA KELLEY
Women's Sports Editor

Over seven years ago the present constitution of eleven articles and by-laws was drawn up for the Recreation Club of North Georgia College. Many members of this club do not even know we have a constitution; others know nothing about its contents. Should it not be the duty of the council of the club to make this constitution known to each member?

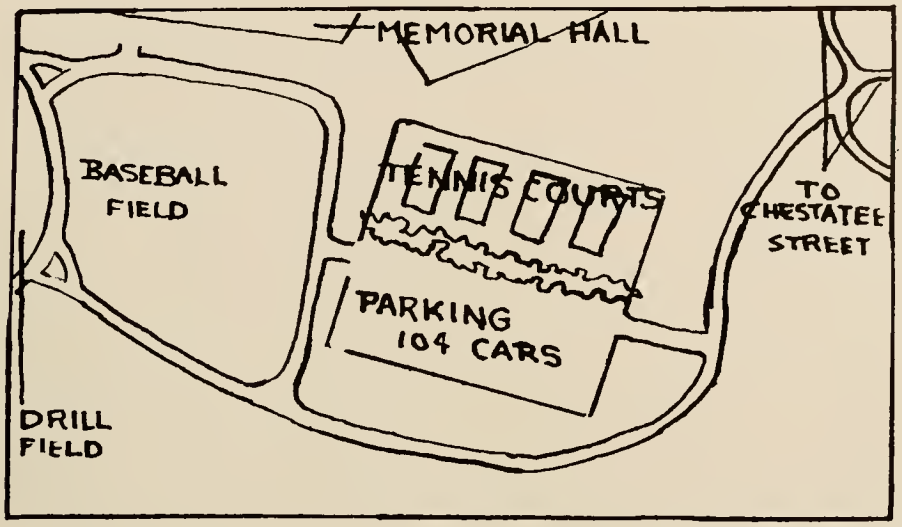
Our constitution should be revised and brought up to date. In Article IV of the constitution we find the rules governing the council of the Rec Club. "The governing board of the Rec Club shall be the Women's Recreation Association Council. This council shall consist of: President, Vice - President, Secretary, Treasurer, Reporter, Team Captains, Team Co-Captains, Sports Managers, Outings Chairman, and Faculty Advisor." According to our constitution the council shall consist of 16 members; our present council is made up of only 14 girls. We do not have an outings chairman as such. In our bylaws we find that the vice-president shall serve as sports manager, but our constitution does not make her one. Article IX states "There shall be a day designated as Rat Day to be held the first month of the Fall Quarter." If this were caried out, our freshmen would go through Rat Day in September, instead of in October or November. Sections 2 and 3 of the same article state, "Co-ed Week shall follow Rat Day; an informal dance shall be held on Saturday of Co-ed week." Has there ever been a Co-ed Week? If so, why doesn't it still exist? If not, why hasn't our constitution been revised?

If we read Article X we find in Section 5, "Individual points may be made in the summer quarter." Why hasn't this been called to the attention of the members of the club? During summer quarter of this past year there were many activities which the girls participated in that would give them the needed and desired points toward an emblem or sweater. Perhaps if this fact were known, our club would be active in the summer sessions.

In the bylaws of the Rec Club we find another example of rules that are not carried out. This is found in Article I Section 2. "Members may be suspended by failing to participate in at least one team activity each quarter, excluding social activities." If this rule were enforced our club would lose approximately 75 per cent of its present membership!

The Rec Club is a wonderful organization because it offers an excellent variety of sports, plus an opportunity for the women of the college to learn the correct methods of play in these activities. The Club presents to the women a new outlook on sportsmanship and fellowship. The whole club would benefit and add to its list of fine equalities if the members would back not only a revision of the old constitution and bylaws, but insist that every member have access to a copy of an up-to-date constitution and bylaws at any time.

Sandra Brown and Sybil Haines jump for the ball as Ann Styles, Carolyn Pulliam, and referee Montgomery watch.



Proposed plans for renovation at east end of campus. Map pictures location of tennis courts, parking lot, baseball stadium.

CAMPUS EAST END TO BE DEVELOPED

Work has begun on the renovation of the East end of the campus which will include the buiding of a baseball stadium, four new tennis courts, a parking lot, an extension of the drill field, and a new approach to the campus.

The baseball stadium will be dug out of the hillside behind third base line and behind home plate. It will seat approximately one thousand people. Right field has been leveled and grassed up to the road in front of Memorial Hall.

Below the baseball field will be four all-weather tennis courts and a one hundred and four car parking lot. The parking lot will be the same size as the tennis courts and will later be converted into four more courts.

The existing road at the east end of the drill field will be removed and the area between the old road and hedge will be built up on a level with the drill field. A new road will curve down by the hedge, thus lengthening the drill field by about one hundred feet. At the curve in front of Gaillard Hall another new road will be constructed behind the baseball stadium, between the baseball field and the tennis courts, and on up to the road in front of Memorial Hall, thus completing an interior campus traffic pattern resembling two eggs placed end to end. At the curve behind the baseball stadium another road will extend on down the valley, meeting the Gainesville highway in front of the Dairy Queen.

Work on the lower end of the drill field is the first step in the renovation. Possibly the road around the baseball field will be constructed at the same time. The first four tennis courts will probably be ready by spring of 1962. Next the road will be extended to the Gainesville highway and concrete poured for the baseball stadium. At a future date the Home Economics, Business Administration, and old Military buildings will be replaced by a large classroom building located on the site of the present parking lot, tennis courts, and old Military building.

Tennis Team Courts Victory

The N.G.C. tennis team, undefeated in three years of G.I.A.C. competition, appears headed for another successful season. With the six returning lettermen, Weyman Tison, Paul and Jack Tippens, Pat Quigley, Joe Thornton, and Jim Sawyer, and several new prospects, Coach Hackney hopes to capture another G.I.A.C. championship. The Tippens brothers have lost only one match in the last three years while the other members of the team have continued to turn in outstanding performances. The only match lost last year was to Mercer in non-conference play, but the Cadets were victorious over the Bears in a return match on the home courts.

The players attribute much of their success to Coach Hackney who was named "Coach of the Year" for 1959-1960 in the G.I.A.C.

A schedule for this season is not available, but Coach Hackney said, "We expect to meet our strongest competition from Valdosta State College and West Georgia."

Coach Hackney urges all interested cadets to come out for the team this spring.

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM DESERVES MORE PRIVILEGES

By RICHARD PILCHER
Men's Sports Editor

Supermen? We seem to think we have twelve of them playing basketball here at NGC. The varsity basketball team has practically no privileges, the college gives no athletic scholarships, the student body gives them only poor support; yet we are perfectly willing to criticize and find fault when they lose.

We have a young team with plenty of desire. Why not give them a few privileges and allow them to give their best efforts.

Suggestion: When the organization and housing arrangement is being changed for next year, provide one hall in one of the dormitories for the basketball team to live on during the season. The baseball team could move there during their season. Given a relaxed military, schedule (shining, outside police, reveille formation, etc.) they could observe eleven o'clock taps, eat breakfast after the girls, and get over seven hours sleep per night. After all is the sole purpose of this college to teach a cadet to shine shoes to the degree that they can be used for mirrors and to press his shirt and pants as well as modern housewife can?

The above suggestion could not be considered as showing unfair partiality to these people, because even with these few privileges, they would still be working harder than most of us. They are willing to suffer inconveniences because they love the sport, and the school—qualities which perhaps cannot be claimed by the majority of the student body.

Baseball Season Swings In Soon

The 1961 baseball season gets under way March 22, the first day of Spring Quarter, as the "Cadets" meet the University of Tennessee here. They will play Tennessee the next day in a second game.

The "Cadets" will enter G.I.A.C. competition April 8, when they meet Valdosta at Valdosta for a two game stand. Other conference games will be with Berry, Piedmont, Shorter, and West Georgia.

In non-conference competition North Georgia will go against Erskine, Western Carolina, Mercer and Tennessee in a third game.

Coach Otte hopes to have a greatly improved team this year and is looking forward to a successful season. The team has been working out individually most of Winter Quarter and on the first day of regular practice had a very good turnout.

The home field has been and is in the process of being greatly improved. Right field has been leveled and grassed and a new thousand-seat stadium is in the works.

Cecil Chewning, North Georgias' leading scorer, shoots from the circle for two more.

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK BRIGHTER

The N.G.C. basketball team has posted a three won and fourteen lost record for the season. Although not impressive, this record was established by a predominantly Freshman and Sophomore squad, a fact which indicates two good years ahead.

The "Cadets," showing continuous hustle and desire, were led by Sophomore Cecil Chewning with a 15.4 point per game average, which earned him third place in G.I.A.C. scoring. Chewning is hitting thirty-five per cent from the foul line, and averages nine rebounds per game. Chewning is followed in scoring by Sophomore David Vining with a 7.5 point per game average. Vining is hitting thirty per cent from the floor and fifty-five per cent from the foul line.

Duvall Adams and team captain Jimmy Carter are the only seniors on the squad. Coach Hackney believes that, "With the experience gained this year we should have an outstanding team next year and the two seasons following that." Coach Hackney expressed a need for some additional height on the team and reports that a six foot four inch ball player has enrolled here for next year.

The "Cadets" have shot a respectable thirty per cent from the floor for a fifty-five point per game average against a well-above average forty-seven per cent sunk by their opponents. They control the backboards and shoot more often than the opposition. Several opposing coaches have expressed growing concern over the potential displayed by the "Cadets." Coach Joe Copeland of LaGrange College said, "My team played its best game of the year against North Georgia and still only managed to squeeze by. I do not look forward at all to having to play the "Cadets" for the next two years."

CADETS FIRE TO 8 - 3 RECORD

For the past three years the North Georgia College rifle team has given this campus recognition throughout the nation. The Cadets have completed the first half of the 1960-61 season in this tradition with eight wins and three losses.

In December the Cadets competed in the annual Hearst Trophy Match which is fired by all teams in the continental United States. Last year North Georgia placed third in the XII Corps area, and this year improved last year's score by two points.

This year's team is composed of Juniors, Warren Williams, team captain, Bill Surls and Bill Brown; Sophomores, Nick Johnston, Doug Davy and Larry Marchesseau; and Freshmen, John Adams, Victor Brown, Lawrence Becco, Robert Ellis, J. E. Hill, and John Spotts.

(L. to r.) John Adams, John Spotts, and Warren Williams demonstrate the prone, kneeling and standing positions.

The team members are highly competitive among themselves, with Bill Surls in first place at present, followed by Nick Johnston, Bill Brown, Warren Williams and Larry Marchesseau in that order.

Eleven matches remain to be fired with such colleges as Georgia Tech, the University of Florida, Clemson, the University of Alabama, and the University of Georgia.

Team captain, Warren Williams said, "We are proud of our eight and three record for the first half of the season and we expect to win the last eleven matches. We have some new equipment, including a two hundred sixty dollar custom - made German competition rifle. I would like to express the team's gratitude to the student body for the interest they have shown in the team."

So far this season they have fired against some of the leading universities and colleges of the United States and have such teams as Norwich University, Notre Dame, the University of Georgia, and Georgia Tech.

BRAVO TAKES COURT CROWN

The intramural basketball season here ended with Company Bravo on top for the third consecutive year, and Robert Payne of Foxtrot leading in individual scoring honors.

The first company basketball season played in Memorial Hall ended as a complete success according to Coach Otte. The size of the new gym allowed two games to be played at the same time, thus streamlining the operation.

Bravo won first place behind the accurate shooting of Fred Ashcraft who sank sixty-one points for a 10.2 point per game average. Bravo established a ten won and two lost record for the season.

Foxtrot, paced by Robert Payne's 12.7 point per game average, placed a very close second. Trailing Foxtrot and Bravo was Charlie with an 8 won and 4 lost record. Bruce Lewallen dropped in fifty-seven points for a 9.5 average, leading "Charlie" in scoring.

In fourth place was Alfa, winning seven and loosing five. Alfa's leading scorer was Ralph McCrary with fifty points and an 8.3 average.

Alfa and Charlie leap for the ball as Charlie edges Alfa in a close game.

Delta and Echo tied for fifth place. Each had a four won and eight lost record. Delta's scoring was led by Charles Cantrell with sixty-five points for the season and Gerald Lord who hit for sixty-four. Echo's big gun was Frank Eubanks who fired sixty points through the nets.

Band finished sixth behind Joe Raines' forty-seven points and Larry Banks' forty-five.

Overall individual scoring was led by Robert Payne of Foxtrot with a 12.7 average, followed by Charles Cantrell with 10.8, Gerald Lord with 10.7, Fred Ashcraft with 10.1, and Frank Eubanks with 10.0.

(Emancipation—Con. from Page 11)

He said nothing. He lay back in the chair.

"Tell me," he said presently. "does your army feed its prisoners? I am very hungry now."

Her face softened a little, and she said, "Yes. All that I have are a few canned goods and the burner to cook them on. But it is not too bad." She arose and returned shortly with a bowl of food. The smell was not familiar, but it was very good and he managed, despite his injured hand, to consume it rapidly. He asked for more, and received it. When he had finished, he lit a cigarette, lay back and asked:

"Tell me, how did you manage to get cut off like this? I thought that females were never brought closer than the rear echelon areas in any army."

"That is true," she said. "But your army formed a salient in our line. The salient must have broken through. The last I heard was day before yesterday. We were evacuating as rapidly as possible, as your forces were closing in quickly, and our doctors decided to abandon this farmhouse. We loaded the ambulances as full as possible with equipment and men and sent them to the rear twice. There were two doctors and four nurses in all; I was to remain here to care for three men; we could not possibly cram them into the ambulance. One of the doctors was to remain with me, but they were all ordered back, and I volunteered to remain anyway, on condition that they return quickly. But," she said with something of a faraway look in her eye, "something must have happened."

She grew silent. Several moments passed, and at length she spoke again. "When I was a little girl, I used to think that to give your life for your country was the most glorious way out possible. But now, when I am about to do that very thing, I see only death and filth and stench of war around me." Her lip began to quiver. She turned to him. "I'm not even really bitter at the fools who put us so close to the line. I just feel very sad at being treated like a fly caught in a wine bottle, to be disgustedly cast aside as something of filth and no consequence." She paused again, then went on. "Really, what does it matter whether you're my prisoner or I, yours? We will never leave this cellar alive. We'll be just like them!" And she pointed at three blanket covered mounds in the corner. "That's all that's left of them. I couldn't save them." She stopped, and he could hear her breath coming faster. "I tried! I tried! I couldn't even bury them. I couldn't even move them out of here." Her voice broke off and she began to sob into her hands cupped around her face. He realized that she was near the breaking point, and enemy or not, she would have to be treated kindly. But he did not know what to do or say. The pain had lessened a little for him, and he tried to think clearly. He had no answers for her; the thoughts she had expressed were his own. But in the face of death in so many brutal forms, the searching fingers of souls in terror and isolation were something to grasp and be of some comfort. He reached over and put his hand softly on her shoulder.

She looked up suddenly and wildly and exclaimed, "Don't touch me!" Then she began to sob in earnest. He knew that he could not calm her now; he must wait. He withdrew his hand.

"Sorry," he said. "I was only trying to help. I know how you feel. I guess that's how I wound up here. You see, I was in a barrage and I ran. So I know how you feel." But she continued to cry.

"Look," he said, "I realize you're naturally on the defensive about strange men from your own army, much less mine, but really, I'm quite harmless." He knew that his presence as an enemy didn't really make that much difference, but it was only the last straw. He guessed though she was young, she had seen several lifetimes of suffering and pain. There had to be a point of breaking.

She had come to the end of her rope. She knew she was going to die; she had resigned herself, or at least tried to, when she knew that she would be left alone and probably cut off. He felt her helplessness.

(Continued on Page 21)

BRANCH ASSIGNMENTS, R A COMMISSIONS HERE

The 1961 graduating class of Senior men have received their branch assignments. These assignments designate in which branch of the United States Army that he, as an officer, will serve. Out of 71 students, 53 received their first recommendation, 8 their second recommendation, 9 their third recommendation, and only 1 received a branch for which he was not recommended.

North Georgia College received 19 Regular Army acceptances. The following students were tentatively selected by the Department of the Army for appointments in the Regular Army under the Distinguished Military Graduate program in the branch indicated after their name: John R. Adams III, Ordnance assigned to Artillery; Howard P. Blount, Jr., Infantry; Charles C. Breithaupt, Jr., Engineers; Charles L. Cantrell, Artillery; Luke L. Couch, Transportation; James R. Davis, Infantry; Lawrence W. Drinkard, Ordnance assigned to Infantry; Robert W. Garth, Jr., Infantry; Milo P. Johnson, Infantry; Gerald Lord, Infantry; Guy M. Lovelace, Chemical assigned to Infantry; Otis H. Melton, Infantry; Lowell T. Mooney, Armor; Edison E. Scholes, Infantry; Robert W. Sheffield, Infantry; Phillip S. Sumpter, Infantry; Robert W. Turner, Artillery; Joseph D. Whitehead, Artillery; William M. Winn, Infantry. Out of these, three have designated that they will not accept a Regular Army Commission. They are Luke L. Couch, Phillip S. Sumpter, and Robert W. Turner. They will accept Reserve Commissions.

The following will receive Reserve Commissions in the branch designated: Duval S. Adams, Jr., Armor; Larry G. Banks, Artillery; Joseph C. Brinson, Transportation; Harry F. Bunkley, Artillery; Rudolph E. Butler, Jr., Armor; James R. Carlile, Artillery; James R. Carter, Infantry; Kenneth R. Cason, Infantry; William E. Cobb, Military Police; Clarence E. Conkin, Jr., Armor; Barclay E. Cox, Transportation; William H. Daughtrey, Army Intelligence; Daniel J. Davis, Transportation; James A. Davis, Infantry; Myron D. Davis, Infantry; Johnny T. Deen, Medical Service; Hugh G. Duncan, Medical Service; Julian W. Eidson, Army Security; Frank N. Eubanks, Artillery; Robert H. Furcron, Chemical; James B. Gordon, Military Police; Robert J. Grider, Medical Service; James D. Hardy, Ordnance; Dan N. Harpold, Army Security; Johnny C. Hoover, Jr., Infantry; Frederick D. Horne, Infantry; Leonard E. Ireland, Jr., Infantry; Albert H. Jolly, Jr., Adjutant General; Lawrence R. Kenyon, Infantry; Jasse R. McConnell, Quartermaster; James H. Norman, Quartermaster; Robert L. Payne, Infantry; Lars G. Pierson, Jr., Adjutant General; Jerry T. Rainwater, Infantry; Cecil A. Sales, Artillery; James H. Sellers, Infantry; Harry V. Smith, Infantry; Robert E. Smith, Artillery; David C. Thayer, Armor; Jack K. Tippens, Artillery; Paul E. Tippens, Artillery; Weyman B. Tison, Jr., Transportation; Robert A. Thompson, Infantry; James G. Watson, Artillery; Neal C. Watson, Artillery; William R. Westbrook, Artillery; Jack C. Wheeler, Adjutant General; Hoy R. Miller, Artillery; Clarence E. Hopkins, Medical Service; Amon McCormick, Jr., Transportation.

Corps Reorganizes

The new west wing of Gaillard Hall is ready for occupancy. The building will make room for 152 new cadets.

As a result of the increase in the number of cadets a new company (Company Golf) will be organized. It will be in the Second Battle Group, and Band Company will become a part of the First Battle Group. Each of the companies will have a strength of approximately seventy cadets while each of the three staffs will have a strength of ten.

As a result of the reorganization there may be a switch of battle group areas. Tentatively, the Second Battle Group, consisting of the battle group staff and companies Delta, Echo, Foxtrot, and Golf will be quartered in Gaillard Hall. Two of the First Battle Group companies will be in Barnes Hall, one company plus the First Battle Group and Brigade Staffs will be in the Barracks, and Band Company will be in Sanford Hall. This is to facilitate the Band having a barracks to themselves. The old Band House will be used for a guest house.

New Instructor Ferguson Holds Admirable Record

Captain Byron E. Ferguson was born in Indiana. He graduated from the University of Cincinnati with a B.S. degree in Applied Arts. He received a Reserve Commission in the Army in 1942. Captain Ferguson served in the 101st Airborne Division during World War II. He served four years, got out, and was recalled in 1950.

During World War II he was in a field artillery group that landed on Utah Beach in England. Captain Ferguson's last assignment before reporting to North Georgia College was in Saudi Arabia, where he served as a military advisor. He has been to the following schools: Airborne School, Arctic Indoctrination School in Alaska, Advanced Artillery Course, Air Ground School at Kesler Field, and the Nuclear Weapons School at Fort Sill. Captain Ferguson has received a Bronze Star, Presidential Unit Citation, and five campaign stars.

Captain Ferguson is married and has two daughters and one son. His oldest daughter plans to enter North Georgia College in the fall of 1961.

HELICOPTER LANDS FOLLOWING PARADE

Below: Lt. Col. W. B. Dyer, Deputy Commander of the Lawson Army Aviation Command, Ft. Benning, Ga., landed this helicopter on the drill field immediately following one of the first parades of the fall quarter. He was enroute from the Mountain Ranger Camp to Fort Benning.

Col. Dyer is originally from Dahlonega, and the drill field was a rendezvous point for him, his father, and a friend. In the photograph, Colonel Robert P. Hatcher points out the new wing on Gaillard Hall to Col. Dyer.

KENNEDY NOMINATES ALUMNUS ASH TO BE BRIGADIER GENERAL

Colonel Hughes L. Ash, right, commanding officer of the U. S. Standardization Group, Ottawa, Canada, and Major H. W. Bell, Canadian Army, look over a tactical display at the Royal Canadian School of Military Engineering at Chilliwack, B. C.

Colonel Hughes L. Ash, graduate of North Georgia College, is one of the thirty-seven Colonels of the U.S. Army nominated for promotion to Brigadier General by President Kennedy. He is at present in command of a program in Ottawa, Canada, to standardize army weapons, tactics, and strategy between the United States and Canadian forces.

Ash is the son of Mrs. Lula Hughes Ash and the late Prof. W. L. Ash, who taught English at North Georgia College for many years. The Colonel graduated from Lumpkin County High School and served as principal for two terms before his entrance into the Army.

He served in the European campaign during the Second World War, and as a Battalion Commander in the Far East command in the early 1950's. He was later the Assistant Division Commander of the Third Armored Division stationed at Fort Knox.

He more recently held the post of Chief of Staff of the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He has held many other assignments during his 22 years of active service in the Army.

His decorations include the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star Medal, and the Army Commendation Medal (with the Oak Leaf Cluster).

The Colonel is one of the very few men to ever be nominated for Brigadier General that has not gone through the West Point Academy.

Dr. Bloodworth, M. D., Graduated From North Georgia Junior College

A. Frederick Bloodworth, M.D., attended North Georgia College 1943 and 1944. He graduated December, 1944, from the North Georgia Junior College, in the last junior college class to graduate prior to the reinstitution of the four year educational plan. In August of 1947, he received a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Georgia. He graduated from the Medical College of Georgia in June of 1950, and followed this with one year of rotating internship and three years of residency in Internal Medicine and Diseases of the Chest, at Charity Hospital of Louisiana, at New Orleans.

Dr. Bloodworth's present appointments include Chairman of the Committee on Public Health and Legislation for the Hall County Medical Society; President of the North Georgia Tuberculosis Assn. Executive Board Member of the Georgia Hall County Hospital Staff; Chief of Tuberculosis Assn.; Chief of Medicine, the Gainesville Heart Clinic.

His present primary activity is the private practice of Internal Medicine and Diseases of the Chest.

Two special projects on which Dr. Bloodworth is now working are (1) Chief of the Evaluation Clinic for Pulmonary Diseases of the State Health Department, centralized in Hall County and covering a fourteen county area; and (2) Education about and discovery of undiagnosed diseases of the lung—a special interest at this time.

Dr. Bloodworth pays a special tribute to North Georgia College by stating that he is 'a particular admirer of the Department of Biology and its Professor, Dr. H. B. Forrester, to whom gratitude is extended for his many preparatory services for an unusual number of physicians throughout the State of Georgia."

Alumnus Beachman Is Ford Vice-President

Charles R. Beacham is Vice-president —Marketing, Ford Motor Company. He is a member of the company's administration committee, and has served as vice president and assistant general manager of Ford Division.

Born in McRae, Ga., Mr. Beacham attended North Georgia College from 1916 through 1919 and later attended Georgia Institute of Technology. He started with Ford Motor Company January 28, 1926, at Jacksonville, Fla., as a traveling representative.

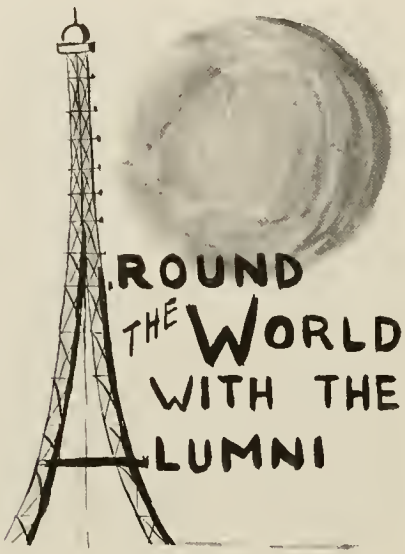
Until 1936, Mr. Beacham remained in Jacksonville, advancing through the positions of sales promotion, wholesale, and assistant manager. He then went to Norfolk, Va., as Ford's assistant manager.

He returned to Jacksonville as manager in 1938, and was transferred in 1941 to Chester, Pa., as manager. During the war years, Mr. Beacham directed the activities of the Chester plant, then converted to an ordnance activity, where thousands of tanks and other military vehicle were prepared for export and shipped overseas to combat areas.

After World War II, when the company set up its first regional sales organization, Mr. Beacham was appointed southeast regional sales manager with headquarters near Philadelphia and had responsibility for Ford sales in the eastern seaboard market from Pennsylvania south to Florida.

He remained in that post until June, 1953, when he was named regional manager at New York with resposibility for sales in the northeastern United States. He was promoted from this assignment to the post of the division's general sales manager in February, 1956, and was named vice president and

(Continued on Page 20)



ALUMNI EDITOR'S NOTE:

This issue of the CADET BUGLER is dedicated to you, the Alumni, and we hope that you will enjoy reading it.

We would like to continue hearing from you in the future. If you have some snapshots of yourself or your family, send them. Our Alumni Section offers a wonderful opportunity for you to keep in touch with your old North Georgia friends.

Barbara Brown Mullins, of the Class of 1959, is now living at 1821 Richmond Cir., Apt. 4, S.E., Atlanta, Ga. She and her husband, Larry, have one daughter, Nina Ann.

Carolyn Alexander, of 610 Harvey St., Millan, Ga., attended N.G.C. in 1941. She and her husband, John Brooks, Jr., have two children, Johnny 13, and Carol, 5.

Lt. Ralph Hayes and his wife, the former Karen Sanders, are now living at 165 N. Dougherty Ave., Ft. Bragg, N. C. Ralph now holds the position of Ass't. S-3, at HQ 2ndMS/BN 42d Arty. He would like to go to graduate school, but will be in the Army for the next few years. Ralph and Karen send everyone their best wishes.

Wiley S. Anderson, Class of 1949, is a teacher of Junior High Science in Hickman Mills, Mo. He and his wife, the former Maryellen Jones, have three children—Steven 6, Susan 5, and Scott 3. His address is Route 3, Harrisonville, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesly Phillips (she is the former Shirley Allen) now live at 332 N. Main St., Swainsboro, Ga. Mr. Phillips is an engineer with Liberty Bell Company, and Shirley is kept busy at home with their four children—Mark, 7, years, Timothy, 3 years, and Pamela, 18 months.

Zenith Davidson, of 317 Tower Rd., Marietta, Ga., is now a seventh grade teacher at the Skyview School. Zenith was a member of the Class of 1960.

HAMP ALEXANDER

Hamp Alexander, Hotel Street, Adairsville, Georgia, is now a teacher-coach at Adairsville High School. He and his wife, the former Janelle Higgens, have three children—Hamp, Jr., Vicki, and Gregory. Mr. Alexander, a 1957 graduate of N.G.C., plans to continue his teaching and coaching.

1960 graduate Ida Mae (Cash) Smith, 3501 N.W. 178th Street, Opa Locka, Florida, writes:

I was one of those students last year. That is, one who decided to get her B.A. after her MRS. . . . in fact, after my "MOTHER"!

My husband, Cliff, is a Custom Engineer with IBM. After graduation, we moved to Poughkeepsie, New York, and from there we were transferred here to Miami. I have thoroughly enjoyed living on Florida's "Gold Coast." Of course, we miss those lovely hills, but basking in 80 degree weather while the rest of the nation freezes isn't bad.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of what we hope to be our little girl. She is due the last of February. Our son, John, is in kindergarten this year and loves every minute of it.

This has been the first year since I was four years old that I haven't been in school, either as a teacher or student. In a sense I have missed it, but at last I have been able to read so many good books that I never had time to read before. Also, I have been able to participate in Little Theatre work.

James N. Crawford, son of Mrs. E. W. Crawford of Hayesville, N. C., was a 1956 graduate of N.G.C. He was recently promoted to Captain at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he is a member of the 1st. Infantry Division.

Mr. Tom Chris Allen of 3633 Tuxedo Rd., N.W., Atlanta, Ga., is the Southern Manager for **Life.** He married the former Dorothy C. Mills, and they have two children, Tom, Jr. and Ben. His future plans are to retire and write. Mr. Allen especially sends his best to that "cantanqerous martinet," Daddy Barnes. (Mr. Allen writes that his father also attended N.G.A.C.).

MRS. LOWRY

Evie Lee (Barrett) Lowry, Rock Face, Georgia, is now teaching in the Dalton Public Schools. She was a member of the Class of 1936. She states that she and her husband, Phillip, are sending their daughter Jennifer to N.G.C. in three more years.

(Ford Veep—Con. from Page 19)

assistant general manager of the division in September, 1957. He assumed his present position on November 9, 1960.

Mr. Beacham is a member of the Detroit Athletic Club, Phi Delta, Theta and the Bloomfield Hills Country Club. He and his family live in Bloomfield Township, Mich.

(Emancipation—Continued from Page 17)

She did not deserve to die; she was not really a soldier, but more of an enemy Florence Nightingale. He considered whether he should try to escape when he was stronger, or whether to return her to her own lines, at the risk of his real capture. He had no idea if she would return with him. At any rate, neither of them could leave now. Her crying had subsided, and she was a little calmer.

"Nurse, do you suppose your patient could have some more tea?" he asked. He thought that if she were to move around again, she would be better.

She looked up and faced him. Then with a slight flicker of a smile, she nodded assent. Slowly she arose, seemed to discover her mission, and walked over to the burner. Shortly she returned with his refilled cup. She sat down.

"Thank you for trying to be decent," she said, looking down. "I believe I will be all right now." He noticed that her eyes were blue with a touch of hazel. Her hair was cut short, almost like a man's. She usually probably smiles often, he thought to himself.

"Where did you live?" he asked.

She brightened a little. "A little village you've never heard of," she replied. He smiled at her secrecy. "But I will say that I attended Nursing School in the capital of our country. That is where I joined the army when the war broke out." She sipped from her cup. "We were sent immediately to school for military medicine, and from there we were sent here."

Wistfully she said, "It seems that the war has been my whole life. It never ends; it only changes from one place to another. There is never enough sleep or rest; just more broken bodies, ours and yours." She looked at him and smiled. "Yes, we even treat your soldiers; there is no difference in that." The candle flickered out and she relit it.

"Tell me, are you married?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "Are you?"

"No," she answered. "I was engaged once. He was sent to the front while I was still in school. I have not heard from him since."

"I'm sorry."

"Please don't be," she said. "I didn't love him; he didn't love me. Our marriage was arranged by our parents." Her eyes narrowed slightly. "But it wouldn't have made any difference whether or not we were in love. He is dead somewhere, as we shall all be. Besides, that was several years ago, and I am not the same any more." Her eyes filled, but she brushed away the tears quickly. He again placed his hand on her shoulder, and this time she said nothing.

"Is there any form of life possible besides war?" she asked. "Is there anything in life at all that won't eventually be scorched and marred and dirtied by war?" Her eyes looked into his pleadingly. She saw more in his eyes beside the pain of his wounds. She saw the kindness and gentleness she had once seen in her father's eyes and she wondered how this man felt and how deep his wounds really were. She had long since lost track of the wounded with which she had come into contact, but here instead seemed to be one trying to comfort her.

He did not know what to say. What was there to say? That wars come and go? That peace was merely a time to erect small altars expressly to see them demolished when the time came? That endless seas of blood and sweat were the portion of mankind and he ought to be satisfied with it? That God stood idly by while His creatures anihilated each other, procreated, and then killed all over again? Or possibly, just possibly that in the midst of chaos and tumult there were small handholds called love? The possibility of love he had long kept submerged, if only to protect his sanity from the improportion of hatred and pain in this lifetime of war.

"I don't know. The only thing that really occurs to me is that you have saved my life, and I fervently want to save yours, enemies though we be. You seem like a very nice girl. You know, really, under different circumstances, I could really fall for you, ridiculous as that sounds."

She smiled broadly at him. For the first time in months she felt strangely safe. The man was a noncombatant, like her. Separately and both, they had been trying to salvage a little bit of humanity from the slaughter. He had not killed any of her countrymen, nor she his. To kill the enemy when needs must cannot be avoided; but the opportunity to save life where possible was too precious to be let go. She knew that what he had been saying was mostly to calm her and she was grateful. She noticed that he had smears of mud and blood on his face. Quietly, she moistened a surgical sponge.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going to wash the mud off your face. It would be awkward for you to do so," she replied. Gently she wiped his face and neck. He closed his eyes and easily imagined that he was being touched by an angel. She finished, and he opened his eyes.

"Thank you," he said. "You have a very soft touch. Tell me something."

"Tell you what?" she asked.

"Do you think it possible for two people to fall in love with each other in the space of three hours?"

She smiled and said nothing for a moment.

"No, not really, but I think it very possible for two to cling to each other when there is enough fear, or uncertainty."

"Well, that is very unfortunate, because if I could not say that I loved you, then I would very awkwardly have to say that I should like to cling to you, and that would not be gentlemanly at all."

She laughed and then looked into his eyes. She leaned over and kissed him lightly on the lips. He blinked his eyes in surprise, then leaned over. He straightened up when a slash of fire cut his leg. He had to lay back. He managed to smile weakly.

"Tell me," he said, "how did you learn to speak my language so well?"

"Your language is a required course in our state schools. We must master it to be graduated. I should have been less surprised to hear you talking in mine."

She arose abruptly and began to fill a glass with several contents. She returned and made him drink it. From the taste he deduced some form of antibiotic or bactericidal. He asked, and she told him that he was correct. She brought him another cup of tea to get rid of the taste.

The rain had begun again, and with it, his stiffness increased. He began to pace around the room as best he could. His leg was very painful now. He tried to think. To the best of his memory the infantry unit to which his medical unit was organic was currently on the advance. The artillery barrage had been the prelude to the pincer movement initiated by his army's salient. Thus it was very possible that within the next few hours, he would be picked up by his own unit, and with him, the girl. She could either be interned or he could somehow hide her. No, better that she be interned; otherwise, she would be eventually arrested, and he would never see her.

"You have grown quiet," she said. "Are you in much pain?"

"No, it is not that; I have been thinking."

"So have I."

He decided it were best he did not tell her of his plan; he was satisfied that his decision was simply humanitarian; if she were interned, she would be safe; if she went back to her own unit, she would probably eventually be killed. And somehow, he did not want to leave her forever. He admitted to himself that he had begun to fall in love with the girl. But in all events, she must be protected.

"What were you thinking about?"

She dropped her head, then looked up at him. "That I . . . like you very much, and that you are very kind," she said quietly. Her eyes held his, and he touched her hand. It felt as warm and wonderful as when he had held it earlier that night.

Gently and tenderly, he pulled her toward him. She did not resist. He softly placed his lips on hers, and moved his fingers caressingly along the back of her neck. He could feel her heart beating through their uniforms. Their breathing increased. He felt a calmness and reassurance he had once thought gone and unattainable, so alien was war.

—Continued on Page 22

Alumnus Doster Receives Promotion

Marvin B. Doster, of 175 Riverdale Drive, Athens, has been named personnel manager of Chicopee Manufacturing Corporation's Athens plant. Chicopee, the textile manufacturing affiliate of Johnson & Johnson, has 11 plants throughout New England and the South.

Doster, who is 29, has been head of the plant's labor standards department since 1958. He joined Chicopee in 1956 as an industrial engineer.

A native of Madison County, Ga., Doster was graduated from North Georgia College in 1952, and holds a master's degree from the University of Georgia. He is a member of the Athens Area Industrial Management Group and the American Society of Personnel Administrators.

He and his wife, Mary Ann, have two children—Mary Blaine, 7, and Lucy Lynn, 3. Mrs. Doster also attended N.G.C.

Marvin majored in Physical Education while at N.G.C. He was a member of "A" Company, REX Fraternity, and the Physical Elucation Club. In 1949 he was selected as "Best Drilled Cadet." During his senior year, he served as Battalion Adjutant and was selected as a Distinguished Military Graduate.

Churches Announce Fellowship Programs

The Wesley Foundation is offering students a fellowship program much like last quarter's. One Sunday each month they have a program on basic Christian beliefs. January and February were baptism and communion. Students from the Wesley Foundation at Rhinehart College presented a program on February 26. The social for this quarter was a party given at the Student Center on February 18 with square dancing and games.

This quarter the Baptist Student Union holds a Fellowship Hall at the church on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons where students can go to play ping-pong, listen to records, or study. Some of the programs this quarter have been panel discussions on such topics as prayer. Vespers are still held each Tuesday afternoon in the "Y" Lounge at 5:45.

(Emancipation—Continued from Page 21)

She in turn was very careful not to press against his wounds. Whatever pain he felt, he hid well. In his arm she felt a warm and tender strength completely removed from the brutality and horror in the "strength" of army and weapon. And she understood that in the dispelling of his fears and pain, hers also was alleviated. He was an enemy, but not really so, to her, because the nobility of his spirit was apparent to her. At first she had been afraid of him but his willingness to be kind to her in spite of his own fear and pain had melted away her doubt, and her hunger for someone to comfort had accelerated all her feminine instincts of gradual surrender.

She knew he was exhausted, and that he must soon rest. She did not know what would happen tomorrow, but somehow the prospect was not quite so frightening and overwhelming.

"You must sleep now," she said.

He protested, but he knew that he was being dragged down and could not stay awake much longer. After trial and error, they succeeded in her going to sleep in his lap, but his good arm wrapped around her, and his injured hand wrapped and draining in a basin. They slept quite soundly, the narcotics of catharsis having its effect.

She awakened the next morning to the sound of an ambulance driving up. She arose quickly from the other and went up the stairs. Shortly thereafter he awoke to the sounds of voices from up above, and not in his tongue. He attempted to arise and found himself incredibly stiff and sore. His head ached and he was very weak.

Presently she returned, her face cast with a sense of foreboding.

"I must go now," she said. "They have finally gotten an ambulance back here. The driver says I must go quickly because your forces are very near. He does not know you are here."

"You can't!" he almost shouted. He realized he must modify his behavior. "Please," he whispered. "Our army will intern you, and you will soon be free because you are a noncombatant. Please don't go."

She looked at him intently, but tenderly. "Please," she said. "No matter how much I loved you, I would always remember that I had deserted my countrymen in time of war, and that I had a chance to save their lives and didn't. Can't you see that people would always consider me a traitor and you would have that burden, too?" she pleaded.

The ambulance driver signaled for her to come, and she turned to gather up the few remaining supplies and go.

(To be continued next issue)

(Club Activities—Con. from Page 9)

tion Club. Mr. Clifford Davis, Field Supervisor of Travelers Insurance Company, and Mr. Benjamin R. Haynes, Assistant General Sales Manager, Georgia Pacific Company, both NGC graduates, will speak to the club during April. Other plans include a dinner dance for club members and the presentation of a medallion to the Business Administration or Secretarial Science major graduation with the highest academic standing. President of the club is Jeff Grider, and Mr. Newton Oakes serves as advisor

HOME ECONOMIC NEWS

The Home Economics Club inducted new members at the January meeting.

At the February meeting Rev. Newby of the local Methodist church, spoke on "Religion and Youth."

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The Cadet

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The Cadet BUGLER

"VOICE OF NORTH GEORGIA COLLEGE"

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

Special Feature ... 5-13

EDITORIALS

Bugler Notes—by Diana Capps ... 4
Leditors ... 4

NEWS

Clubs Report News ... 5
College Expansion Continues ... 5
NGC Alumnus Selected Star Teacher ... 5

LITERARY

Incident—by Celia Wright ... 6
How to Appear Calm When—by Hurley Daughtrey ... 6
Front Campus—by David Ray ... 7
Emancipation - Final Part of Three—by Hurley Daughtrey ... 7
Mein General Orsengers—by Paul Tippens ... 8
Tribute to Glory—by Lee Bradley ... 8

SPORTS

WOMEN'S SPORTS
- Montgomery Heads Recreation Club ... 9
- Softball Winner May Claim Trophy ... 9
- Hassler Top Shot for Girls' Rifle Team ... 9

MEN'S SPORTS
- Hackney Leaves N.G.C. ... 10
- Varsity Coaches Leave Good Records ... 10
- Tennis Team Nets Third G.I.A.C. Title ... 10
- Long, Burden Smash Track Records ... 11
- Baseball Team Nails Second in G.I.A.C. ... 11
- Rifle Team Finishes Fourth ... 11

MILITARY

Federal Inspectors Commend Corps ... 12

ALUMNI

Around the World With the Alumni ... 13

ABOUT THE COVER

The cover for this quarter's edition of **The Cadet Bugler** is made up of five photographs representing phases of cadet and coed life here during the spring quarter in relation to the sports program, varsity and intramural. Pictured on the cover are Weyman Tison, varsity tennis team; Robert Smith, varsity baseball; Larry Banks, intramural swimming; Miss Jessie Wilder and Miss Pat Cannon, girls' softball; and Gerald Lord, intramural track. For more about the spring quarter and sports program, look inside.

Bugler Notes

PROPAGANDA TARGET—YOUTH

By Diana Capps, Editor

Hate!

The rabid cry, contagious and destructive as the blackest disease, echoes into every deceptively safe niche in our country. Even North Georgia College, snuggled in the protective shadow of the Appalachian foothills, is not safe.

Several weeks ago, the students of North Georgia viewed the film "Operation Abolition" which attempts to prove that students who demonstrated against a May, 1960 House Un-American hearing in San Francisco were inspired and led by Communists.

On the surface the film seems a patriotic effort to educate the public on Communist infiltration tactics. The truth is something else again. After the student demonstrations, the HUAC subpoenaed films of the incident taken by local television stations. Without compensation to those who owned the films, the HUAC turned them over to a private organization, Washington Video Producers, which edited the films into "Operation Abolition." By use of scissors the producers changed the chronology of events so that incidents that did not happen consecutively are shown as if there were a casual relationship between them.

The result, according to the New York **Times**, "gives a misleading impression that the demonstrations were organized and directed by Communists as part of a campaign to abolish the Committee—with the implication that all who oppose the Committee are Communist-inspired." The **Times** continues: "Neither the picture nor the commentary gives any firm evidence of Communist direction or control." Every one of the sixty-four who were arrested by the police has been found innocent of wrong doing by the courts.

The New York **Times** is not alone in its condemnation of the film. "Operation Abolition" has been denounced by the National Council of Churches. The Defense Department in a form letter which it sends inquiring citizens about "Operation Abolition" states that "Several prints were procured by the Office of Armed Forces Information and Education for screening, but were found unsuitable for use in the military information program."

Communists and extreme leftwing groups are quick to copitalize on any well-founded criticism of the HUAC.

Soon after "Operation Abolition" was shown here, I received, as editor of the college publication, a communication from the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (an extreme leftwing organization) describing "Hate Groups and the Un-American Activities Committee" as fascist and racist inspired. ECLC feels "The threat to civil liberties in the United States today is the most serious in the history of our country," resulting in the "widespread state of fear and alarm among large sections of the population." Purpose of ECLC is to "carry on educational work through meetings and publications, assist civil liberties victims . . . and organize groups for these purposes throughout the country." ECLC requests that I become an Associate, contribute at least five dollars yearly, and pledge an additional monthly contribution.

Propaganda techniques of the extreme wings are essentially the same. Both factions direct their appeal to the American youth. We, as intelligent young Americans, must realize that each is as dangerous as the other. The one cries Communist under each bed; the other, fascist under each bed. Both point the same accusative finger. Both want the freedom to curb freedom.

LEDITORS

Dear Editor:

Can't something be done about the bells, bugles, and announcements that interrupt our chapel programs? These don't seem to show due respect to those presenting the program.

Disturbed

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the Winter 1961 **Cadet Bugler.** A fine publication! Your features were interesting; your editorials to the point; your news, news.

Well-pleased Reader

Dear Editor:

I have a suggestion. Would it be possible to have placed outside the canteen a letter box in which students could leave their mail when the canteen is closed? Perhaps the old ballot box which is now gathering dust in the basement of Price Memorial could be used for this purpose.

A Prolific Letter-writer

Dear Editor:

Why must freshman girls persist in going under the arch when it's one of the few privileges they gain as upperclassmen? Let's uphold an old cherished tradition!

Sophomore

Editor's Note:

It is the policy of this column to print those correspondences most representative of student opinion as demonstrated by the number of letters we receive pertaining to a particular subject; therefore, we are printing here the paper most frequently slipped into the Bugler Box.

The bottom three inches of the following pages are dedicated to the last hundred days in the N. G. C. careers of this year's seniors. In these pictures the staff has attempted to capture the most significant incidents beginning with the NCO club sponsored Hundred Nights Ball and continuing through commencement.

CLUBS REPORT NEWS

STUDENT NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

Installed at the annual banquet on May 1, 1961, were the 1961-1962 officers of the Student National Education Association. President will be Mary Kay Sheats; Vice-President, Bernice Parks; Secretary, Anne Paine; Treasurer, Marilyn Stewart. The North Georgia College Chapter sent delegates to the state convention in Atlanta over the weekend of May 5-6. These delegates were: Myra Duval, Dale Freeman, Dottie Harrison, and Mary Kay Sheats.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

February 23, 1961, the Chemistry Club of North Georgia College was granted a charter as a Student Affiliate Chapter of the American Chemical Society. Fourteen students signed the petition for this charter. Dr. J. C. Simms, sponsor of the club, was recently elected President of the Georgia Section of the American Chemical Society for 1962, and as president-elect, he is serving on the Executive Council of the Society for 1961.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION CLUB

Charles Cantrell, President of the Business Administration Club, and Joan Sewell, Program Chairman, visited Atlanta May 17 on an industrial tour. In keeping with tradition at commencement, the club will award a medallion to the Business Administration graduating senior with the highest academic standing. Clifford A. Davis and Terry Horton, both Business Administration graduates of North Georgia College, have spoken to the club during regular meetings Spring Quarter.

Y CLUBS

New officers for the next school year have been elected by the Y Clubs. Officers for the YWCA are president, LaVerne

(Continued on Page 14)

N.G.C. ALUMNUS ELECTED STAR TEACHER

Mrs. Helen Pierce Taylor, a graduate of North Georgia College, was chosen the 1960-1961 Star Teacher for the State of Georgia by the Star Student of Georgia. Mrs. Taylor was given a tour over the state and visited North Georgia College. Pictured above are Mrs. Taylor, Mr. L. D. Lloyd and Mrs. Mozelle Christian, both travel agents for the State Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Taylor graduated from N.G.C. in 1941 and was an outstanding debater while attending this college.

COLLEGE EXPANSION CONTINUES

Again N.G.C. turns its eyes towards expansion. The beginning of a continued renovation and expansion program will be realized this summer. The old auditorium above the dining hall will be converted into more dining space with lightweight tables that can be moved easily. That area will also be used for dramatic presentations, dances, and certain assembly programs.

The third floor of the Science Building will be extended and enlarged to be the same size as the Physics and Chemistry departments. This extra space will give the Biology Department more space for labs and live specimens.

Two other programs of expansion include improvemnts for the infirmary and a

(Continued on Page 14)

TUITION INCREASED

Tuition for the Fall Quarter will be increased by $15.00 according to Mr. Gilbert, Comptroller, because of a recent state bill which raised teachers' salaries. This is a minimum increase in the University System.

100 NIGHTS BALL - FEB. 25 **ORDERING INVITATIONS - MAR. 3** **A SENIOR RING ARRIVES - MAR. 6**

INCIDENT

CELIA WRIGHT

The skyscrapers, floating gray and undefined, among the wisps of fog, seemed unreal, and the streets, polished by the rain, gleamed in the late afternoon light. The one touch of reality in this gray dream world was a garish yellow bus stop sign. An old man stood there as if he would cling to the sign with his gnarled, freckled hands. His mild blue eyes were apprehensive as he shrank from the misty rain into his coat. Slowly he turned his head as he heard another person coming. A girl in a raincoat that was the color of new grass was walking lightly toward him. An unruly lock of chestnut hair had escaped from underneath her doffodil-yellow scarf and matched the freckles sprinkled lightly across her tilted nose.

She stopped there by the sign and smiled sunnily at the old man. The old man hesitantly returned her smile before peering nervously up and down the street for his bus. In silence they watched the traffic whiz through the puddles.

Finally the old man cleared his throat and asked tremulously, "Do you know if this is the right stop for the Oakdale bus? My daughter and son-in-law just moved here, and I don't know my way around yet."

"Yes, this is the right stop," the girl replied in a voice as smooth and golden as honey. "Your bus should be along any minute."

She asked him where he had lived, and they compared the two cities for a few minutes till his bus came.

As he boarded the bus, he glanced back and saw her standing in a patch of sunshine, young and unafraid-part of the present, and yet waiting for the future.

How to appear calm when after being pulled over, your driver's license is expired, you've borrowed the car, and someone's long, brown bottle rolls out from under the seat as you open the door.

By Hurley Daughtrey

The library was in working order. I smiled vacantly at Georgi. He returned an amiable leer. Ennui gripped me, that is, if one may ascribe enough vitality to ennui to let it get a good grip, all's fair in love, etc.

"What's your secret, Georgi?" I sighed.

"Worked very hard-strenuously; grin-smile always-immer at the girls—" (he paused significantly) "Females!" he finished exultantly. That was Georgi, the born diplomat: always an alternate, though his tense endings were something less than perfect. Nonetheless, sound advice. Now it is a fundamental principal that in order for something to be accomplished, work must be exerted in some measure, and, happily, not always by the individual who is more directly concerned with the outcome of a particular project than others who have contributed, but escape, as it were. I dismissed the whole thing then and there.

"Let us demonstrate the validity of certain premises," I muttered absently.

"Please-pardon?" asked Yormonda (Spilicheit for "Georgi"), somewhat superciliously. Spittle flowed gently down his chin. The very picture of "Engrossed."

(Continued on Page 7)

L. HALL PRESIDENT LEAVES OFFICE - MAR. 9

FINAL FINAL - MAR. 16

FRONT CAMPUS

By David Ray

The lawn is patches of sunlight and shadow from leafy trees this morning. I feel at once a sense of peace and of lifted spirits — peace from the warm early morning sunlight and lifted spirits from the cool, fresh crispness of the air. A gentle breeze rustles the leaves, a soft sound which adds to the atmosphere of peace.

A middle - aged professor steps briskly towards the school buildings. He looks neither to the right nor the left as if intent on reaching his classes in a hurry. But the girl who comes up the walk a minute later is interested in life this lovely morning.Though she walks rapidly, her sweater a moving splash of bright orange, she looks about brightly as if pleased with life. Across the piece of campus between the wide walk and the long narrow one come two more brightly-costumed girls. They walk carefully in the dewey grass and chat, their arms around each other in happy companionship.

Now a crisp breeze makes the trees sway faster, and some few yellow leaves, the first signs of autumn, flutter down. Two or three brown and yellow butterflies flit by and disappear among the trees. My eyes, following their movements, fall upon a perfect picture—a small magnolia tree which furnishes a study in green against the soft blue of the sky.

Two girls hurry quietly toward town. They are not particularly noticeable—just some of the many students hurrying along their own way. I hear the creak of a swing behind me. Away across the lawn I catch a glimpse of a Negro swinging a grass blade from side to side in rhythmic movement, grass spraying around him. I catch the smell of clear air and fresh cut grass, and sigh a sigh of pure enjoyment of a beautiful campus of such a lovely, "just-right" day as I rise and slowly go on my way to class.

EMANCIPATION

By Hurley Daughtrey

FINAL PART OF THREE

She turned to him. "As a point of honor, see that those men get a proper burial, will you?" as she pointed to the three grey mounds.

"Certainly," he said quietly.

She filled her bags and turned to go. She looked at him. "I'll always remember you," she said. "You literally saved my life."

He was silent for a moment. What she had said was true. But certainly she had served her time. Let others take her place. Her duty was done. She had performed more valiantly than most soldiers; hers was the glory. Now she definitely ought to retire. Their chances of being happy together, unacquainted as they were, were far greater than those for her life otherwise. He considered the fact that he had one good hand. He made his decision. Again the ambulance driver signaled. He prayed there was not more than one.

"Once more, will you stay?"

Tears filled her eyes, her lips trembled. "Please," she said in a tearful voice, "please, please, don't make it so hard." Cursing silently his lack of alternate actions, he slowly balled his fist and hit her in the face as hard as he could. He caught her as she crumpled down, and placed her tenderly in the chair.

"Forgive me, my love; I know what I'm doing," he said. Then crossing his fingers, he started yelling. The driver came running down the stairs and tripped over the other's outstretched good leg. The driver went down, and the other quickly gave him two sharp blows on the back of the neck.

He put the girl across his shoulder as gently as possible, loaded her into the ambulance and drove back toward his own lines.

THE END

(Continued from Page 6)

"Though art verily a Sage," whispered Nork (as you guess, his first name), reverence really oozing from his pink albino eyes. I screamed piercingly three times, which naturally brought me a nasty, reproving look from the Keeper-of-the-Books. I followed her finger as it pointed somewhat jerkily to the fliegengespekt sign on the wall, "Thou shalt not scream." It was one of those Army signs, like the ones on General Orders, and on either side of the lettering was a very stoic private, bound and being flayed alive by a genial-looking sergeant. I smiled sweetly and did three

(Continued on Page 14)

BUT STUDIES MUST GO ON - MAR. 22

MILITARY PROBLEM - MAR. 28

MEIN GENERAL ORSENGERS
(OR GENERAL ORDERS OF GUARD DUTY)
BY PAUL TIPPENS (AND ARMY)

TIPPENS' VERSION	ARMY VERSION
1. Ich ben taken chagen of der posten und all der tings vitch belongen to der higher uppers.	1. To take charge of this post and all government property in view.
2. Ich ben walkin der posten un der manner mit vitch der soldier walkens, und keeper mien peepers alerten mit obserben everything mit in seeing or hearing.	2. To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.
3. Ich ben getattlen on der people vitch goofenuppen.	3. To report all violations of orders I am instructed to inforce.
4. Ich ben repeaten der shouts of der men mit sore throatens.	4. To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.
5. Ich ben quitten mien posten only ven der outenhouse is neded.	5. To quit my post only when properly relieved.
6. Ich ben receiven, und obeyen, und passengean der vords vitch comen from der higheruppers.	6. To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.
7. Ich not ben talken mitout first listenin'.	7. To talk to no one except in the line of duty.
8. Ich ben screamen der varning ven der rooms are geblazen.	8. To give the alarm in case of fire or disorder.
9. Ich not ben pushen der panic button in der cases mit vitch mien orsengers gefailen.	9. To call the commander of the relief in any case not covered by instructions.
10. Ich ben saluten der colored officers mit out der standards not cased.	10. To salute all officers and colors and standards not cased.
11. Ich ben challengen der people und preventen der passen mit out der acquaintance ben made.	11. To be especially watchful at night and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

—Henrick Schnobble,
(Paul Tippens)

TRIBUTE TO GLORY

By Lee Bradley

The morning sun glows pink in the sky.
The velvet grass shimmers with the silver dew
Laid upon it by the Power on High.
No clouds are there; the sky is blue.

The mist and fog from the vale are gone.
The world wakes up to glorious song.

The day-dull mountains are morn-time bright,
Resplendant in the glory of prismatic colors.
Gone is the rain that came in the night,
Leaving a world of heart, song, and flowers.

The stunning flowers bow to the morn,
Thanking our God for the dawn what was born.

The entire world is full of praise;
The fields, the brooks and woods repeat the call
That is given for all their hearts to raise
In Thanksgiving for Sun, Apollo's ball.

Wary animals advance from their holes.
They, too, thank God from the depths of their souls.

The first sounds of day are heard,
The bells, the cars, the people moving
To pray to the Almighty Word.
We thank Thee, God, thy world is soothing.

CLASS MEETING - APRIL 19

P.M.S. - APRIL 19

Montgomery Heads Recreation Club

At the beginning of spring quarter, the outgoing officers, team captains, and co-captains selected two or more girls to run for each office for Rec Council. A special Rec Club meeting was held. The following were chosen: President, Betty Montgomery; Vice-President, Sue Hooker; Secretary, Sandra Brown; Treasurer, Marian Weaver; Reporter, Beth Tate.

After the main election each team chose the following captains and co-captains: Mercs, Gail Jolly—Captain; Sybil Hames —Co-captain; Trahs, Pauline Davidson—Captain, Linda Williams—Co-captain; P. O.'s, Claudia Kelly—Captain, Jean Burrell—Co-captain; Hipps, Shirley Johnson —Captain, Barbara Aiken—Co-captain.

Among the Rec Council projects during the quarter was the revision of the club constitution. The changes included the requirement of at least eight hours of participation or "spectating" by each member in the team sport of the quarter. Other projects included the annual sleep-out at Pine Valley on May 16, individual team cook-outs, and the softball games.

Sue Hooker of the Trahs is up to bat, as Carolyn Pulliam of the Mercs pitches the ball. Fielders Gibbons, Dorough, and Cameron wait to make the play. Miss Joyce Fowler, Physical Education director, is umpiring the game.

SOFTBALL WINNERS MAY CLAIM TROPHY

Each Spring Quarter the Women's Recreation Association sponsors intramural softball among the four Rec Club teams. The only qualification for players is that they be willing to work hard and be at each practice and game.

These inter-Rec Club games are not taken lightly by any of the members; there is a highly competitive atmosphere at each game, for the prize for the winner of the softball tournament may possibly be the much-desired Rec Club Trophy.

There was a large turnout for softball this year; almost 30 per cent of the members tried out. Two of the players—Claudia Kelly and Betty Montgomery—also serve as umpires. Of course, this program would be impossible without the leadership, assistance, and encouragement of the Rec Club sponsor, Miss Joyce Fowler.

HASSLER TOP SHOT GIRL RIFLE TEAM

The North Georgia College Women's Rifle Team, established at the beginning of the Winter Quarter, consists of about fourteen coeds. The top two shots are the captain, Myrna Hassler, and the co-captain, Nancy Smith.

A coed wishing to become a member of the team practice fires for two weeks prior to the time of trying out and then, according to her highest scores and possible achievements, is chosen by the instructor. A minimum of three hours of practice per week is required, and a member may not miss more than one match per quarter without a legal excuse.

Using small bore rifles and firing on a 50 foot range, the girls learn to master the art of firing a perfect score. Although 90 and over are good scores, the coeds continually work for the 100 mark. Firing in prone position at target sheets consisting of 10 black circles of about 1½ inches in diameter, the girls have learned to control the nine pound rifles with skill.

BUGLER MEETING - APRIL 24

FIELD DAY - APRIL 29

Hackney Accepts North Carolina Post

Coach Rufus Hackney, head basketball and tennis coach at North Georgia College, has accepted a position as associate professor and head of the Department of Physical Education and Athletics at St. Andrews Presbyterian College in Laurinburg, North Carolina.

During the past four years Coach Hackney has directed North Georgia's Cadets to a thirty-seven won—three lost record in tennis. His team still continues a string of twenty-two consecutive wins in G.I.A.C. competition. This season the team won its third consecutive G.I.A.C. tennis championship. Coach Hackney was honored last year by being elected G.I.A.C. Tennis Coach of the Year.

Aside from its being a new college, St. Andrews has several unique features. The buildings on campus are of modern design with exteriors of colored flagstone paneling. All buildings are air-conditioned. (Coach Hackney will have the final word as to the design of the new gymnasium to be started this spring.) There are no visible electric or telephone wires or poles; they are all underground. In the center of the campus is an eighty-five acre lake with dormitories, student center, library and gymnasium on one side. These are connected with administrative and classroom buildings on the other side by a causeway across the lake. Boats can be checked out at the student center for fishing or other water sports. There will also be an outside swimming pool. St. Andrews will field intercollegiate teams in baseball, basketball, tennis, and golf.

(Continued on Page 14)

Coach Rufus Hackney (c) discusses the prospects of a third consecutive G.I.A.C. championship with Jack Tippens.

Tennis Team Nets Third GIAC Title

The N.G.C. tennis team has bagged its third straight G.I.A.C. tennis title with a ten won-one lost season.

The Cadets met their one defeat at the hands of Appalachian State College, one of the South's major tennis powers. They did not lose a conference match, running their winning streak in conference play to twenty-four straight wins.

Graduation will take Weyman Tyson, Paul Tippens and Jack Tippens. Paul and Jack are the number one doubles partners and Tyson is tops in singles, with the Tippens brothers rated second and third. Returning team members are

(Continued on Page 11)

VARSITY COACHES LEAVE EXCELLENT RECORDS

By Richard Pilcher, Men's Sports Editor

Next fall N.G.C. will be without the services of two of the four varsity coaches. Sergeant First Class James Wilkins, three year mentor of the rifle team, and Rufus Hackney, head basketball and tennis coach for the past four years, are in their last year at N.G.C.

Sergeant Wilkins' charges, competing with seventy-eight colleges and universities in the South, have never fallen lower than fourth place. In establishing this record, Sgt. Wilkins and his Cadets have marched over teams from all the major southern colleges and universities, including the University of Georgia and Georgia Tech.

Coach Rufus Hackney's tennis troops have never let the G.I.A.C. title slip from their grasp as they have held it all three years of G.I.A.C. existance, and still continue a twenty-four match winning streak in G.I.A.C. competition. Hackney's first team was also a potentially championship aggregation, but without a league to be champions of, for the G.I.A.C. had not yet been born. His teams have compiled a record of forty-four wins out of forty-seven matches.

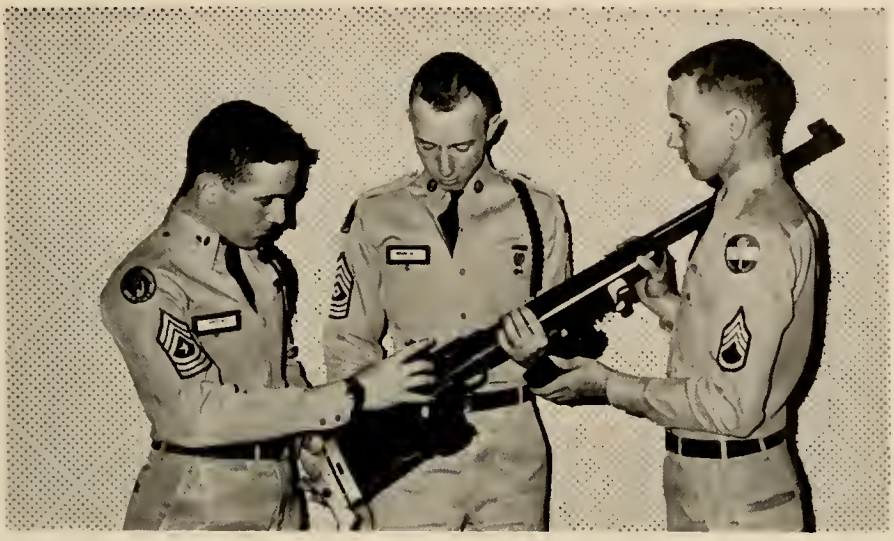
Hackney's basketball teams have been erratic, but interesting. Although regular losers, they have never been known as quitters In an atmosphere not conducive to basketball success, Coach Hackney has laid the groundwork for a good basketball future.

Both coaches have had their one shining star here. For Hackney it was "Curly" Boyd, basketball All-American in 1960, and for Wilkins it was Skelton who fired second highest score in the nation in 1960.

These two carry with them the best wishes of a grateful institution.

PARENTS' DAY - APRIL 30

INVITATIONS ARRIVE - MAY 3



RIFLE TEAM FINISHES FOURTH

The N.G.C. rifle team finished fourth out of seventy-eight teams in the Twelfth Corps area this season. In competition with teams from seven states and Puerto Rico in the Hearst Trophy Match they were fourth. At the end of the season they were invited by Major General Walter Yeager, Twelfth Corps Commander, to participate in a special post season match at the Citadel. Here they were second only to the Citadel firing on their home grounds. Top firers for the season were Bill Surls, William Brown, Nicky Johnston and Warren Williams in that order. Top firer in the Hearst Trophy Match was William Brown. Robert Ellis, a promising freshman, is transferring and will be the only member lost.

BASEBALL TEAM NAILS SEASON IN GIAC

The N.G.C. baseball team has nailed down second place in the G.I.A.C. this year with an eight won—two lost record in G.I.A.C. competition.

The Cadets staged a "down to the wire" finish with Piedmont College for second place. One half game separated the two when the season closed. The race was tightened when Berry caught the men in blue napping in a late season game and swiftly avenged an earlier loss of face at the hands of the Cadets.

The Blue was led by Wayne Sheffield's four win-one loss pitching record and the batting of Dale Stone, Dan Davis and Jimmy Conaway. Outstanding performances were turned in by Robert Smith, Robert Payne and Ronnie Davis, rated as one of the best defensive ball players in the conference.

There are seven members of the varsity baseball team graduating this year. They are Dan Davis, catcher and out fielder; Ronnie "Beak" Davis, out fielder; Robert Smith, first baseman; Robert Payne, shortstop; Wayne Sheffield, pitcher; Eddie Cobb, pitcher; and Lamar Cantrell, third baseman.

Coach Otte has this to say about the team this year: "This is the finest group of men I have ever worked with.

LONG, BURDEN SMASH N.G.C. TRACK RECORDS

Company Foxtrot won track and field day as Wendel Long set records in the 220 yard low hurdles, 440 yard dash, high jump and won the pole vault although failing in an attempted assault on this record. Charles Burden of C Company set records in the shot and the softball throw. Sidney Harper of Delta and Quillian Baldwin of Bravo finished first and second in the cross country while bettering the old record by over a minute. C Company's mile relay team, composed of Roper, Fay, Howard and Conaway, set a new record. Company C took second place in company standings.

CADETS NAMED TO ALL-STAR TEAM

Three members of the N.G.C. baseball team were named to the G.I.A.C. All-Star Team. They were Wayne Sheffield, pitcher; Robert Payne, shortstop; and Ronnie Davis, centerfield. A game is being planned between the first place team, Piedmont, and the All-Stars in Ponce de Leon Park in Atlanta.

(Hackney—Continued from Page 10)

Pat Quigley, Joe Thornton, Robin Miller, Bill Morgan, Dean Anderson, Don Felker, and Tommy Clark.

The G.I.A.C. tennis crown has never left North Georgia College.

FEDERAL INSPECTION - MAY 12 **CHECKING WORLD SITUATION - MAY 22**

CORPS OF CADETS PARADE DURING FEDERAL INSPECTION

FEDERAL INSPECTORS COMMEND CORPS

After the annual Federal Inspection May, 13-14, Colonel C. R. Hill, inspecting officer, stated that North Georgia College is "A very fine organization, personnel appearance excellent, rifle manual exceptionally good, and cadet responses to questions good."

At 8:00 the inspection team, Colonel C. R. Hill, P.M.S., University of Georgia, and Major D. E. Rivette, assistant P.M.S., University of Georgia, arrived at Memorial Hall. This is the schedule which they followed:

8:15 Introduction and briefing. The inspectors were informed of the general military policies at N.G.C. and were told of the specific duties of the cadet officers.

9:05-9:40 The team toured the military facilities.

9:40-12:00 The entire Corps was inspected in their quarters. Colonel Hill inspected the first Battle Group, while Major Rivette inspected the Second Battle Group.

12-12:15 Immediately following the inspection the Blue Ridge Rifles performed for the Inspection Team.

12:15-12:30 The Distinguished Military Students were introduced to Colonel Hill in the College auditorium.

12:30-2:00 Colonel Hill and Major Rivette had lunch in the dining hall with college officials, P.M.S., staff, and key cadet officers.

2:00-2:45 The inspection team witnessed a parade by the Corps of Cadets.

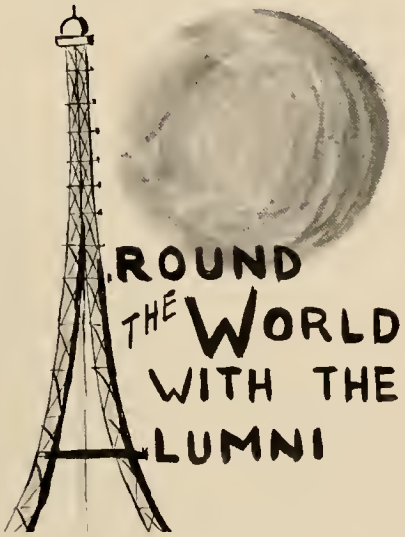
3:00-5:00 The Military 302 class met from 3:00 to 4:00 for a regular class period. Colonel Hill orally quizzed the cadets at the conclusion of this class and the 402 class from 4:00 to 5:00. The Colonel later stated that he was impressed with the responses given in both classes.

Friday rains prohibited inspection on the drill field, so inclement weather schedule was observed with First Battle Group representing the Corps in the Memorial gymnasium. At 8:15 the First Battle Group and Staff were standing

(Continued on Page 14)

SESSION IN "SENIOR CORNER" CANTEEN - MAY 30

CROWN MOUNTAIN SAT. NITE - JUNE 3



ALUMNI EDITOR'S NOTE:

We would like to continue hearing from you in the future. If you have some snapshots of yourself or your family, send them. Our Alumni Section offers a wonderful opportunity for you to keep in touch with your old North Georgia friends.

Edwin F. Holcombe, 110 Hickory Street, Charleston, South Carolina, is now a salesman for the Charleston Supply Company. Edwin, a graduate of 1941, is married to the former Leila Morrison. They have three children: Edwin, Jr., 12; Genie, 8, Johnnie, 5. The Holcombes are beginning a new home. Edwin would like information on the 20th. Anniversary meeting of the 1941 NGC class.

Allyn Cleon Johnson, Jr. and Janet King Johnson are living at 812 Beverly Drive, Gainesville, Ga. Janet, who was a member of the class of 1951, is a pediatrician in Gainesville; Cleon, a member of the class of 1947, is an internist and cardiologist, also in Gainesville. The Johnsons have three children: Miriam Diane, Allyn Cleon Johnson III, and David Perry Johnson.

Marvin Lawrence is now Assistant Manager of an Import/Export firm in Tokyo, Japan. Marvin was a member of the class of 1953. His address is: Room 502, Nikkatsu International Building, Central P. O. Box 942, Tokyo, Japan.

Rice R. Holcombe, Route 5, Martinez, Ga., is a Resident in Anesthesia at the Eugene Talmadge Memorial Hospital, Augusta, Ga. He is married to the former Nelle Saturday.

George and Shirley Reese Grant are 1955-1956 graduates of NGC. They have one daughter, Sarah Georginia, born Nov. 12, 1960. George received his M.D. from Medical College of Georgia in 1959 and served an internship at St. Mary's Hospital, Athens, Ga. At present he is Battle Surgeon with the 82nd Arty., 2nd Msl. Bn. located in Kitzingen, Germany. Shirley and Sarah plan to join him there in the near future.

Col. James L. Clark, USAF, Ret., has been named Manager of the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System program at the Systems Engineering and Management Operation of Sylvania Electric Products, Inc., Needham, Mass. Sylvania is a major subcontractor to Radio Corporation of America, on BMEWS, a 3000-mile super-radar system for the detection of enemy ISBM's Prior to joining Sylvania in 1959, Col. Clark was Staff Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Defense and served previously as Executive Assistant to the Under Secretary of the Army. He had 23 years with the Signal Corps, entering as a private. Col. and Mrs. Clark and their three children, Jimmy, Bill, and Susan, reside at 155 Moore Rd., Sudbury, Mass. Mrs. Clark, also a 1941 graduate of North Georgia College, is the former Miss Frances Hicks of Lavonia, Georgia.

The former Mary Hicks, Mrs. Clark's sister, is married to Lt. Col. Claude V. Leffingwell, USAF-Ret., who will join the faculty of North Georgia College next September, teaching in the Math Department. They and their daughter, Lynn, are looking forward to joining us in August.

Captain and Mrs. Robert E. Hewell are now living at 20 Loney Ave., Downsview, Ontario, Canada, where Captain Hewell is presently undergoing Industrial Training with DeHavilland Aircraft of Canada. Captain Hewell was a 1952 graduate of N. G. C., and Mrs. Hewell is the former Anne C. Mixon. They have two children, Robert, 3, and Donna, 2.

Glenn Carter and his wife, Charlsie, are building a new home in Warrenton, Ga. They are the proud parents of three children—Kathy Lee, 5; Gary Matthew, 2; and Judy Allison, 2 months. Glenn, a 1959 graduate, is an Industrial Engineer at Kingsley Mill in Thomson, Ga. The Carters would very much like to hear from the Douglas Ivesters, James Boyds, Fred Hills, Dorman Brogdons, and Alton Johnsons.

David Donald Roper and Norma (Jarrard) Roper, both 1953 graduates of N. G. C., are living at 1931 Crystal Drive, N.W., Gainesville, Georgia. Donald now operates a retail store, **Roper's, Inc.**, and Norma is secretary to the Vice President and Treasurer of Pacolet Mfg. Co. They have one daughter, Karen Donise, age 6.

Johnny W. Kelley, Hq. & Hq. Co., Yukon Command, APO 731, Seattle, Washington, is currently a Captain in the U. S. Army Finance Corps. Capt. Kelley attended N.G.C. 1947-1949. He is married to the former Sara E. Humphries, who attended N.G.C. 1948-1949. They have three children: John, Jr., Michael, and Karen.

A.M. **COMMENCEMENT DAY - JUNE 4** **P.M.**

(How To—Continued from Page 7)

pas-de-deux on the table top to illustrate my enthusiasm for her way of life.

"Of women, love, ROTC, Yuri, money, and again back to women. Heartless heathens who dash babies' brains against trees; of lack-lustre freshmen who revel in wasting fifteen minutes a night during quarters; of time, tide, and no men.

If one states that life is of value, that person must know what a value is, and since we cannot really prove our existence anyway, the whole outlook is depressing. We cannot blame the communists for their enthusiasm; they are not fired up over Marxism and dialectic materialism, they are raving mad.

"Wouldn't Canute have had a nasty shock if a submerged fault had suddenly given way as he was sitting on the beach?" asked the girl of red-rimmed eyes, buck-teeth, and F in Problems of Accounting.

"Truly," I replied, as I up-ended the table, sending everyone sprawling. It was raining outside. Two Relieved Seniors cheerfuly smeared each other with mud. "And what is love?" asked the brown-eyed Freshman lovely who lay seductively on the couch and trailed her hand languidly in the aquarium.

"Schopenhauer," I began, as I swept her into my arms and ran my fingers through her hair (her breathing destroyed all illusions of Cheyne-Stokes), "did not know either." Our breathing grew faster as the aquarium turned over on us.

And, oh so slyly: "Plato knew the ropes," triumphantly said the boy with the pink glasses. Everyone made the proper moral regurgitation. I glanced down; her face was occluded by guppies. I dropped her abruptly as my eye caught the new edition of the **London Daily News**. Since a straight flush was indistinguishable at a hundred feet from trump of any kind, no one could take issue.

Somewhere a dirtyfoot laughed.

"Women'll be the death of ye yet, Guzna," mumbled old Jake, **The Sun Also Rises** tucked neatly under his arm. Lady Chatterly would have smiled. Madame Bovary, of course, would have roared. As it was, a none-too-genuine frown was all I could muster in the way of self-discipline. "—and a Gentleman."

What would the wife in Joyce's **Ulysses** be doing now? I wondered.

As the Nubian slaves appeared soundlessly to extinguish the flambeaux, I hastily gathered my papers, to thrust them ostensibly to my breast, but to scratch my left axilla, which is usually not condoned in lovers, book-readers, and garden club presidents. Duty is clear, generally, although I was confused as to which category would prevent me from indulging in full relief.

"Time-fourthdimension to go-leave."

"Okay."

Yes, I walked out into that night. I breathed that cool and wood-smoked tinged North Georgia air. I threw my shoulders back; a curious feeling of pride and peace filled my heart. I barfed all over the sidewalk.

THE END

(Club News—Con. from Page 5)

Young; vice-president, Lynda Martin; secreary, Myrna Hassler; and treasurer, Helen Bennet. Hoyt Cannon, president; John Lounsbury, vice-president; Jonte Collins, secretary; and Glenn Farr, treasurer, will serve the YMCA.

BIOLOGY CLUB

Under the direction of Dr. H. B. Forrester, the Biology Club visited the State Public Health Laboratory and the State Crime Laboratory on May 24. They also toured the Mill Creek Fish Hatchery May 27.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

New officers of the Home Economics Club, Margie Gunn, president; Nancy Phillips, vice-president; Jackie Bannister, secretary; and Lorraine Carrington, treasurer, were installed May 8 at a picnic at Pine Valley.

At the Fashion Show May 24, in Memorial Hall, club members modeled outfits they had made in clothing classes.

(Expansion—Con. from Page 5)

new road at the East end of the campus from Memorial Hall to the Gainesville Highway. Money has already been allotted for these two projects.

Work on these projects will begin with Summer Quarter, and it is the belief that they will be completed by the beginning of Fall Quarter, 1961.

(Federal Inspection—Con. from Page 5)

ready. Colonel Hill directed the staff to perform a sabre drill. Cadet Colonel E. E. Scholes then showed Colonel Hill through Alfa Company and half of Company Bravo while Cadet Major J. R. Davis escorted Major Rivette through Charlie Company and half of Company Bravo.

Friday afternoon Colonel Hill and Major Rivette gave a report of the results of their inspection to President Hoag, Colonel Hatcher, and his staff. Colonel Hill's statement reads, "Esprit de corps and moral wonderful. Instructors and instruction, some of the best have seen."

Major Rivette was "Very much impressed with Cadet Corps, very alert. Appearance outstanding, rifles exceptionally good."

(Tenni Team—Continued from Page 10)

Coach Hackney and his family plan to move to Laurinburg this summer. Said Coach Hackney, "My wife and I will miss North Georgia College, the faculty and the students, but this new position is such a professional advancement that I couldn't turn it down. Also, I was looking forward to moving into the administrative area."

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